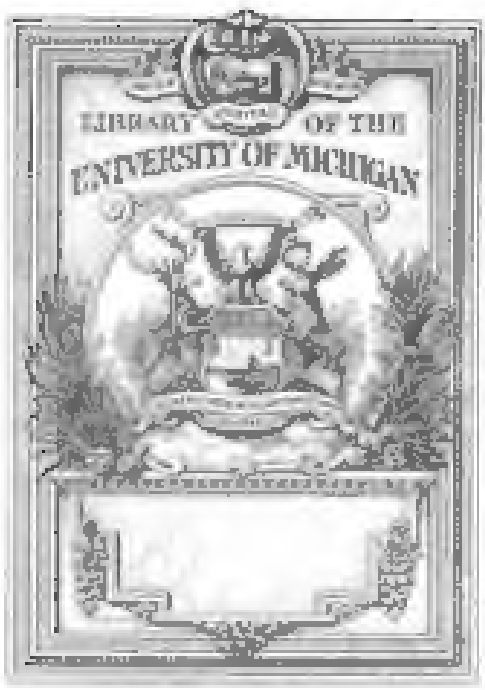

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. XV.

APRIL—JUNE 1904

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The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, *"Monthly Review,"* 50A *Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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THE GERMAN STAFF ON THE BOER WAR[1]

FROM one point of view war is a kind of examination, for which nations must enter from time to time. It is conducted in public, and may be very trying to the nerves of the candidate; for the spectators, as we in England have reason to know and as Russia is beginning to find out, are too often cruelly pleased at the embarrassment of their neighbour, and strangely forgetful that they are themselves liable to and perhaps even less prepared against the same rough handling. In the end, we hope and believe, the more worthy win: but for old and great nations, in whose life war is a recurring incident, and the final result very remote, it is not so much the immediate prize that is of interest as the report of the examiners upon the merits shown during the ordeal. It is but yesterday that we ourselves passed our latest examination; of the many Boards which have reported on our efforts, probably the most competent and impartial is the Historical Section of the German General Staff, and their verdict is given happily after an interval which has taken from us all restiveness under fair criticism, while leaving the keenness of our interest still undiminished.

[1] "The War in South Africa, 1899–1902." Prepared in the Historical Section of the German General Staff, Berlin. Authorised Translation by Colonel W. H. H. Waters, R.A., C.V.O., late Military Attaché to H.M. Embassy at Berlin. 15s. net. John Murray, 1904.

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We are fortunate indeed in our judges. They have mingled with the cold and the bitter not only pleasanter elements duly and ungrudgingly measured, but when possible something still more generous and cordial: a soldierly admiration, a chivalrous touch of comradeship. If the German people three years ago had thought and spoken of us in the spirit of the German Staff, they would to-day have no friendship so strong to lean upon as that of the English nation. The opportunity was lost; it will be as unfortunate and as discreditable to us if we in our turn shout in unmannerly exultation over the disasters of another great civilising power, betrayed as we were betrayed by the recklessness and incompetence of officials. And even such exultation is not the worst of the crimes that may be committed by ignorant savagery, as we cannot but remember when we read the following tardy vindication:

> In view of the many errors which were disseminated at the time by a badly informed Press throughout the whole world, as to the conduct of the war by the English, it seems to be the duty of a truth-loving historical account, compiled from a knowledge of the actual circumstances, to lay stress upon the fact that the behaviour of the British was invariably thoroughly chivalrous and humane, so long as they were opposed by the regular Boer forces, which were distinguishable as such.

The sterner measures after the capture of Bloemfontein are accounted for as a consequence of the enemy's adoption of guerilla tactics, which "not only explains much of their severity, but also justifies it." The English authorities acted "in the majority of cases, only in accordance with their duty, and the justifiable protection of the lives of those under their command." To the end of this paragraph is appended, very significantly, a foot-note giving the evidence of a German eye-witness as to the finding in Cronje's laager of "numbers of Mauser cartridges with the points of the bullets cut off" and other unlawful ammunition. Yet upon the capture of this army

> the troops followed the good example of the Commander-in Chief, making a point of providing their half-starved prisoners with food and drink, each man

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sharing, in the most liberal manner, the little he had, while the Boers were also treated with every consideration in other respects.

The foot-note to this, by a German officer who was captured among the Boers, is even more emphatic. *Sed nostros novimus olim.*

Not less ample is the recognition accorded to the courage and endurance of the troops and to the personal character of the generals. A brilliant little sketch is given of Lord Roberts' career, and we are told that "the nation and the army discerned rightly in him a leader equal to the most difficult situations of the South African campaign." Lord Kitchener too "had proved himself a soldier of rare ability under extremely difficult conditions."

He was at this time one of the most remarkable officers in the British army. His personality was extremely soldierlike; he was very independent and reserved, and disliked asking the advice of others. Nevertheless he has a deep appreciation for everything really great and lofty: but although deliberate as a rule, he can, on occasion, become impulsive when he is carried away by his temperament.

Both men share the feeling of real enthusiasm for the might and greatness of their country, for which they would sacrifice anything. They have but one military ambition, namely to see England progress along the path of glory and power.

These naïve sentences contain, it is true, indications of a difference between our standpoint and that of the writers; but they are welcome evidence of a friendly spirit, not content with mere abstinence from undeserved or carping criticism. Even more to our taste is the appreciation of General Kelly Kenny upon the occasion of his "galling supersession" by Lord Kitchener, his junior, in the first great advance.

His demeanour towards Lord Kitchener was so perfect throughout that the latter did not even suspect that General Kelly Kenny was dissatisfied. . . . General Kelly Kenny fulfilled a simple soldierly duty by putting all personal considerations on one side for the good of the service, at a moment when the situation itself was causing quite enough friction and difficulties. The true greatness of a strong soldierly character is shown in that modest demeanour and renunciation of self.

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This warm and generous tone is to be noticed even in cases where much criticism is dealt out; it accompanies even the uncompromising condemnation of General Buller at Colenso. His ideas are "thoroughly abreast of the times," and his personal bravery undoubted. Though "visibly astonished" by the unexpected outburst of the Boer fire upon Long's guns, he went up to them, "regardless of personal danger," and concentrated his whole attention upon what had taken place there. But what follows is a brief and pitiless story. We will not repeat the words, which cannot be read without a groan; it is enough to say that we believe them to be just, as they are certainly well weighed. The conclusion is that "it was the general and not his gallant force that was defeated. Victory, however, was still possible." Even in this horrible darkness there was a ray of light, if we could have known it. The Ladysmith force was commanded by a soldier so English in his simplicity that when "Buller heliographed . . . that . . . White should burn his cyphers, destroy his guns, fire off all his ammunition, and make the best terms possible with the general commanding the besiegers," Sir George White "thought this heliogram was an artifice of the Boers." The German Staff consider this "worthy of note": Sir George's countrymen considered it worthy of a Field-Marshal's bâton.

Though in face of the evidence it seems to us impossible to contest the decision as to Colenso, we do not feel that the same is the case with regard to the criticism passed on the conduct of the action at Magersfontein. Assuming that the facts are accurately stated, and making every allowance for the science and experience which have gone to the preparation of the comments upon them, and which are not lightly to be challenged by a non-military judgment, we still venture to think the verdict on Lord Methuen a wrong one; it is, at any rate, based on criticisms which can be shown to be unreasonable and mutually contradictory. In the first paragraph of chap. xii. we are told that "the conduct of the battle of Magersfontein by Lord Methuen was marked by a certain

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tenacity of purpose." Notwithstanding the failure of his attack and "the undoubted mistakes which he made, it cannot be denied that he was a cautious leader, who planned everything systematically in order to ensure success . . . but when his Highland Brigade was overtaken by disaster, he appears to have acted the part of a mere spectator." Further, he "rightly decided to continue the action, notwithstanding the mishap to the Highlanders, and it was only in the method adopted that he was wrong."

Passing by the difficulty of picturing a general showing tenacity of purpose by acting the part of a mere spectator, we endeavour to follow out the "method," in which his fault is said to have lain. "His subsequent conduct of the battle forms a complete contrast to his original dispositions, which had been carefully planned," and are pronounced "excellent." Again passing by the obvious objection that a battle continued all day long must offer a complete contrast to any dispositions for a night attack, we continue to follow, and find to our bewilderment that the great mistake was not so much in the subsequent conduct as in the previous preparation—in allowing an interval of some hours to elapse between the bombardment of the day before and the attack at daybreak. The Boers had had time to recover from their shaking, and were only put on their guard by it.

This opinion is probably a correct one; but it is essentially *ex post facto*, and gives little or no ground for criticism of Lord Methuen. The bombardment was in accordance with the approved German plan of attack; and since it could not take place in the dark, an interval was bound to separate it from an assault at dawn, a method declared to be, "considering that the ground was devoid of cover, an excellent one." The failure of modern artillery to demoralise an enemy entrenched in invisible sandpits, or to induce him to unmask his guns, is a new possibility in war, which would have disconcerted a German general probably quite as much as an English one. The commentary accordingly discontinues this line of argument,

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and goes on to speak of the shortcomings of our reconnoitring, and of the mistake made in not leaving the Black Watch overnight in its advanced position of the previous day, or even moving it forward to within 900 yards of the trenches. It would then have been easier "to have formed up there later the troops destined to carry out the night attack." In fact, while you are not to bombard your enemy lest he suspect you of a design to attack, you will do well to plant a regiment in broad daylight opposite the spot you intend to rush next morning.

The most serious criticism, however, is one which has already appeared in England, doubtless borrowed from German sources. It is the theory of the "passive spectator," and to a careful reader of this book the reasons for its adoption are fairly evident. It serves two purposes: first, it explains the failure of an offensive action—and the Germans very rightly lose no chance of propping the belief that an attack must always succeed if made in the best way; secondly, it furnishes a striking test for one more discourse on the doctrine of using "the last man" to ensure success.

We do not deny that both these ideas have their value; the former, though not true, is inspiriting; the latter is not only inspiriting, but, within limits, sound. The attempted application of them to the Battle of Magersfontein seems to us to result in a complete justification of Lord Methuen, and the establishment of a proposition very much at variance with pedantic dogma.

If we look at the course of events from the position not of a critic in possession of all that happened on that day, but of a contemporary spectator, we shall see nothing inexplicable, and, so far as Lord Methuen is concerned, little that needs explanation. He had detailed a force sufficient in numbers, and more than satisfactory in reputation, to make the attack; the whole conception was "an excellent one," and though the German Staff preach characteristically upon the failure of reconnaissances to locate the Boer trenches, they practically admit on two

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separate occasions that this was not the determining cause of the defeat, since in their opinion a renewed attack by the Highlanders or the Guards should have succeeded after all. The truth about the first part of the action slips out in the words "had not the brigadier fallen just when he did." It must never be forgotten that Lord Methuen had perforce entrusted the conduct of the attack to a subordinate, and this once launched, the success or failure of it was no longer in his own hands. Moreover, General Wauchope was a subordinate to whom it was only right to leave the ordering of every detail, and from whom it was natural to expect the extreme of courage and tenacity. "A hero in the truest sense of the word," the Germans call him; we wish they had more explicitly acknowledged that his last order to charge was also a complete fulfilment of his duty from a tactical point of view. He died upon the very verge of success, and the cause of the failure which immediately followed is justly given in the phrase "if some considerable time had not elapsed before the next senior officer assumed the command." When this was done further difficulty was caused by the fact that this officer remained with his own battalion, which happened to be not in the centre but on the extreme right of the brigade. The moment passed; the successive chances were lost by successive strokes of ill-fortune, all of which were risks naturally involved in a night attack.

There remained the second part of the action, during which it is urged that Lord Methuen might have retrieved the day by a vigorous use of his reserves. We doubt whether any general who has commanded a force in an enemy's territory has ever been so ready to use his "last man" as the German Staff would wish; in this case they have apparently overlooked the inevitable consequences of using the last man, and failing, in a barren country where the army was entirely dependent upon the railway. They have also forgotten that the fall of our besieged towns, though from a military point of view insignificant, would have had a political effect all over the

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world which the fall of Metz itself did not produce. Seldom has a general fought under orders so difficult as Lord Methuen; he was imperatively to relieve Kimberley, but never to stake all upon the attempt.

Did he then make the best use of his troops? Could he afford, and did he actually employ, sufficient reinforcements to throw back the Boer left and combine with the Highlanders in a more successful attack? Again the German account destroys itself. On p. 111 he is, after the first failure, "a mere spectator"; on pp. 117 and 119 a very different story is told. Briefly, he ordered the Highlanders to hold on, reinforced them with the Gordons, supported them with guns, and sent the Guards against the Boers, who were trying to outflank them on the right. Once more the truth slips out:

> If Colvile, immediately after his arrival on the scene at 7 A.M. had made a resolute attack, he would have perceived very soon that there was only a weak force of the enemy, in unfinished field works, in front of him; he would then, probably, have scored not only a great success himself, but by transmitting this intelligence to Lord Methuen, he would certainly have rendered the latter an important service.

In fine, Lord Methuen made a second well-devised attempt: a second time, the German Staff tell us, his subordinates failed him. To say then that he was a passive spectator is either untrue, or the phrase must be taken as meaning no more than that he accepted defeat with dignity, where he, personally, had deserved success. But to sum up in this way would be to shake the infallible rules of military science as taught from Berlin; for it would be to admit that in the complexity of a modern battle there may be unforeseen elements, improbable combinations of accidents, sudden breaks in the chain of responsibility; and this would be but one step removed from the heresy that an irresistible attack may sometimes find itself attacking an immovable defence.

We have chosen this particular point upon which to make a brief and diffident protest, not only because the inconsistencies and didactic object of the book are here conspicuously

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displayed, but because it shows that in Germany, as in England, Lord Methuen has had less justice than any of our generals in South Africa, with the single exception, perhaps, of Sir Charles Warren. It is a pleasure to turn to the case of General French, whose brilliant services have never before been chronicled with such enthusiasm as they are here. The contrast —to the English reader—between Part I., which contains the two great tragedies of Colenso and Magersfontein, and Part II., which glows with the rising light of victory, brings strikingly to mind the change in our outlook between the middle and end of February 1900. We owe this change, in the opinion of the German Staff, almost entirely to the cavalry and its chief commander. His charge through the last Boer position south of Kimberley is described as "one of the most remarkable phenomena of the war," and the comment follows that "its staggering success shows that in future wars the charge of great masses of cavalry will be by no means a hopeless undertaking, even against troops armed with modern rifles." This touches upon a discussion which we have no need to follow up here, since it has been fought out in the MONTHLY REVIEW between "Eques," whose second paper we print this month, and "Cavalry," whose contribution appeared in February. We are interested, and a little amused, to see that the great cavalry charge, in which we believe both these distinguished soldiers took part, is used by each of them in support of his own argument. The views of "Eques" derive an additional weight from the fact that they accord with those well known to be held by Sir John French, whose practice is certainly good enough to give prestige to his theory. He has much more than the relief of Kimberley to his credit. "The capture of Cronje was chiefly due to the ability with which the cavalry division was handled, and to the skill of its gallant and resolute commander." The account of the heading of the dogged flight by the still more dogged pursuers at Wolves Kraal is most thrilling to read. "The whole Boer army was stopped for an entire day by scarcely more than a thousand

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dismounted cavalrymen. This was a very remarkable achievement." It is reassuring, too, to find that in the opinion of our examiners, "under these very difficult circumstances the new Headquarters Staff had proved itself equal to the occasion in every respect," and that, apart from the short crisis in supply (after the loss of the convoy at Waterval Drift) thus successfully dealt with, "an army has seldom been so well provided under equally difficult conditions as was the British army in the South African War." And "the War Office satisfied, in the most brilliant manner, all requirements respecting clothing and equipment."

This report, then, is satisfactory and reassuring in every point but one; and even there there are consolatory reflections left to us. Our fault is this: we are not a military nation; we are amateurs. With every qualification for soldiering, our men will have none of it till the supreme moment comes, and then they must learn in action the more mechanical part of the lessons which the professional has taught himself at leisure. The consolation is that we are so much the safer from the hideous national disease of militarism; and that we preserve an open mind to receive the instruction of circumstances. If we may judge from the comments of the German Staff, professionalism, too, has its own dangers: science is a broken reed if its inductions are unsound, and unsound they will be if, instead of drawing their theory from the facts, the professors are tempted to bend facts till they fit the theories of the lecture-room.

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ON THE LINE

Jeremy Taylor, by Edmund Gosse (Macmillan, 2*s.* net). —Mr. Gosse knows what is good; and though we should not have thought that Jeremy Taylor was a subject specially congenial to him, such is his versatility and skill that he has not only attempted the subject but mastered it, and has given us a lively and a truthful picture of a writer whom all that know him must love, but whose life is obscure and his writings so voluminous, and in great measure so obsolete, that for the common use of the world they might as well have remained in folio as be set out in modern form. A few students read his sermons for their matter as well as for their style, a few theologians and historians are interested in the particular orthodoxy which belonged to his time, and the "Liberty of Prophesying" is one of the capital facts in the history of Toleration; but to the world at large Jeremy Taylor is known only by the "Golden Grove" and the "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying." These three books have preserved his fame, especially the "Holy Dying," which Mr. Gosse rightly places highest. Valued for their contents, a contemplative and practical scheme of religion according to the grave and lofty standard of high Anglicanism, their inimitable style has kept them fresh, and they have gone through innumerable editions, and are still reprinted, to the uplifting and comfort of devout readers. If we had time to read Taylor more we should still find more attraction; a deep sincerity is at the base of all, aspiration

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after the divine and knowledge of the human, an immense treasury of literature old and new, yet always aptly applied in illustration of his own thought, not to take the place of thought, and a power of words and a harmony of cadence such as no writer of English prose has excelled. There is nothing arid or mere professional in Jeremy Taylor's writing; he is as lively and inexhaustible as Burton, and as witty as Fuller, witty, that is, with the wit of his day; a wit that showed itself in aptness of allusion, fertility of illustration, and quaintness of unexpected congruity. Fuller, indeed, he much resembles, so far as poetry can be compared with prose; for Taylor, though a bad versifier, possesses more perfectly perhaps than any English writer, not excepting Ruskin, the secret of poetical prose. Hooker is more majestic, but also more rugged; Milton's sonority seldom attains to the greatness of his verse; Pater is too artificial, and de Quincey too unrestrained to reach that region in which Jeremy Taylor treads securely, the region of prose on the very verge of poetry, yet never outside the border; a style in which the conceits and hazards are never sought for, but come by mere richness and spontaneity. Jeremy Taylor reaped the harvest of the *concettisti* without the toil of ploughing and sowing—he moves easily where they laboured. He is at once compressed and fluent, ornate and restrained, never crabbed or tawdry. As Mr. Gosse well says, speaking of one of his similes,

> The incomparable melody and delicacy of the phrase must no more be condemned as the screen of a conceit than must one of Shakespeare's unusual and penetrating turns. It is beautiful, but it is true as well; it bears thinking about; it illuminates, it does not astonish and obscure the idea by the glare of false ornament.

Mr. Gosse has added to our knowledge of Jeremy Taylor's life; he has also pruned away some accretions of hearsay or fable, especially Taylor's reputed descent from Rowland Taylor the martyr of Hadleigh, and the royal parentage of his second wife, Joanna Ridge, on which questions he gives us a hope of

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further elucidation. Jeremy Taylor's life was as quiet and retired as was possible for one who was no trimmer in a time of civil war and revolution. He suffered by the sequestration of his living, he was for a short time imprisoned in the Tower. When the King had his own again he was promoted to the Bishopric of Down and Connor, an uneasy dignity, since the diocese was full of Scotch Presbyterian clergy, whom neither kindness nor severity could move. The Presbyterian clergy of Ulster had had a short day of power in the early times of the civil war. They had been dispossessed under the Cromwellian settlement in favour of Independent ministers; they had welcomed the Restoration and had hoped for countenance from the covenanted King; but they were themselves now to experience the rigours which they would have inflicted upon prelatists and sectaries. They were the weaker party, and Charles had no scruples in the day of reprisals. We may regret Jeremy Taylor's "distressing implacability as a Bishop," and wish that the author of "Liberty of Prophesying" had not called so loudly upon the secular arm; but after all he was in an official position, his opponents were set against all compromise, and the persecution amounted to no more than turning out of cures to which they had been irregularly presented ministers who did not conform to the conditions of their ministry.

We may remark here that Mr. Gosse uses a strange phrase in characterising the religious parties of the Great Rebellion. To speak of the sectaries who pulled down altar and throne and cut off King Charles's head as "that odd group of dissenters who were called the Independents," is much as if one were to speak of Milton as a pamphleteer or Cromwell as an adventurer.

There are here and there pleasant glimpses of the man himself, his friendship with Lord Carberry (of the Golden Grove) and his wife, and with John Evelyn, who took him for his spiritual director; his learning and eloquence and the simple piety of his life.

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Most of us have lurid ideas of France, derived from novels and newspapers, as of a country where the Ten Commandments are not observed, where people go about shrieking for revenge and saying, *Nous sommes trahis*, and any one with the faintest inclination to be good instantly dies or is banished. There is, however, quite a different France, a beautiful, peaceful, rural France; and this is the France whose fragrance is wafted across to us in two most charming books, **The Fields of France**, by Madame Mary Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson) (Chapman & Hall, *5s.* net), and **The Christmas Kalends of Provence**, by Thomas Janvier (Harper, 6*s.*). Of the two, the palm must be awarded to the first. Madame Duclaux lives in the country that she describes, and she writes of it with the familiar affection of one who has found a home there. Furthermore, her style is the fine literary style of a lady who has never read an inferior book in her life. If she had only lived before—if they had only lived a little later—she might have numbered Virgil and Theocritus among her readers.

It was after four when we at last reached the *buron*. The cows had come in from the moor to the fold. The milkmen had donned their blouses of grey hemp-linen, which hung in stiff hieratic folds. Each had, tied to his loins, a queer stumpy stool, like some odd sort of bustle. Now they call: "Mimi! Morgorido! Annoto!" Amid a silvery tinkle of cow-bells the beautiful red beasts approach. As each takes her stand, a cowherd brings up to her a curly red calf. But the poor beastie has scarce pulled a throatful or so of its mother's milk (its mother or its foster-mother, for at the *burons* each calf has a mother and a nurse), when a strong arm pulls it away and holds it tightly until the pail is full, when it may resume its supper, while the cow caresses it with a loving maternal tongue. All round the fold the beasts are being milked, the calves are bleating or sucking, the herdsmen are busy. Only in the middle, impassible and haughty, sits the bull, with a look that seems to say: "All this has nothing to do with me. Let them settle it among themselves."

With charming touches born of the freedom that comes of intimate knowledge, Madame Duclaux describes the merry life that went on long ago in the gay, grim old castles—the dancing and singing, the elaborate coquetry—the invariable

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siesta of two hours after the heavy midday meal—the ceaseless chess-playing, at which honour and property were gambled away, until at length the King forbade it, with about as much effect as the King might forbid people to play Bridge nowadays. She shows how the flight of steps raised above a high basement that adorns many a suburban villa is the descendant of the rope or ladder entrance of a keep in the twelfth century—how the fool is "the ancestor of the modern diner-out," and the smaller country houses "were sometimes condemned to a distressing sanity" for want of him. Country houses in France are very pleasant now, it appears.

> The ladies smile and sit about, arrayed in wonderful morning gowns, embroidering strips of mysterious and beautiful needlework. A great capacity for sitting about and smiling, an ability to embroider anything from a shoe-bag to a set of curtains, is part of the equipment of every well-bred Frenchwoman.

The labouring man was better off three or four hundred years ago. At present he earns about £21 12*s.* a year. Out of this he must pay £16 for bread alone, *in consequence of Protection*. His cottage will cost him £4 more. Remainder, "one pound twelve shillings for school expenses, shoes, clothing fuel, doctoring, and such indulgences as wine and tobacco"—and for the wine, *in consequence of Protection*, he has to pay over 4*d.* a litre when it ought not to cost more than 2*d.* at the outside. If he is better off, and owns land himself, he is afraid to have a large family for his comfort and happiness, and in order to be economical about wages, because he dreads the division of the land at his death. Deserted fields, abandoned villages, are making far-sighted politicians anxious. Madame Duclaux traces the evil to absenteeism in the first instance, and to the over-literary education provided in the schools. The children are taught to prefer reading to everything else; when they grow up, they flock to the towns, where they can read. If they were taught how to secure good crops, how to manage a dairy, how to keep bees, &c., a different result might be foretold.

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There are so many points of interest about this very valuable book that a reviewer can give no idea of the wealth at his disposal. It should be read by every one who cares for country life and for each different aspect of it. Among the lovely woods of Chantilly, where every bough is made subservient to the hunter's needs, and the roads are bad on purpose, "being ploughed afresh every spring lest they lose the lightness beloved of the horseman," Madame Duclaux notes a strange instance of Nature's guardianship of her creatures.

> Every May, a beautiful fault frustrates this skilful venery, for, thick as grass, thick and sweet, the lily of the valley springs in all the brakes and shady places. The scent of the game will not lie across these miles of blossom. The hunters are in despair, and the deer, still deafened with the winter's yelp of the hounds—the deer, who sets his back against the sturdiest oak, and butts at the pack with his antlers, who swims the lakes, and from his island refuge sells his life as hard as he can—the deer, accustomed to be always vanquished, beholds himself at last befriended by an ally more invincible than water or forest oak, by the sweet innumerable white lily, innocent as himself, that every May-time sends the huntsmen home.

Christmas legends have a magic of their own everywhere, but those of Provence, as they are given by Thomas Janvier, are even more tender, more child-like in their sweetness than the rest. He is himself a member of the quaint society of Southern poets that calls itself the *Félibrige*. Madame Duclaux refers to them again and again, but their doings are more fully recorded here. If they number many who can write with such picturesque mirthfulness, with such a grace of sympathy, their prose should be as popular as their numerous poems.

What the seriousness of the serious literature of Russia must be, who shall say? The seriousness of her light literature is such that the Newgate Calendar or Fox's "Book of Martyrs" would be mirthful reading in comparison. A nation that amuses itself with stories like **The Black Monk** (Anton Tchekhoff. Translated by R. Long. Duckworth. 6*s.*) is a nation that has forgotten how to laugh and almost

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how to smile. It used to be said that the depression consequent on a work of Balzac's was as bad as an illness; but if a prize were offered to-day for depressing fiction, Russia would stand first, and the other countries of Europe nowhere.

Dickens, who is now under eclipse because high spirits are everywhere below par, was, in his day, a fine reformer. He knew that Ridicule is, except Religion, the most deadly weapon of all against Bumbledom. Bumbledom died hard, but it died, under the roar of laughter that he raised. Tolstoy fights the great stupid foe, as Victor Hugo did before him, with Religion; he also has dealt it certain mortal blows. Gorky, when he is not dreaming the high, heady dreams of a poet, concerns himself with the wondrousness of human nature, and lets reform alone. Tchekhoff, a *ci-devant* doctor over forty, who, fifteen years ago, was hailed by Russia as the most gifted of the younger generation, has a way of his own with it. He never draws a moral himself; but he paints such a picture that all who behold it are compelled to moralise, whether they will or no. He speaks so little of religion that, but for a casual reference here and there, we should hardly know that even the outward forms of it exist in Russia. Laughter is not for him; he fills the reader with a sense of shame and woe too deep for tears. It surprises one to learn that Tolstoy regards him as another Guy de Maupassant. Clean and sharp is the line between good and evil; there is no gilding of rottenness until it looks like gold; no weak pity of human weakness leads him to slur over the love of a man for himself, the failure of one man to help another. In the story called "Two Tragedies," it is hard not to feel compassion for the doctor called away from his despairing wife as she kneels by the deathbed of their only child. Tchekhoff himself feels none. No. The tragedy to which the doctor went was one deeper than his own, had he chosen to know it. He did not choose; so much the worse for him; his chance is gone. Sins of omission—of neglect—of cowardice—are to this writer, as they were to Browning, the worst of all. He scourges the love of intel-

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lectual ease and philosophic speculation, the foolish fear of offending and fear of commanding that make Yéfimitch leave the abuses of "Ward No. 6" unreformed. It was his business to look after Ward No. 6. He would not; then he will have to get into that ward himself. He will have to know what it is like to be knocked about, dressed in clothes that are not clean, badly fed. He will have to die there. And so he does —poor inoffensive creature, incapable of ordering even his own dinner! To madness only is Tchekhoff lenient. Madness alone, he appears to think, is not altogether the fault of the person who goes mad; he treats Kovrin and the little nursemaid in "Sleepyhead" more mercifully than usual. This last story is terrible beyond words. Would that even in England we could say, "It is monstrous!" We cannot. That killing of the soul which is the condition of the legal crime called murder, is but too common among us. Every other story in the book is like a sharp knife driven through the conscience.

Twice only does the grim hand relax. Tchekhoff must be fond of children; and when he writes of them, he softens. The efforts of the great lawyer to bring home to his little boy of seven years old the enormity of smoking are quite delightful. He recollects, with a despairing sense of their futility, the awful punishments that used to be meted out for this offence—how boys were flogged and expelled from school—how terrified the teachers were when they discovered this fault—how little they seemed to know the way to correct it. He remembers that he himself was bribed to give it up with sweets. He cannot thrash his little boy; he will not bribe him. He tries morality and reasoning all in vain; the child simply does not attend. To the argument that he ought not to take papa's tobacco, he responds, like an early Christian, by entreating papa to take anything of his that he likes. He is ready to promise anything and everything for a quiet life, and because he wants to draw a house and a man much bigger than a house; but logic makes not the least impression on

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him. At last his father tells him, on the spur of the moment, a fairy-tale about an old Czar whose only son had but one fault—he smoked.

"From too much smoking, the Csarevitch got ill with consumption, and died . . . when he was twenty years old. His sick and feeble old father was left without any help. There was no one to govern the kingdom and defend the palace. His enemies came and killed the old man, and destroyed the palace, and now in the garden are neither cherry trees nor birds nor bells . . . So it was, brother."

The end of the plot seemed to Yevgénii Petróvitch naïve and ridiculous. But on Serózha the whole story produced a strong impression. Again his eyes took on an expression of sorrow and something like fright; he looked thoughtfully at the dark window, shuddered, and said in a weak voice:

"I will not smoke any more."

This charming idyll of parent and child seems to us worth all Turgenieff's elaborate novel on the same subject. If there are many fathers and sons like this in Russia, is it not open to us to hope that some abuses, greater even than smoking at seven years old, may yet in time be rooted out?

Ireland in the New Century. By the Right Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett (Murray. *5s.* net).—Need Ireland be for ever "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen"? Sir H. Plunkett says "No," and he and his friends are making a brave endeavour not only to dry the weeping eyes of Erin, but to show that brighter and happier days are before her if, instead of sighing over the irremediable Past, she will but carefully examine her Present, and cherish all the seeds of hope which it contains for the Future. To a dispassionate onlooker, not deeply interested in the strife of parties and the tedious political duel between the Outs and Ins, no recent fact in the history of Ireland has been more interesting than the successful establishment of that non-party organisation for the economic development of Ireland which was known as the Recess Committee of 1895.

The author of this book, to whom the origination of the scheme is due, thus describes its beginnings:

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The *modus co-operandi* was as follows: A Committee sitting in the Parliamentary recess, whence it came to be known as the Recess Committee, was formed, consisting in the first instance of Irish Members of Parliament nominated by the leaders of the different sections. These nominees invited to join them any Irishmen whose capacity, knowledge, or experience might be of service to the committee, irrespective of the political party or religious persuasion to which they might belong. "The day has come," as the letter suggesting the movement went on to say, "when we Unionists, without abating one jot of our Unionism, and Nationalists without abating one jot of their Nationalism, can each show our faith in the cause for which we have fought so bitterly and so long, by sinking our party differences for our country's good, and leaving our respective policies for the justification of time."

In these words Mr. Plunkett struck, and struck successfully, the key-note of the whole performance which, as some of us venture to hope, will really be the morning hymn of a new and brighter day for Ireland. Not all of the leaders on either side of the great dividing line of Irish politics responded to his invitation, but enough both of Home Rulers and Unionists to show that within the walls of the Recess Committee room there would really be that "agreement to differ" which is so often actually better than a theoretical "end of controversy."

I take from a foot-note in Sir Horace's book an amusing illustration of the practical working of this determination to sink religious and political differences in union for the economic welfare of Ireland:

I recall an occasion when the Vice-President of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society (a Nationalist in politics and a Jesuit priest), who has been ever ready to lend a hand as volunteer organiser, when the prior claims of his religious and educational duties allowed, found himself before an audience which, he was informed when he came to the meeting, consisted mainly of Orangemen. He began his address by referring to the new and somewhat strange environment into which he had drifted. He did not, however, see why this circumstance should lead to any misunderstanding between himself and his audience. He had never been able to understand what a battle fought by a famous Irish river two centuries ago had got to do with the practical issues of to-day which we had come to discuss. The dispute in question was, after all, between a Scotchman and a Dutchman, and if it had not yet been decided, they might be left to settle it themselves—that is, if too great a gulf did not separate them.

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This anecdote introduces us to another body, the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society (commonly known as the I.A.O.S.), which is a little older than the Recess Committee, and which, leaving to that Committee Parliamentary and legislative action, undertakes the humbler but even more necessary work of improving the methods of Irish agriculture, bringing the farmers, especially those who have but small holdings, into touch with the latest discoveries in agricultural science, helping them to combine for those purposes for which co-operation is necessary, and enabling them to procure the best kinds of seeds, and to improve the breed of their cattle.

The operations of the Society have been especially directed to the question of dairy-farming. Following the splendid example set by the Danish farmers, the Association has succeeded in establishing a large number of co-operative creameries, where the process of butter-making is carried out with an accuracy and a cleanliness which the individual farmer on his little holding of thirty or forty acres could hardly hope to imitate. Already, we believe, Irish butter, once supreme in the English market, but afterwards ousted by Danish, is beginning to regain some of its former favour. Here is surely an industry which, apart from all questions of protective or preferential tariffs, ought to flourish on the green pasture lands of the Sister Island, and make a powerful commercial bond with the populous cities on this side of St. George's Channel.

Another most interesting application of the principle of co-operation has been to the business of money-lending, or rather of money-borrowing. Here the I.A.O.S. has taken a leaf out of the book of German financiers, establishing up and down the country agricultural banks, like those which in Prussia bear the name of Baron Raffeisen. "Raffeisen held, and our experience in Ireland has fully confirmed his opinion, that in the poorest communities there is a perfectly safe basis of security in the honesty and industry of its members." The

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Raffeisen banks have no subscribed capital, but every member is jointly and severally liable for the entire debts of the Association. On that security they borrow a certain sum of money which they lend out as it is required to their members, for definite purposes and for a stipulated time. Having in their own liability the strongest possible inducement to avoid bad debts, the local association takes care only to admit men of fair character into its membership. Then if Tim or Larry wants to buy a cow or roof a cottage, the application is brought before a local committee, seriously debated, and, if approved of, granted to him at 5 or 6 per cent. (the Society itself pays 4 or 5), repayable within a reasonable time. The neighbours interested in the repayment are pretty sure to see that the money really goes to the purpose for which it was voted.

"I was delighted," says Sir Horace, "to find when I was making an inquiry into the working of the system, that whereas the debt-laden peasants had formerly concealed their indebtedness of which they were ashamed, those who were in debt to the new banks were proud of the fact, as it was the best testimonial to their character for honesty and industry."

It is impossible for us to give more than the barest outline of the great and beneficial scheme for the economic regeneration of Ireland which is here described. We trust that many of our readers will go to the book itself for further information. They will find it pleasant reading, with not a few amusing anecdotes, some of which the writer tells very frankly at his own expense. But there is also, especially in the first "theoretical" half of the book, a good deal of sound political philosophy, especially in the chapters on the influence of politics and religion on the Irish mind. "The national habit of living in the past seems to give us a present without achievement, a future without hope." "In my view, Anglo-Irish history is for Englishmen to remember, for Irishmen to forget." "The more I listened to certain popular leaders, the more the conviction was borne in upon me that they were seeking to build an impossible future upon an imaginary past." Many such sentences as these

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reveal the thoughtful and unprejudiced Irish patriot, honestly endeavouring, without regard to sect or party, to find out the true path of salvation for his country.

There is much in the economic condition of England which needs to be discussed in the same spirit. In reading this book the thought continually occurred to one, especially in reference to our too often wasteful, unscientific system of agriculture, "We, too, in England need our Horace Plunkett."

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RUSSIA'S FINANCIAL STAYING-POWER

IN 1863 Prince Gortschakoff, for the benefit of foreign diplomacy, exclaimed: "Russia stands calm, majestic, powerful. Europe was looking at us through a deceptive mist, and failed to make out what we really are. We have breathed on this mist which obscured our greatness, and it has vanished." When in the same year the Czar offered General Tchevkine the Ministry of Finance, that gallant officer replied: "Sire, in the present state of things only a man of genius or a fool could accept the portfolio of Finance; I am neither the one nor the other, and so must refuse." Is it likely that history will repeat itself to the extent generally accepted, and that, unlike the less generously endowed individual, governments will prove to have neglected the lessons of the past? Certainly, acquired habits, whether national or personal, are most difficult to discard: we ourselves know something of "muddling through," and the comfortable doctrine of *laissez faire*. But this correspondence between Russia in 1863 and Russia in 1903, which is forced on the superficial observer, might have seemed instructive some months ago. To-day the contrast is hardly more than suggestive, and in my opinion the suggestions are perilous. We may, no doubt, recall the notorious dress rehearsal at Vladivostock last October, or the more recent "skeleton dance" of a phantom fleet at Port Arthur, and may contrast Gortschakoff, who was a master,

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with Alexeieff, who showed himself a pitiful novice in the game of bluff. So much may be permissible; but it is a long step from that to the conclusion that the figures of the Russian Minister of Finance are as open to scepticism as the rhetorical periods of the soldier. The gulf is easily bridged by those who take pleasure in systematically disparaging their actual or possible opponent. But that is a practice as likely to furnish disagreeable surprises later on as to give satisfaction for one's vanity in the immediate present. In the particular case under review, the pettiness of human nature and prejudice is carefully fostered by the campaigns of a certain section of the press, which is engineered by groups of speculators, or, in all that relates to the Muscovite Empire, depends on the information supplied by cosmopolitan philosophers and revolutionary agitators, Socialists or Nationalists—Finns, Poles and Jews. It would be as reasonable to condemn Great Britain morally and materially—as was done and is still done on the continent—at the demand of Mr. Stead or Mr. Redmond. It is surely the better plan, in weighing the indefinite resources of an antagonist, to give him the benefit of the doubt and leave a sufficient margin for miscalculations.

With this stipulation, no one, I think, will deny that at the moment Russian resources and Russian credit are pretty well "wrapt in mystery," though opinions may differ as to their impenetrability. Even where security, gilt-edged if not golden, is offered by so-called parliamentary control, even there the mazy complications of the Budget have swallowed up large funds and proved the tomb of reputations. What then will happen in a country where there is no such control? It is not beyond belief that there may be danger in accepting official figures as if they were gospel: it is absolutely certain that non-official figures are pure invention or guesswork. Efforts have been made latterly to calculate the amount of the deposits of the Muscovite Treasury in the various foreign centres. We have been told, for example, that at the date of the opening of hostilities the Treasury had some £1,800,000

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lying at the London branch of the Deutsche Bank, and £4,000,000 with Messrs. Rothschild. It is, further, an established fact that, so far from diminishing, these accounts have steadily increased since that time, and all sorts of hypotheses have been formed in explanation. But what does it prove as a matter of fact? Merely that for technical reasons connected with exchange and the ready circulation of British money elsewhere, especially in the Far East, the Government of St. Petersburg has judged it more convenient in its payments to foreigners to draw its cheques on London.

The prospective Budget for 1904, before the war, was but the natural and logical corollary of that of 1903—there was no striking deviation from the main and branch lines which M. de Witte broadly traced with a firm hand from the time of his advent to power in 1893, and which he pursued and developed imperturbably for a period of ten years. The system has had its apologists and its opponents, and both sides have been guilty of equal extravagances. To enter on a detailed examination would be highly interesting, but would lead to considerations which are beyond the limits of my space and the scope of this article. But a cursory analysis of one or two capital questions appears to me not only serviceable, but even necessary. Adequately to judge of resources we must know their antecedents.

On one point, at least, there will be no more criticism of M. de Witte. The reform in the currency of 1897 which introduced monometallism with the gold rouble of 0·7742 grams as unitary standard, has been a pronounced success. I might easily enlarge on the ready and consummate skill shown in the preliminary stages of this complicated undertaking, and particularly on the means successfully adopted to check speculation at home on the depreciation of the silver rouble, and foreign speculation on the ever-varying value of the rouble credit. It will be remembered that from 28·41 per cent. in 1891 the fluctuations in the London market fell to 8·79 per cent. in 1892, to 5·86 per cent. in 1893, and in 1894 were no

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more than 2·08 per cent. This was thoroughly to prepare the way in accordance with the principle laid down by the Finance Minister himself of "avoiding the least commotion, or the least artificial alteration in existing conditions, for on the monetary system depend all the calculations, and all the returns of the property and labour of the population." For a while the price of the paper rouble was kept at a level equal to the mean of the preceding years, at one paper rouble for 66⅔ gold copecks. M. de Witte was thus soon able to put his first gold currency in circulation without occasioning any harm, and to proceed to exchange the existing paper-money on the simplified basis of one gold rouble for one and a half paper rouble, which was quite in harmony with the current rate of exchange. By this means his Ministry witnessed the entire extinction of the debt of the old paper-money which had been issued without its equivalent in metal coin, and had yet been recognised as legal tender on a par with silver. This debt, between 1878–1879, had exceeded 1000 million roubles.

As to the new issue, the Imperial ukase of April 29, 1897, ordered that "if the issue of bank notes does not exceed 600 million roubles, the gold covering fund must not be less than one half the total amount of bank notes put in circulation. Any excess over 600 million roubles is to be fully covered by gold, rouble for rouble." Thus the amount of outstanding notes will not be allowed to exceed by more than 300 million roubles the value of gold coin and bars deposited in the State bank for their redemption. This was the provision of a guarantee of coin whose percentage was unequalled by any foreign State bank, and a decided precaution against any excessive exportation of Russian gold to foreign countries. Thus an autocratic government was assured of colossal resources with which to meet any development of the material situation at home or of politics abroad, and all that was needed to enable them to commandeer the wealth was a simple Ministerial decree which the Imperial signature transformed into a ukase. The latter point of view, which the Govern-

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ment does not openly admit, contains the germ of serious danger to the country while forming a bulwark to the administration.

Apart from the general stability secured for Russia's economic development and its finances properly so called at home and abroad, the direct benefits of the monetary reform were undeniable and far-reaching. It is sufficient to point to the considerable reduction of paper-money and the infinitely larger proportionate increase of the gold in circulation. It is, besides, matter of common knowledge that the sale to the State of all the gold metal produced even by private enterprise is compulsory. Notes, which at the end of 1896, on the eve of the reform of the currency, reached a total of 1121 million roubles, of which 981·6 were in circulation and 139·7 were in the State Bank and the Treasury, fell steadily up to the end of 1899 to 630 millions, of which 518 only were then in circulation. And, except for occasional issues, the figures remained much the same until the supplementary issue of 50 millions made at the outbreak of the war with Japan two months ago. On the other hand, the sum total of the coin, in 1896, 1206 million roubles, of which 80·3 only were in circulation, has risen rapidly, as may be seen from the following little table:

	GOLD. (MILLIONS OF ROUBLES.)		NOTES. (MILLIONS OF ROUBLES.)	
End of	In Bank and Treasury.	In Circulation.	In Bank and Treasury.	In Circulation.
1899	927	639·4	112·7	517·3
	1566·4		630	
1900	807·8	684·5	77·7	552·3
	1492·3		630	
1901	930·1	694·9	71	558
	1525		630	
1902	927·5	737·3	71	559
	1664·8		630	
1903	1058	787	46	584
	1845		630	

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Silver, which, like copper and bronze, serves as an auxiliary currency, has followed a similar progression. In 1896 there was only the equivalent of 24·4 million roubles in circulation. At the end of 1908 there were 155 millions with 64 millions in reserve, or a total of 219. And these sums are exclusive of the coin belonging to the Imperial Treasury deposited in foreign banks. All this, as I think, is without exaggeration entirely admirable.

A casual glance at the imposing columns of the ten Budgets prepared under M. de Witte's direction will rest on results *apparently* no less remarkable. We see from them that in 1898, for the first time in Russian annals, the Budget reached the total of 1000 millions (1040,458,335 roubles), and ten years later, also for the first time, the estimates exceeded 2000 millions (2071,667,472 roubles). Not once during these ten years did the *ordinary* budget show a deficit. Far otherwise, indeed, for the total of the annual surplus of ordinary receipts over ordinary expenditure reaches the respectable figure of 1244 million roubles, obtained as follows:

(MILLIONS OF ROUBLES.)

Year.	Revenue.	Expenditure.	Surplus.
1892	965	953	12
1893	1031	996	35
1894	1145	1045	100
1895	1244	1129	115
1896	1369	1229	140
1897	1416	1300	116
1898	1585	1358	226
1899	1673	1463	210
1900	1704	1555	149
1901	1798	1657	141
		Total	1244

For 1902, the surplus declined to 123,000,000 roubles.

Before attempting to determine the real value of the surplus totals of receipts over ordinary expenditure, it may be instructive to view these receipts and expenses in themselves in regard to their appearance respectively at a distance of ten years'

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interval. This may appear, for instance, from a comparison of the contents of the Budget of 1895, and the estimates for 1904 before the war was taken into account:

(MILLIONS OF ROUBLES.)

	1895.		1904.
1. Direct Taxes	105·9	...	135·1
2. Indirect Taxes	575·5	...	421·1
3. Duties	72·0	...	103·6
4. Royalties	59·9	...	589·8
5. State Property and Funds	255.9	...	560·9
6. Expropriation of State Property	0.7	...	0·5
7. Payments in Redemption of Land	101·3	...	86·1
8. Reimbursements of Treasury Expenses	71·8	...	76·2
9. Miscellaneous Receipts	7·3	...	6·5
Totals	1244·3		1980·0

The figures under the first head display in bulk no extraordinary feature. But if we enter into details, it becomes of some importance to notice that while *the income tax has remained almost stationary*, bringing in 68·1 in 1895 as against 67·6 in 1904, taxes on trade and industries have risen from 42·7 to 67·5. On the other hand, the decrease in indirect taxes is apparent only. It is due to the transfer to the head of "Royalties" of the old tax on liquors, which this year will be worth to the Treasury, according to its calculations, a windfall of 525·8 million roubles.

We now come to the interesting and striking increase revealed in "Property and Funds belonging to the State." This increase comes from two sources: The revenue from the State forests has nearly trebled, it was 21·7 in 1895, and is 60·4 in 1904; and the receipts from the State railways, which were in 1895 217·7, have risen in 1904, apart from the war, to a total of 449·9, of which 2·5 millions are the proceeds of the law by which the State appropriates a percentage on the profits of some private companies still in existence. The inspection of 1902 had already shown receipts upwards of 408·9! The general conclusion on the increase, in round numbers, of

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785 millions shown by the Budget of 1904 over that of 1895 is that about two-thirds of the difference are to be credited to the two departments of spirits and railways.

If to this conclusion is appended the remark that the sum of the receipts from these two sources as forecast in the estimates of 1904, which amounts to more than 1000 million roubles (1003), is alone equal, or nearly equal, to the total ordinary receipts for 1893, and is more than half the total of the whole receipts for the current year, our surprise may be forgiven, especially in face of the stationary condition of the revenue from the land during the same period of time. The situation is certainly abnormal; there is hypertrophy of one part and atrophy of the other. Without the slightest inquisitive research into the labyrinths of the Budgets, we are entitled *à priori* to question whether the revenue from the alcohol monopoly, for instance, can grow or even maintain itself, and, if so, whether such growth or maintenance might not involve grave social dangers to the body of the country? In the same way, the extension and the appropriation by the State of the Empire's iron network is no doubt a personal triumph for M. de Witte; yet may it not turn out in the future that this triumph may prove to have been purchased at the expense of the more urgent necessities of the present? We have set out the comparative receipts of the ordinary Budgets of 1895 and 1903; we may similarly tabulate the expenditures (in millions of roubles):

	1895.	1904 (estimated).
1. Public Debt	277·1	289·3
2. Higher Administration of the Empire	2·5	3·5
3. Jurisdiction of the Holy Synod	13·8	29·3
4. Ministry of Imperial Household	12·7	16·1
5. Ministry of Foreign Affairs	5·1	6.4
6. Ministry of War	285·2	360·7
7. Ministry of Marine	57·1	113·6
8. Ministry of Finance	140·3	372·1
9. Ministry of Agriculture and State Domains	29·9	49·8
10. Ministry of Interior	71·8	114·7
11. Ministry of Education	23·6	43.6

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	1895.	1904 (estimated.)
12. Ministry of Communications . . .	163.0	473·3
13. Ministry of Mercantile Marine and Ports .	—	16·5
14. Ministry of Justice	40·5	51·0
15. Ministry of Audit	5·3	9·0
16. Ministry of Studs	1·5	2·1
17. Unforeseen Contingencies	—	15·0
Totals	1129·4	1966·4

I have not the space and there is no need to enlarge on most of the additional expenditure set out above. It is significant that the estimates of ordinary requirements for the present year by the Minister of War reach a total approximating to our own. The resemblance is interesting, and suggests many speculations, both general and particular, on the eventual cost of the war. Apart from this item there is nothing of striking import in the increase of the ten years, especially when we bear in mind that included is all the considerable outlay on re-armament in the last few years. The cost of the Ministry of Marine has more than doubled if we do not add the charges of the new department of mercantile marine and ports established last year; and these totals are exclusive of the extraordinary credit of 90 million roubles voted in 1898 for the construction of new vessels. From 1899 to 1904, however, the estimates show a pretty steady growth in the ordinary votes for the same object of shipbuilding. This is independent of additions decided on since the opening reverses of the war.

There is another department, of Agriculture and State Domains, which has doubled its outgoings between 1895 and 1904. Its expenditure is largely compensated by the returns from the forests, noted above in the analysis of receipts, which have trebled in the same period.

We thus arrive at the three most interesting and most abnormal features in the Budget, the stationary figures of the interest on the public debt, which I shall study further on, and the threefold increase, or near it, revealed in the Budgets of

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the Ministry of Finance and the Department of Ways and Communications. It will be readily understood that these increases are due to the same two principal causes which determined two-thirds of the increase in the receipts, the establishment and the administration of the two State monopolies of spirits and railways. If from the 872·1 million roubles estimated as required for the expenses of the Financial Department in 1904 are deducted, in the first place, 175·5 million roubles, rendered necessary by the working expenses (172·5) and the preliminaries to the introduction of the spirits monopoly (3), the increase between 1895 and 1904 will be no more than 56·3, the difference between 196·6 and 140·3. We shall see that we must further deduct from this figure 20 million roubles, which the Treasury proposes this year to advance to the private railway companies as a guarantee of their net profits, which will reduce the increase to the insignificant figure of 36·3 million roubles. That brings us to the most important, the most debated, and the most intricate question in our inquiry, the results of the development of the Empire's iron roads. Before passing to this we may, subject to the reservations made above on moral and social grounds, congratulate M. de Witte on the magnificent economic results of his monopoly in alcohol. The receipts from this quarter show the following remarkable increase (in million roubles): 27·8 in 1896; 52·4 in 1897; 102·1 in 1898; 110·7 in 1899; 117·9 in 1900; 163·5 in 1901; 462·8 (estimated) in 1902; 499·7 in 1903; and 525·8 in 1904.

The forecasts of 1902 and 1903 were more than realised and the monopoly returned in those years a profit of about 300 million roubles and 330 million roubles, while in 1904 the profit should reach 350 million roubles.

We now come to the Ministry of Ways and Communications. At the outset we are struck by the fact that the sum allotted to the maintenance and improvement of highways and waterways has only grown by quite insignificant additions.

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From 1899 to 1903 it remained practically stationary; for we find the figures are:

1899	25·2 million roubles		1901	22·7 million roubles	
1900	25·5 „	„	1902	23·8 „	„
		1903 25·0 million roubles.			

This is hardly conceivable in a country where the development of the railways, having regard to the number of the population and the extent of the territory, cannot, in spite of the efforts made, the expense incurred, and, if you will, the enormous progress actually achieved, be compared with the achievements of other European States; a country, too, where the great fairs bear witness to the very important part in the interior exchange played by the small retail dealer and the itinerant merchant. The Czar himself seems to have noticed the failure to keep pace with the times, for in 1903 he wrote on the margin of an official report: "I consider the construction of new roads and the improvement of existing ones a matter of the first importance to Russia. I beg you will always keep this in view." That is doubtless the explanation of the unexpected, though very slight, increase under this head in the Budget of 1904, where the total is 27·1 million roubles, with the addition, it is true, of a loan of 5 million roubles, which is debited, curiously enough, to the Ministry of Finance.

The working expenses of the railways figure in this year's estimates at 329·2 million roubles. We saw elsewhere that the receipts under the same head were valued at 447·4 million roubles in addition to 2·5 million roubles, the Government's share in the profits of private companies. If now we add to the first total the 20 million roubles figuring in the Budget of the Minister of Finance as "Advances to private railway companies in guarantee of net profit," and to the second the 10·2 million roubles which appear in Section VIII. of the receipts as "Obligatory repayments from railway companies," the net earnings of the railways—apart from the war—must have risen by the end of 1904 to 460·1 – 349·2, or 110·9 million

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roubles. But if from this pleasant windfall we deduct the annual interest and sinking fund charges due on "Loans issued for the construction of railroads," there is a considerable change in the aspect of things. The windfall will be just sufficient to cover the 107 million roubles which these charges came to on January 1, 1900, when the capital sunk in these enterprises totalled only 2501·6. A year later it had already increased by more than 300 million roubles, and the interest, &c., had risen proportionately. To-day the total expenditure on the railways up to date is not far short of 4500 million roubles, whereof *circa* 800 million roubles on the Siberian Trunk alone. In justice it must be said that out of this colossal increase a large sum, say 1000 million roubles, has been debited to the surpluses of the ordinary budgets, and, whatever may be thought of that way of employing surpluses, both the debt and the charge are thus decidedly reduced, though not in reality by the total amount of either capital or interest, for the good and sufficient reason that excessive borrowings for "general purposes" have not been without effect on the condition of these fine surpluses. "Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." Thus, under normal conditions, the railways' return, when closely examined, instead of showing a profit, as in 1899, when it was 12 million roubles, or in 1898 8·8 million roubles, 1897 3 million roubles, 1896 11·3 million roubles, 1895 1·8 million roubles, shows in 1900 a deficit of 2·6 million roubles, of 32·9 in 1901, 45 in 1902, and 60 (including East China line) in 1903. For 1904 the deficit should reach 84·5. And in all this no mention has been made of the additional credits voted to the *ordinary* Budget since 1901 for the Ministry of Ways and Communications under the heads of (*a*) "Development and improvement of railways and formation of working capital"; and (*b*) "Purchase of rolling-stock and appurtenances for State railways." The credits under (*a*) rise to 43·7 in 1899; 46·4 in 1900; 40·0 in 1901; 61·1 in 1902; 65·2 in 1903; 66·2 in 1904; those under (*b*) to 46·8 in 1899; 43·7 in 1900; 45·0 in 1901; 39·9 in 1902; 39·9 in 1903, and 43·5 in 1904.

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It will be said that this expenditure does not last for ever, but it shows no signs of coming to an end. It will be reduced no doubt—in time; but disappear entirely—never. There is always room for improvement, especially where everything has been done hastily; and periodical renewals of material never cease to be necessary. We must then add to the current expenses of the iron network a respectable percentage on this account, which, so far from diminishing, increases, as we see. The deficit, therefore, promises to grow larger in the near future, unless a timely halt is made, in spite of the fine progressive increase in the revenues from the railways. These were, in 1893, 119·7; in 1894, 155·4; in 1895, 217·7; in 1896, 283·5; in 1897, 293·1; in 1898, 363·0; in 1899, 358·2; in 1900, 373·9; in 1901, 392·5; in 1902, 408·9; in 1903, 412·7 (estimated).

In this farrago of cross entries it is hardly easy to be sure of one's ground, and practically impossible to arrive at incontestable figures. All the experts agree to disagree in the method on which to base their calculations. Even in the official Budgets the items change their places with bewildering frequency. To sum up on the policy of railroads followed by M. de Witte, now that we have sifted the mass of figures, let us look at the results in bulk also.

From 31,377 versts in 1892, the length of the railways has risen to-day to nearly 62,000, or over 41,000 miles, complete or in construction. The East China railway of 2400 versts is included in this reckoning, but not the Finnish lines. More than two-thirds of the mileage is now in the hands of the Government, while in 1892 only a quarter was under State control. A third still remains the property of private holders, but the State reserves itself a share in their profits. Of the rolling-stock between 1892 and 1902 the number of engines has been increased by 6660, or 93 per cent.; passenger cars by 9446, or 119 per cent.; and goods waggons by 176,402, or 118 per cent. And yet, in his report on the Budget of 1902, the Minister admitted that, "in spite of the rapid development of our rail-

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way net, in this respect we have been greatly outstripped. While in Russia there are only 45 versts of railway per million inhabitants, Austria-Hungary has 716 versts, Great Britain 796 versts, Germany 848 versts, France 1035 versts, and the United States 3622 versts. In Russia (European and Caucasus) for every 1000 square versts there are only 9·27 versts of railway, while for the same area the United States possess 35·3 versts, Austria-Hungary 55·7 versts, France 84·4 versts, Germany 100·5 versts, and Great Britain 118·7 versts. There is no doubt that the success of the United States in the international market, and in the grain trade particularly, is to a great extent due to the fact that that country, though nearly two and a half times less in area than the Russian Empire, has 195,000 miles of railways, or five times the length of the Russian net."

But M. de Witte, in his anxiety to start Russia on the successful road of the Great Republic, has placed his horizon too far ahead. There are a thousand elements of difference between the two countries. The one, unfettered by traditions and customs, had a natural tendency to overpass all stopping stages on the line of progress. Russia was confronted by the necessity of abdicating its past and shaking off the fetters of its imprisoned imagination. We know that alteration is a much longer and more troublesome job than creation. Not only must the old building be demolished before we begin the new, with care that the ruins as they fall do no harm to the working masons, but the latter must be taught the principles of the new architecture, which is sure for some time yet to puzzle their brains. M. de Witte appears especially to have lost sight of the immense industrial development of the United States, the product of the business instinct of the Anglo-Saxon race, for this, more than even the trade in grain, explains the extension of the railway there. Possibly, however, the great economist was too sanguine in his anticipation of the young Russian industrial movement which he inaugurated. It was started under brilliant auspices but soon suffered a set-back,

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and there is danger that the war may bring about a complete collapse. Russia's economic development under his ministry may be compared to a "strong man," muscularly powerful, whose organism, however, has been distorted and whose nervous system has gone wrong from an abnormal existence under too high pressure. No one who knows the country at all will deny that the economic future of Russia lies in the extension of her iron roads, but that extension must be progressive and must keep pace with the progress of the other elements in her resources. Besides, railways which are subordinated to strategical exigencies are dangerous assets; in the first place they cost dear . . . in the return of losses. Further, while they may prove advantageous in time of war, they too often contribute to bring war about. That, however, is not the fault of M. de Witte.

He is also reproached, not altogether unreasonably, with the formidable increase in the public debt, which has risen to nearly £700,000,000 under his administration—£400,000,000 abroad, of which £300,000,000 in France alone. Let us look at his defence set out in his report on the Budget for 1902. It is brilliant but not convincing at the present moment.

1902 BUDGET.

Liabilities. (In Million Roubles.)	Jan. 1, 1892	Jan. 1, 1902	Assets. (In Million Roubles.)	Jan. 1, 1892	Jan. 1, 1902
State loans . .	4,731·6	6·479·8	State railways .	950·5	3,551·6
Non-interest bearing loans to State Bank for credit notes issued . .	636·9	—	Debts of private railways on realisation of building capital. .	984·5	563·2
Sums owing to various institutions and persons . .	20·7	17·5	Debt of railway companies on guarantees .	118·5	—
			Debts not connected with railways . .	309·4	500
Total . .	5,389·2	6,497·3	Total . .	2,362·9	4,614·8

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Amount of net debt on January 1, 1892 . .	3026·3 (viz., 5389·2 – 2362·9)
„ „ 1, 1902 . .	1882·5 (viz., 6497·3 – 4614·8)
Decrease of net debt in 10 years . . .	1143·8 million roubles. (!)

This statement is ingenious, especially in its conclusion. I must point out, however, one oversight, that there is one small annoyance, going by the name of "bad" or "doubtful" debt, which ought to be taken into account. I do not say that the railways will never pay. I believe that in a not distant future they will pay magnificently. But for the moment they are being worked at a loss, according to the usual rules of calculation. More to my liking is the statement which M. de Witte makes in a tone of pardonable self-satisfaction, that in spite of the increase of the public debt by more than half, the charges have grown in quite insignificant proportions. They were 243·2 million roubles in 1892; they have reached only 289·3 in the estimates for 1904. For this we have to thank the skilful redemption of the old loans at 6 per cent., 5 per cent., and 4½ per cent., or their conversion into bonds of 4 per cent., 3½ per cent., and 3 per cent. From 4·19 per cent. on January 1, 1892, the mean price has fallen to 3·86 per cent. ten years later; and in the same time the amount of national debt annuities covered by the working profits of the railways and forests has risen from less than ¼ to more than ⅔. Unfortunately, a Finance Minister cannot be content to be merely a great banker and a talented "outside broker" with "friendly and allied nations" for his clients. He must also steer his course successfully among the restrictions of the House itself.

On this count we shall be confronted with the fine surpluses of the ordinary Budgets. The surplus must be reduced a little, a good deal even. It is not a difficult proceeding to over-estimate the expenditure in a country where preliminary Parliamentary discussion of the Budget does not exist. It is permissible—though even such permission may be abused—to under-estimate the receipts, especially when the Czar himself does not hesitate to declare that "it is

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desirable that in framing the Budget resources should be moderately calculated in order to leave a substantial margin." There is, however, too much system about the enormous disproportion between the surpluses estimated and realised between 1892 and 1902; and it will be further noticed that the estimated surplus is often covered in advance and fully covered by all sorts of provisional addenda to the estimated expenditure. For proof we need go no further than the estimates for 1904. The surplus this time is small, not more than 18·6. But this is easily covered, for, independently of the 15,000,000 assigned to unforeseen expenses, if we add up the sums voted to different Ministries under the intercalary head of "miscellaneous expenses," we arrive at a total of more than 26,000,000. From that we may, if we please, deduct the 6·4 million roubles credited to "miscellaneous revenues" in the Budget summary, in which all mention of "miscellaneous expenses" is carefully avoided. We shall still have in the first instance about 85 million roubles to swallow up the surplus. It is wrong to call these miscellaneous expenses the "cumulative *pourboire*" of the establishments. We should rather say the pantry department. It is an annual function, though the tally varies from year to year. The distinction between ordinary and extraordinary receipts and expenditure, first altered in 1894 and then again in 1900, has through its variations given the ordinary receipts a refresher from time to time. Such were the war contributions from Turkey and Bulgaria, which we should have expected to see classified as extraordinary indeed when they did arrive!

Incidentally I may remark, that if we deduct from this total extraordinary deficit, amounting to 1269 millions for the period 1892–1901, the total ordinary surplus, it is reduced to 25 (1269–1244), which would itself be more than wiped out if we subtracted from it the total of the balances or remainders of the credits at the close of the same period, *circa* 228 million roubles; leaving a net surplus of total revenue over total expenditure of some 200 millions for the ten years.

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The aforesaid surpluses and remainders swollen by loans have combined to form the special fund called the "Treasury free balance." This free balance, or cash at the disposal of the Treasury, is considered to be what remains of the sum total of (*a*) cash in hand at Treasury, Mint, &c.; (*b*) balance of the Treasury account at the State Bank and foreign banks; and (*c*) cash on the way, *after deducting all sums due from the Treasury or considered as such.* This is the fund which serves to cover the deficits of extraordinary Budgets and to meet the eventualities of war, support of Government stock in the foreign markets, famine, &c. It was only 85·4 million roubles on January 1, 1892, at the same date in 1895 it had risen through ordinary surpluses and loans to 355 million roubles. On January 1 last it should have been at least 312 million roubles. But the effort it demands is painfully apparent from this detached paragraph in M. de Witte's report on his first Budget, that of 1902: "The financial administration of Russia ought to be such that, in order to face unforeseen public needs, there should be at all times a certain excess of receipts over current expenditure. If, to achieve this result, it should become necessary to extend to some degree the contributory obligations of the country, that would be merely a kind of premium paid by the taxpayer to secure himself against unforeseen calamities." A wise but a hard saying, especially in a country where the people are poor. Less railway lines and those in existence would run the smoother, and there would be less chance of collision or telescoping . . . at short notice.

And now for the actual resources which the Russian Government has at its disposal for the prosecution of the war, and their extent. Naturally these are largely hypothetical. Certain items, however, are ascertained. We saw above that on January 1 last the available balance at the Treasury would reach not less than 312,000,000 roubles. On these funds the Budget of 1904, it is true, provided for a charge of 195·8 million roubles under the head of extraordinary expenditure. But in

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view of the hurried construction on compulsory terms of the temporary Transbaikal and Circabaikal railways the figures for the Great Siberian railway and its auxiliaries, originally fixed at about 21·5 million roubles, must be increased rather than diminished. On the other hand, it is evident that the Government will have every licence to reduce the credits voted for the construction of railways for general purposes (125·6 million roubles) and as "loans to railway companies for construction of railways" (63 million roubles). By this means a total of more than 140 million roubles might be carried to its assets. I say nothing of the saving that, without too rigid economy, might be realised in the course of the year on the considerable sum of more than 25 million roubles allotted to miscellaneous expenses, or of the reductions that might be made without too much difficulty in certain departments, particularly the Holy Synod and the Finance. In any case, on January 1 last the Government must have had at its immediate and entire disposal a sum of not less than 250 million roubles, or, in round numbers, £40,000,000 of our money. Since, at that same date, the total amount of gold in the State Bank and Treasury was officially given as 1058 million roubles, and the former institution accounted for 899·6, the Treasury should have had in its home and foreign coffers $1058 - 899·6 = 158·4$ million roubles. Deducting now the remaining uncharged portion of the "free balance," say 100 million roubles, from the current account of the Treasury at the State Bank, viz., 343·2, there would still have remained a sum of close upon 250 million roubles available for the country's ordinary expenditure. But now the question arises: are these Government assets capable of immediate realisation from the coin in reserve in the State Bank? Here is what we are told by the balance-sheet issued by the bank on January 1 and March 1, 1904:

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	(Million Roubles.)	(Million Roubles.)	
1. Gold in coin, bars, and vouchers from the Mining Administration . .	733·0	755·8	Gold in hand . 145·8 Gold in bars, foreign coin, and vouchers 610·0
2. Gold abroad, exclusive of Treasury deposits abroad	166·6	156·9	
3. Bills due from abroad . .	8·2	3·8	
Total	907·8	916·5	
From this should be deducted	5·7	10·8	
Bills due abroad, leaving .	902·1	905·7	

The Bank return showed on January 1 cash to the value of 57·2 in silver. The total of credit notes issued was 630 million roubles (*since increased to 680 million roubles*), of which 51·3 were in the Bank, and consequently 578·7 in circulation.

What are the lessons of the little table above? First, that the 300 million roubles (145·8+156·9) at the disposal of the Bank in current gold coin would pay thrice over the 100 million roubles, the maximum which, if it came to the worst, the Treasury would draw for its "free balance." It may further be observed that out of the payments effected from this free balance only those due abroad would necessarily be settled with gold. This provides another large margin in favour of the Government, and consequently of the Bank. There is a certain sense of insecurity, however, about the wondrous total of 600 million roubles or so comprised under the joint heads of gold bars, coin, and *vouchers from the mining administration.* We should be anxious to learn how far these vouchers enter into this total. They represent no doubt a serious asset in the shape of gold already in the State laboratories and carefully calculated, but the stage reached in the preparation for putting them into circulation is quite problematical. One is therefore tempted to put the general total "in quarantine," a somewhat unjust proceeding perhaps. It is at least certain that this item will hardly count in calculations abroad. Admitting, however, that the proportion which it represents is so large, an

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admission I should hesitate to make, it would no doubt, in the eyes of the Government and the Bank, be sufficient for the necessary reserve of coin to meet the paper-money issued, that is, 880 million roubles, in accordance with the regulations of the Ukase of August 22, 1897, unless their strict interpretation has been relaxed by the force of circumstances.

Even if the bullion and foreign coin could not be rapidly adapted to practical requirements, which would, I repeat, be most improbable, the balance of 600 million roubles, or 220 million roubles, would still permit the authorities, while complying with all the demands of the law, to withdraw, thanks to a new issue of notes, at least 200 millions of gold coin of the 787 millions in circulation on January 1, 1904. A glance at the accounts of January 1, 1899, when the amount thus in circulation was only 445 millions, reveals the possibility, *in extremis*, of a still larger withdrawal, to the tune of 800 or 850 millions even. In round—very round—figures then, I should be inclined to estimate the resources at the immediate disposal of the Russian Government on January 1 last as 250,000,000 roubles, or £40,000,000, with a first possible reserve of another 350,000,000 roubles, or £55,000,000. But from this total of £95,000,000 at least £15,000,000 should be deducted in order to meet the gold charges on the external debt for one year. These proceedings would still leave in possession of the Bank, for general purposes, current gold to the amount of £15–20,000,000, on which the external annuities for the second year might eventually be charged. I do not think it possible to withdraw more than 250,000,000 from circulation except in the last resort, for such a demand would risk the exhaustion of the country to such a degree as to banish from the horizon for a considerable period all hopes of economic progress, besides stultifying or utterly annihilating the greater part of the progress already won.

Here quite naturally enters the question of the war's probable cost, or, in other words, the question how far the resources detailed above, or £75–80,000,000 as estimated, would be able to carry the Government. It is a difficult problem, for so many

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factors unknown to us are involved in the elucidation. Especially is it important to avoid all comparison with our outlay in the South African campaign. The conditions are essentially different. On the one hand, for instance, we are told that the Russian soldier does not cost his State per head a fourth of the cost of the British Tommy. On the other hand, we are assured that land transport is infinitely dearer than transport by sea. The first assertion loses sight of the fact that in time of war the personal quota may alter all proportion, becoming purely circumstantial. It would be very different in a European conflict. To the second remark we may reply that the Russian railways are State property, while our transports for the Cape were chartered at high prices from private companies. The invasion, the continual use and the consequent disorganisation of the network of the railway system will no doubt affect the finances of that department, but the loss will fall in particular on that part—the Trans-Siberian lines—which make the least return at present, and where the traffic is, as a rule, very light. And so on! If we must, at all risks, adopt a basis of calculations and probabilities, I should choose that of the extraordinary expenditure forced on the Russian Government by the events in China in 1900, a sum of 61·9 million roubles. It has since then been pretty well established that the Russian forces, then declared to number in Pechili and Manchuria more than 200,000, must be put down at about half that total. If, then, to-day Russia sends to the front 400,000 men with periodic drafts to fill up gaps, we may multiply the previous bill by 4½, which would give us a sum of about 270 million roubles, or £40,000,000 to £45,000,000 a year. On this reckoning Russia would seem to be so placed as to be able to carry on the war for over eighteen months without seeking an additional loan. I take into account probable deficits in the Budget which the country, as a whole, would have to face, and am premising that no special economic circumstances, such as a bad harvest, arise to depress the balance further. But will Russia wait so long before borrowing? I think not, and for sundry reasons.

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There are many who declare that if Russia has not borrowed as yet, it is because the grapes were not ripe. This view, in my opinion, contains a grain of truth, but is considerably exaggerated. For the last few years the Ministry of Finance, prompted by M. de Witte, has made it its business to reduce the enormous foreign debt. This is quite a natural and laudable endeavour. On principle, therefore, all borrowing from outside sources has been avoided, if for no other reason because the payment of the interest involves a great drain on the gold reserve, which it is the Russian Government's chief object to retain. To borrow, then, before the absolute necessity has made itself felt would be to throw away, at the very moment when it was all important to preserve it, a large sum of gold in interest, having regard to the fairly high rate. At the end of February we heard of an offer on the part of a Franco-German-Belgian syndicate to float a loan at 5 per cent. to be issued at 95, from which would further be deducted the expenses of commission. The rate of interest at the moment seems to me to be too little rather than too great. I say at the moment; that is perhaps the hitch. Possibly Russia is waiting for the first great success of her arms; no one has better proved than she, and often to her honour, the truth of the pleasant axiom of John Oliver Hobbes, that "hope is the heroic form of despair." A success would relieve her from the stigma of a partial check, which would gravely compromise her already weakened prestige, and is a consequence always to be dreaded in the time of defeat. It is, however, in the highest degree unlikely that she will maintain this attitude of total abstinence until her own resources are completely exhausted, if fortune does not change towards her. That would mean not a check, but ruin. Considerations of internal policy would forbid that line of conduct.

As a matter of fact, the financial situation of the Government is undoubtedly strong in itself, but it has been largely fortified, not with the acquiescence but to a certain degree at the expense of the country, as I suggested above. Taxation

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has reached limits which may not be quite extreme in times of normal prosperity, but which it would be practically and politically dangerous, not to say impossible, to carry further. From the technical point of view agriculture has made no progress in spite of the development of the railways, which have been injurious rather by raising artificially the price of cereals as compared with the other factors of economic life. In 1902, it is true, there was an exceptional harvest of a gross 4,108,000,000 poods or 33·2 poods per head of the population. In the following year the figures showed a falling off to a gross return of 3,928,000,000 and an average of 31·3, but this proportion remained higher than the average of the quinquennial periods of 1892–1896, which was 29·8, and of 1897–1901, which fell to 27·5. The figures, however, bear no comparison with those obtained in the other countries of Europe.

As regards the country's foreign commerce a great fuss has been made of the excess (300,000,000 roubles) of exports over imports across the European frontier in the course of 1902 when their totals were respectively 783 million roubles and 483 million roubles. In 1903 the excess was even more appreciable and reached 362 million roubles, exports being 902 million roubles and imports 540 million roubles. It is indeed an admirable result compared with the average for the period 1892–1901, which was only 180 million roubles. But if we carry ourselves further back we shall see that it does not represent a great advance over the average of the years 1887–1891, which was 807 million roubles, and it is at the best a solitary item. Further, during the latter quinquennial period, in 1888, exports totalled as much as 784 millions. There is thus only a resumption, not a new development. The diminution in imports, which touched 561 million roubles in 1899, may under protest be regarded as a favourable symptom if Russian industries can be shown to have gained in proportion. But these young industries owed their brilliant beginnings some years ago to the high walls of M. de Witte's protectionist policy. He forced the industrial merchants of Russia

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to come and establish themselves in the country with their capital and their stock. Now these industries are passing through a severe crisis, as M. de Witte himself admits in his report on the Budget of 1902, due to the excess of supply over demand especially as concerns the metals. The result has been famine prices. The Finance Minister added, indeed, that the crisis would be only temporary, for the cheapness of the articles would in the long run encourage the hesitating populace to become accustomed to them. Certain somewhat malicious critics have remarked that Russia ought as a matter of fact to be glad of the crisis, because the industries in question were largely in the hands of foreigners, and the national money would repurchase them cheaply. But this was hardly generous. While we wait for the happy recovery promised, the war will have given the final blow to enterprises already moribund. Hence Russia has found herself compelled to purchase the great bulk of her material of war outside her own country and with gold that will not come back. I will observe incidentally that the gold output has shown a slow but steady decrease since 1896, and that 70 per cent. is produced by the mines of East Siberia, which the present war will seriously affect. During the South African War, our Government's orders were at least placed in this country or in the Colonies. All that has been considered by the Russian Government, through the eminent men who should direct the administration but whose action is paralysed by cabals. I do not myself believe that these men, as some declare, have said when they looked at their stores of coin—imposing but not inexhaustible—"After us the deluge!" Deluges do not repeat themselves in history any more than in the Bible. But it will not do to be surprised at a sudden shower which may shake if it does not finish the old-fashioned constitution of the bureaucracy, and may at the same time brace the system of the new men and the new ideas.

It was the cannon of Solferino that gave the signal for the Parliament of Vienna.

MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL.

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THE EVICTED ENGLISH

THE immigration of aliens from Eastern Europe, in this country as in the United States, aggravates and complicates one of the worst evils of urban life in poor districts—overcrowding. The problem of physical degeneration among town-dwellers is occupying the minds of thoughtful men, and its importance cannot be overrated. The upper and even the middle classes have ceased to contribute their due quota to the increase of population, and the present state of sentiment both among men and women makes it improbable that the avoidance of maternity will disappear from among our customs. The report of a Commission, recently appointed in New South Wales, showed that the same change in social practice had taken place there, and that its consequence was an alarming fall in the birth-rate. Obviously, the whole course of a nation's evolution is checked and altered by the sterility of its more advanced types. But we must face the facts. The race is more and more replenished from the lower ranks, and the lower ranks gravitate continually from the villages to the industrial centres. There is, then, no more serious problem before the State than that of providing healthy housing accommodation in which the children of the workers in cities may grow up. Any circumstance which by increasing rents in urban areas diminishes the amount of wages that can be spent in food is a misfortune; any condition which operates to lessen the breathing-space in which the children dwell and sleep is a

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condition to be abolished if possible; any cause which leads to the duties and functions of life being performed in an unduly circumscribed space is a calamity. We ought, then, not to encourage, we ought not to permit, a movement which adds unnecessarily to the pressure on housing accommodation in poor urban quarters.

I have dealt elsewhere with the contention that pressure which drives poor town workers into neighbourhoods less thickly populated is a "blessing in disguise," and I will here only quote the following brief explanatory passage from the evidence given by the Rector of Spitalfields before the Royal Commission on Alien Immigration:

> The Whitechapel Poor Law Union contains an enormous proportion of very poor, of casual labourers, and of men whom you can never describe as artisans. The poorer the person the greater the necessity for him to live near his work. But in many cases the very nature of a man's work compels him to live near it. May I instance our Spitalfields market? On market days in the summer the porters and others begin work at four o'clock in the morning, and throughout the year work begins every morning at five o'clock. What chance, too, has the dock labourer of work if he must live miles away from the docks and take a railway journey before he can apply for, and begin, work? (9730)

It is precisely in these districts and in corresponding districts of certain great cities in the provinces that the advent of the alien increases and increases enormously and on a progressive scale the pressure on dwelling-room. And the Report of the Royal Commission speaks very plainly of the use to which many of these aliens put the house accommodation and the means which they employ to secure and retain it:

> Of the nature and extent of the overcrowding we have had many illustrations given to us. We have been told of rooms, or cellars, occupied by more than one family—of rooms used as workshops by day and overcrowded as sleeping rooms by night—of ten houses (of 51 rooms, about eight feet by nine feet) occupied by 254 people, and many other instances of a similar character. But in the instances which have been adduced in evidence, the overcrowding has not been confined to cases in which there has been a mere excess of numbers living and sleeping in a house or tenement. They have included many cases in which the overcrowding must have a destructive effect upon the morals of the people. Apart from the occupancy of one room by

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adults and children of all ages, being the members of one family, cases have been referred to, in the course of the evidence, in which more than one family (lodgers of both sexes being taken in) have occupied one sleeping room, with merely a cubical division of sheets, whilst the same room has been overcrowded during the daytime by those using it as a workshop.

Thus within the walls of the houses wherein such overcrowding exists health, cleanliness, decency, even morality must necessarily be sacrificed. But grave results other than those mentioned above flow from overcrowding. By the occupation of one house by many persons a higher rent can be paid for it than if it were occupied by a few. An offer of this higher rent tempts the landlord to dispossess the occupying tenant, who cannot afford to pay an abnormally high rent. There was strong evidence before us that many of those thus turned out were native workpeople and that their houses have been occupied by aliens, who, by sub-letting and much overcrowding, provide the means of paying the high rent which secures the creation of their tenancy. (Report of the Royal Commission on Alien Immigration, pp. 24, 25.)

There are two distinct factors in the overcrowding thus described. In part it is due to the presence of "transmigrants," persons *en route* to the United States or Canada, for whom temporary lodging is found, often in houses where it is impossible to accommodate them without disregarding the simplest requirements of health, cleanliness and decency. Deplorable scandals arising from that cause were mentioned before the Royal Commission, but it is not my purpose to deal with this branch of the subject here. I wish to draw attention to a circumstance which differentiates the immigration of aliens from Eastern Europe who have the intention of remaining in the country from any other movement of the kind.

These immigrants do not collect in small or scattered colonies. By means of a definite system they expropriate the native inhabitants from whole districts. The steady, continuous alienation of street after street leads to the formation of a ghetto. For it is a fact that the very people who—rightly enough in principle—denounce the laws which imprison them in the cities of the Russian Pale, obstinately reproduce every feature of that imprisonment when they are free to settle where they will. The tendency has been resisted by the leaders of the Jewish Community in England, but their wise

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counsels and generously given aid have been practically fruitless. In New York the same process has been in operation on a much larger scale. Some of its effects are thus described by the most influential and representative Jewish body in America, the United Hebrew Charities, in their report for 1901:

> The horrible congestion in which so many of our co-religionists live, the squalor and filth, the lack of air and sunlight, the absence, frequently, of even the most common decencies, are too well known to require repetition at this writing. Even more pronounced are the results accruing from these conditions; the vice and crime, the irreligiousness, lack of self-restraint, indifference to social conventions, indulgence in the most degraded and perverted appetites, are growing daily more pronounced and more offensive.

I pointed out in a recently published volume ("The Alien Immigrant") that in Austria, where no legislation limits their choice of a domicile, the Jewish people congregate in congested quarters in the towns. Sir Samuel Montagu, speaking generally of this habit, told the Royal Commission, "There is a Jewish quarter, and they crowd into it, where they would be better off if they were to spread out; they were obliged to be in the Ghetto in Rome, and when the Ghetto gates were taken down, and they were allowed to dwell in any part of Rome, they did not go."

I hope the reader will forgive me for quoting from a work already printed a brief description of this tendency as it affects the East of London:

> Clannishness, tradition, a sort of historical fear of separation from their co-religionists, their obligation to observe peculiar ritual ordinances, added to the promptings and difficulties which tend to keep men of the same tongue and habits together in a strange land—all these things act as an inducement, almost as a spell, which brings the Jewish immigrants into the already crammed and congested areas of the East End where their brethren are aggregated and segregated.

These settlers of the Jewish creed and race are further differentiated from all others by a characteristic of vital importance. They cannot become absorbed in the surround-

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ing native population by intermarriage. Such unions are contrary to the precepts of the Hebrew faith.

The alienation of areas from which the native population is entirely evicted and which become exclusively Jewish quarters, is the result of a system. It might almost be called their policy towards us, if we understand by "policy" not a reasoned scheme but a persistently acting intention. And it is so effective that, as Chief Superintendent Mulvaney of the H Division told the Royal Commission, within six years 107 streets in the Borough of Stepney alone have passed wholly into foreign occupation.

Part of the great Jewish problem which this country has to consider is the question whether we wish this system to continue? And if, remembering that there are some millions of potential Hebrew emigrants in Russia alone, we decide that we do not, we must ask ourselves how we are to check it. Is there any legislation of ours in existence which has been framed in contemplation of this new factor in our national life? Or is there any legislation, designed to cover facts of another order, which by a happy chance is adapted to deal with this peculiar difficulty? Those who hold that the existing sanitary law is sufficient to check the new movement so far as may be necessary would answer the last question in the affirmative. Those who urge the necessity of a new departure to meet the new circumstances would probably support the contention of the majority of the Royal Commissioners that fresh legislation must be devised to meet the fresh case.

I am well aware that we have legislation which is directed against "overcrowding," and propose to deal with its operation in this article. But anybody who supposes that because the process by which aliens possess themselves of a street or a district and the sporadic over-pressure on dwelling-space among our own poor pass under the same name, they are the same thing, falls into the error which text-books of logic call "the fallacy of ambiguity." The two kinds of "overcrowding" represent quite different causes and objects. The outward

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symptom of the two social maladies is similar, but the diseases are distinct, and the remedy which is efficacious in the one case is not so in the other.

It may be asked how people some 20 per cent. or more of whom are absolutely destitute on arrival in this country, while some 40 per cent. in all have only a few shillings when they reach these shores, are able to expropriate the native population by paying a higher rent for house accommodation than the English working man can afford. There are three chief factors in the process. The aliens are willing to overcrowd to an extent which our own poor will not tolerate. The sheer packing of human beings into the rooms brings an enormous number of contributors into the landlord's grip. Then again the alien can and does adopt a standard of living which means starvation to the native. A Jewish witness, speaking of these people before the Royal Commission, said, "They sold their lives, and do now, at the rate of sixteen hours a day for a crust of black bread and a piece of garlic and a corner filled with filthy straw to lie upon." Between them and the native it "is a competition between wants, between standards of subsistence. It is a struggle between rye and wheaten bread," and the alien, adopting the lower standard of living, is able to pay a larger proportion of his earnings—such as they are—to his landlord. Thirdly, the process is facilitated by the extensive purchase of house property in the East of London by small and large capitalists—not always aliens—who very profitably exploit the necessities and tendencies of the new-comers, who buy dwellings for the very purpose of making money by permitting overcrowding, and who know well, from the rents they receive, that the law is systematically broken on their premises. And those who dwell in such places are forced to connive at these iniquities, or they will have nowhere to lay their heads no chance of obtaining the work which earns for them the black bread and the garlic. At the inquest upon three persons who lost their lives in the fire at 72 Royal Mint Street, in 1902, it was elicited that between thirty and forty people were

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living in the house and that "*the roof even was let out in the summer time.*"

It is obvious that this capitalised, methodical overcrowding by which the native inhabitants are expropriated from a constantly spreading area differs essentially from the haphazard, unorganised overcrowding among our own people, here in a street, there in a court. In the former case we have to combat an interest anxiously supported alike by its beneficiaries and its victims; in the latter we have to deal with individuals who have no regular or lasting combination and for the most part no combination at all. The administrative powers which are effective in the one case may and do fail in the other.

Existing legislation supplies two methods of dealing with overcrowding. It is possible to proceed under the Public Health Act of 1891, and then the overcrowding is dealt with as "a nuisance," or it is possible, alternatively, to treat the overcrowding as an infraction of the by-laws which local sanitary authorities are directed to "make and enforce" by the 94th section of the same Act (F. Mead, Magistrate of the Thames Police Court, 10,554, 10,611).

When steps are taken directly under the Act itself

the procedure is exceedingly simple. If the sanitary inspector discovers a nuisance (and overcrowding is defined as a nuisance) it is his duty first of all to give an intimation; that is to say, to draw the attention of the person who is responsible for the nuisance to the nuisance at the first opportunity. Then it is his duty to report to the sanitary authority, and the sanitary authority, if they are satisfied that a nuisance exists or may exist, authorises him to take proceedings. He thereupon gives notice to abate the nuisance to the person who is responsible. The person responsible is primarily the person by whose act, default, or sufferance the nuisance exists. If he cannot be found then others are constructively responsible and liable; that is to say, the occupier or the owner, except where the nuisance arises from some structural cause; then the owner is responsible under any circumstances. If the nuisance is not abated, or even if it is abated, if it has arisen through the act, default, or sufferance of any one, then it is the duty of the officer to take out a summons before a magistrate. The magistrate then has power to make an order of abatement and an order of prohibition, that is, where the nuisance has been abated and is likely to recur; and a closing order where he thinks proper; but

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in addition to that he has the power with either of those remedies to inflict a penalty. (F. Mead, 10,554)

Mr. Dickinson, the Junior Magistrate of the Thames Police Court, gave some additional information with regard to prosecutions under the provisions of the Act. He said:

Passing briefly to the procedure under the Act, with regard to the written intimation there seems to be a misconception in the evidence of one of the witnesses in what he suggested as to the time which was necessary. He suggested that nothing could be done under six weeks. I think that was a little in excess of the time required. As I understand, the Public Health Committee of the Council sits every fortnight; therefore, on an average, you may say that seven days after the nuisance is discovered and after the intimation is given would be necessary before notice was given The notice would probably be a seven days' notice to abate the nuisance, and then, the nuisance not having been abated, a summons would be taken out which would probably be returnable in seven days. Then the Order would be made to abate the nuisance. Therefore, under the most ordinary circumstances, 21 days would be ample for the conviction. . . . A summons is never taken out if after notice the nuisance is abated, in overcrowding cases at all events. It is quite true that under Section 4, sub-section 4 (*a*) of the Public Health (London) Act, 1891, the nuisance itself entails a liability to a penalty, but as a notice to abate has to be given, surely it implies that if it is remedied during the term no steps will be taken. The notice, a copy of which I have here, seems to imply that too, because it says: "Take notice" and so on. "If you make default in complying with the requisitions of this notice within the times specified a summons will be issued requiring your attention, and for recovering the costs and penalties that may be incurred."

Q. Do I understand you to say that you do not consider that under the Act proceedings for penalty can be taken in the first instance until there has been notice to abate?

A. I think the words of the Act may be construed that there can be, but I think it would be perhaps not unjust, but unexpected.

Q. It has not been the practice?

A. Never.

Q. The penal proceedings under the Act—I am not speaking of the by-laws, but of the Act—contain a notice of failure to comply with the notice?

A. Yes, I think it is so intended.

Q. You think the words of the Act might be read the other way?

A. I must consider them so, because it says: "Where a notice has been served on a person under this section and either the nuisance arose from the wilful act or default of the said person or such person makes default." I think the words must be construed so.

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Q. That is what you consider under the Act to be the proper procedure?

A. Yes.

Q. To issue a notice and not to take penal proceedings until the proper time has been allowed to elapse and the notice continues unobeyed?

A. Yes.

I regret to quote so extensively from the evidence given before the Royal Commission. But it has been contended most strongly that the remedy for all the evils due to overcrowding among aliens is the strict enforcement of the law and it seems to me essential that the public should see plainly how far that law is really adapted to the end in view.

Mr. Dickinson handed in a "Return for the years 1900, 1901, 1902, under the Public Health (London) Act, 1901, Section 2, for offences of overcrowding." He said with regard to it:

On looking down the list you will see that up to the end of 1901 in the case of dwellings there were only orders to abate with costs. In those cases no penalty was asked for. But when that batch came before me in January 1902, I suggested that a fine as well as an order should be asked for in order that a conviction might be recorded. An order is not a conviction and it became necessary, in my opinion, in order that Section 7 might be brought into operation if necessary later on, that a conviction should be recorded. Therefore I suggested that the penalty of 1*s.* should be asked for as well, and then Section 7 might afterwards be called in. That is the section saying that upon two convictions within the period of three months the house may be closed. In that way pressure might be brought upon the landlord to look after the house in future, because his interests were involved then. Upon a second conviction the house could be closed. (14,860)

The wording of Section 7 is as follows:

Where two convictions for offences relating to the overcrowding of a house or part of a house in any district have taken place within a period of three months (whether the persons convicted were or were not the same), a petty sessional court may, on the application of the sanitary authority, order the house to be closed for such period as the court may deem necessary. (14,863)

Mr. Dickinson thought that it would be advisable "to place the public authority on the same ground as the private individual is at the present moment. He has not to give notice. Why

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should a public authority in whom confidence should be placed that they will not act injudiciously be handicapped, so to speak, in comparison with the private individual?" The latter may "proceed at once without notice" under Section 12 of the Act. It must be remembered that the statute in question gives no closer definition of overcrowding as a nuisance than this:

> Any house or part of a house so overcrowded as to be injurious or dangerous to the health of the inmates, whether or not members of the same family. (Mead, 10,557)

It is not fair to throw the onus of taking proceedings upon individuals, especially in districts where so many of the inhabitants are both busy and poor. And I do not think it is necessary to labour the point that a procedure which involves so much delay is unlikely to be efficacious when the Sanitary Authority attempts to use it. The landlord who has purchased property speculatively in order to raise rents—the practice so common in the East End—the tenant who cannot pay the rent agreed on unless he permits overcrowding, the lodger who must dwell among people of his own race, not merely on economic grounds but to conform to the ritual ordinances of his religion—all these persons have a common interest in defeating the purpose of the law; and it is at least probable that among vigilant and wily people, the inspector will always find the nuisance "abated"—when he is on the premises.

I pass to consider the alternative course—that of prosecuting under by-laws. These by-laws are made in accordance with Section 94 of the Public Health Act, which is worded as follows:

> Every sanitary authority shall make and enforce such by-laws as are requisite for the following matters, that is to say (*a*) for fixing the number of persons who may occupy a house or part of a house *which is let in lodgings or occupied by members of more than one family*, and for the separation of the sexes in a house so let or occupied; (*b*) for the registration of such houses so let or occupied; (*c*) for the inspection of such houses; (*d*) for enforcing drainage of such houses, and for promoting cleanliness and ventilation in such houses.

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With this section is incorporated Section 182 of the Public Health Act, 1875, which says:

> Provided that no by-law made under this Act by a local authority shall be of any effect if repugnant to the laws of England, or to the provisions of this Act.

The italics draw attention to an important limitation. Further, it is doubtful whether the by-laws can confer power to inspect by night unless a magistrate's warrant has been applied for and obtained. (Mead, 10,613 seqq.) By these by-laws "the minimum area of space is defined," and they provide that "there must be so many cubic feet to each person." (14,896.) In this respect "there is a limit fixed of 800 cubic feet of space per individual, where the room is occupied by day only, and 400 cubic feet where it is occupied by day and by night, two children counting as one adult." (Loane, 4598; Murphy, 5054.)

Procedure under the by-laws "includes the measuring up of the rooms, and the ascertaining of how many people may properly sleep in them. Then the next step is to point out to the owners where there is overcrowding, and to call upon those owners to abate that overcrowding; and the next step is to proceed under the by-law, and there they can proceed against the lodger or against the landlord." (Murphy, 4821.) It will be remarked that here again warning is given to the offending proprietor.

The effectiveness of procedure under by-laws has been very seriously impaired by the decision given in the case of Weatheritt *v.* Cantlay, by the Lord Chief Justice, Justices Lawrance and Phillimore agreeing. Those who wish to see the judgment *in extenso* will find it in the answer of Mr. J. Foot, Chief Sanitary Inspector to the Borough Council of Bethnal Green, to question 6613 in the proceedings of the Royal Commission. The import of it was that each tenement in artisans' dwellings "of the block type which are sometimes known as model buildings" (Murphy, 4020) was held to be a separate house, and therefore not subject to the by-laws

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except in so far as any such tenement is "let in lodgings or if a room is occupied by members of more than one family." (6618)

Mr. Foot said, with regard to the effect of this decision in his district, "there are not more than twenty houses (within the meaning of the Judge's definition of a house) let out in lodgings in the borough to which the regulations could be made to apply, and those particular premises are not by any means the worst of their kind." (*ib.*) And "local authorities have to fall back on the statute itself, and take action as in the case of a nuisance or insanitary premises." (6579.) The methods to be followed under the Act have already been discussed.

It has been alleged that the local authorities chiefly concerned are inactive, and do not make sufficient use of the powers which they have. Proceedings to repress overcrowding come before the Police Magistrates in the East End Courts. With regard to Stepney the majority of recent cases, when the Royal Commission took evidence, had been heard by Mr. Dickinson at the Thames Police Court. (14,860.) He was asked:

> You would not agree that the local authority is supine and indifferent to this question?

His answer was, "No, I think not; I think they have a most active medical officer." (14,905.) And again:

> *Q.* So that, to sum up generally, you would not say that the overcrowding in the East End or the part of Stepney which is in your Thames district is due to the indifference or supineness of the local authorities?
>
> *A.* Certainly not. (14,925)

Mr. Haden Corser, at Worship Street Police Court, on September 24, 1903, said, when condemning Samuel Samuel to pay a fine for allowing overcrowding:

> Complaints had been made about the local authorities, but he did not think that the strictures passed on the local authorities were justified. There was much difficulty in detecting overcrowding.—*Morning Advertiser*, September 25, 1903.

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We have, then, the following facts: The sanitary authorities do not neglect their duty; in proceedings under the Act in respect of nuisance (Dickinson, 14,848), the order for abatement was complied with in 611 cases out of 628; and yet, concurrently with this activity, "The Borough of Stepney is the only one of the whole Metropolitan boroughs where not only has the number of persons overcrowded increased during the last ten years, but the percentage of persons overcrowded to the total population of the borough has also increased" (evidence of Mr. E. Harper, Statistical Officer of the London County Council). And this extract from Mr. Harper's evidence must be read in conjunction with another, which runs as follows:

In the Borough of Stepney the foreign-born population increased between 1881 and 1891 at the rate of 101·8 per cent., and between 1891 and 1901 at the rate of 68·24 per cent. In Bethnal Green the figures are smaller, as the aliens are mainly confined to one part of the borough, but the percentages are larger, and they form an interesting illustration of the beginnings of the alien difficulty in a fresh area. The percentages of increase in the alien population are 94·13 per cent. for 1881–91, and no less than 158·2 per cent. in 1891–1901. Almost concurrently with these increases in the foreign-born population, the British population of the two boroughs has begun to decrease. But as the growth of foreign-born population is proceeding at a much more rapid rate, the total population continues to increase. (10,905)

I am well aware that the standard of "overcrowding" under the by-laws and the standard to which Mr. Harper referred in the foregoing statement are different, and I propose to return to this point. Before doing so I wish to indicate the kind of difficulties which impede the working of existing legislation. Mr. Foot took as an example a supposed case in which notice had been served to abate overcrowding as a nuisance. He said that the Inspector who visits the premises after the notices have been served will

find a very different aspect. The bedding, that on a former occasion covered the whole floor space, is now very carefully packed away on the one bedstead, and so far as this is concerned there is nothing to show more than one bed. Perhaps some members of the family may have removed to an obliging friend or relative living near, and the overcrowding is abated if

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only for the moment; or suppose all the members of the family are at home, they quickly assume new relations to each other. The big son and daughter may become a pair of lovers (or visitors) who have "come in to spend the evening, and was just going as you came in, sir." They do go, in fact, but not far. The smaller children may become nephews or nieces for the time being, but sometimes spoil the play and appear lost when told to run home now, as mother is back by this time, and aunt cannot have them any longer. These and similar devices cause the officer to consider that he might have a better chance of securing a conviction if he had been present at the birth of all the family. These are cases that have happened to me in my own experience and to my staff. (6593)

Mr. H. Evans, an Assistant Inspector of Factories, gave other instances of the subterfuges which are adopted to conceal illegal acts. He referred to evasions of the law relating to employment in workshops, but, of course, the same tricks can be employed to prevent the detection of overcrowding. He said:

In one case I watched a child at work slipper-making just before midnight. On getting admission I found the workshop vacant. Up in a bedroom, within a drawer of a wardrobe, I found the same lad cleverly concealed. . . . In another case a woman was seen working, but on getting inside she was missing. A search of the premises revealed her hiding in the lavatory. (11,657)

And now let us suppose that existing difficulties have been swept away, that the right of entry to inspect by night is clearly admitted, and that the limitations imposed by the judgment in "Weatheritt *v.* Cantlay" have been removed. How will a rigorous enforcement of the sanitary law operate?

The inspector appears before a house, and knocks on the front door. Apparently the occupier is very sound asleep or rather hard of hearing. The official knocks again more loudly. Several heads appear at several casements. Then a window in the menaced premises is slowly opened, and something is said in Yiddish. It is unfortunate that the person responsible for the state of the dwelling understands so little English. At last he is convinced that the man who seeks admission is really the inspector, and not some Gentile playing a trick on the

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occupier or a belated stranger seeking lodgings. The person summoned to open the door has to dress himself; he cannot take the risk of catching cold, so he must clothe himself sufficiently. And then it is only fair to give the women in the house a little time to put their bedding straight before the inspector enters.

In the meanwhile there has been a *sauve qui peut*. Every device which craft and experience have suggested has been used to defeat the object of the inspection. Some superfluous human beings have been bundled out of the back door. Children are redistributed or hidden. And no one seems able to speak the language of the country, so that the inspector is delayed at every step by the difficulty of making his orders understood.

And the street has been effectually warned. What chance will the most vigilant official have of discovering overcrowding in the next house he visits? He must go to another neighbourhood, and commence the process *de novo*.

Mr. Haden Corser said very truly:

> If you begin at the end of the street which is overcrowded, and you turn one family into the street, or one house into the street, that family would become absorbed. *We find that to be so.* If you begin at the end of the street, and turn the whole street out, then they cannot be absorbed. Then this difficulty arises: if you only attend to the one house, and let them settle in again, in time you get to the next house the first house is overcrowded again. (12,900)

And suppose that you take drastic measures and attempt to clear a wide area, what is to become of the ejected people? Ritual ordinances, as I have said, render these aliens gregarious of necessity. Nor are they lodgers such as a Gentile family would receive. They are necessitous, they are ignorant of English in many instances; the newcomers, at least, are indescribably filthy in their habits. For obvious reasons it is undesirable, both from their point of view and that of the ratepayer, that they should seek the shelter of the workhouse *en masse*. They can do but one thing,—find refuge on the property of some other "house-farmer." And then you have

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merely transferred the overcrowding from one district to another, at great expense and trouble to the neighbourhood that is cleared for the moment, and at the cost of severe hardship among the aliens.

Mr. John Lithiby, Assistant Secretary of the Local Government Board, was of opinion that the local authorities "must get rid of their humanitarian proclivities." (23,489.) But even if they did there is, besides the difficulties already discussed, an aspect of the question which requires consideration. Mr. Lyttelton, the present Colonial Secretary, who was a member of the Royal Commission, said, while this witness was being examined:

> It is rather a strong proposition that, because a local authority has jurisdiction in a particular area, which area is subject to a constant and increasing invasion, to say that the whole burden of repelling that invasion should, without assistance from anybody, be placed on the ratepayers of that particular place. (26,519)

Hitherto I have spoken chiefly of overcrowding which is a legal offence. But another process, most detrimental to the health, morality, and self-respect of all concerned, aids the expulsion of native people from districts affected by alien immigration and the substitution of an alien population for the evicted inhabitants. Nothing is more characteristic of the English workman, however poor, than his desire to have more than one room as dwelling accommodation for himself and his family. This, if and when his means permit it, is his first step towards a sound and wholesome standard of living. Can any one doubt that it is an impulse to be encouraged and delivered from impediments as far as possible? But the alien is accustomed to and contented with a lower standard. And it is just this willingness to herd together—not necessarily to overcrowd the dwelling-space in the legal sense—that brings a standard which is barely compatible with self-respect into competition with one that is immeasurably better. If each room is the whole home of a family, each room can be charged a whole family's rent. And either the native must sink to the level

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which the alien imposes on him by this competition or cease to dwell in the neighbourhood which he must inhabit if he is to get the work by which he lives.

Here the law does not help us. But I know no more serious problem. I have spoken of a standard of living which is barely compatible with self-respect. What sort of existence is possible where the washing and the cooking and the drying must be done in the narrow space in which the occupants of the room eat and sleep? How can a right standard of decency be maintained under the long stress when the functions of daily life, for young and old and those who are arriving at maturity, must be performed in the presence of all, when even temporary retirement and privacy are not possible?

It is, I think, needless to labour the point. Mr. Harper's statistics of overcrowding refer to the Home Office rule of "more than two to a room," and surely that is the right standard. The Alien Immigration Committee of the Jewish Board of Deputies recently issued a report in which they wrote:

> The statistics of overcrowding quoted in the report [of the Royal Commission], which purport to show a percentage of overcrowding varying from 19·8 in Mile End Old Town to 55·1 in Spitalfields, lose their value when it is appreciated that the overcrowding so recorded is not actual overcrowding, *i.e.*, too many persons to a minimum of air-space, but merely denotes so many cases of more than two persons living in one room. So that if two parents and a child lived in a room containing sufficient air space for six adults, they would be entered in the table in question as living under overcrowded conditions. (p. 8.)

I cannot imagine a more striking example of the failure so common in all ranks of the Jewish community alike to sympathise with the native population in the hardships which the advent of Hebrew immigrants inflicts upon it and to appreciate the seriousness of the problem which confronts the nation on account of the incessant inflow of these aliens. And it is notorious that the "two parents and one child" are not typical of the state of affairs in the East End, where the small family

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is decidedly the exception and the large family most markedly the rule.

It must be remembered that the alienation of whole areas is not at present in itself an illegal process. It is only illegal in so far as it is accomplished by means of overcrowding which the law recognises as such. And the burden of discovering this is thrown upon the local authorities. No matter how we might strengthen the sanitary law it would not give us the power to say to any alien landing on our shores, "You shall not go into that congested district and add to the burden of the inspectors and sanitary officials, and increase the unhealthy pressure." But this movement constitutes a new factor in our national life, and I contend that we ought to face it as such. We ought to declare that we regard this process, this system of alienation and substitution, as contrary to the national welfare, and make it illegal *in principle*. If once we had given notice by statute to the alien that he should desist from working this mischief among us, we could deal with the system by which he does it as a system, we should not be obliged to attack it by legislation ostensibly directed at something different.

The majority of the Royal Commissioners, in a Recommendation which has been much criticised, suggested that we should take this straightforward line. Their proposal is:

> If it be found that the immigration of aliens into any area has substantially contributed to any overcrowding, and that it is expedient that no further newly arrived aliens should become residents in such area, the same may be declared to be a prohibited area.

The prohibition would close it to immigrants. I regard this as one of the most salutary and important proposals before the country. It is said that evasion would be easy. I do not think that evasion would be so simple as some critics imagine. If police, inspectors, and all concerned in the enforcement of the law were vigilant, cases of infraction would soon come to light if they occurred in any number. And it must be remembered that the native population would be ready to

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supply information. How effective such channels may be was shown very clearly by certain evidence given before the Royal Commission (*e.g.*, evidence of Councillor Belcher).

I do not say that there would not be some infiltration. But that is no reason why we should not do our best to stop the incursion *en masse*. There is adulteration of food in spite of the Adulteration Acts. But that is not a good ground for repealing those Acts in despair. Such a prohibition as has been suggested would operate in conjunction with the rule that all immigrants seeking to acquire domicile in the country must register their addresses. And it would have a very strong *deterrent* effect. If a few prosecutions took place, and the alien, warned at the port of embarkation, knew that he was venturing into a prohibited area, he would be acting with the fear of a prosecution before him, and the same fear would be before all whom he asked to abet him. A *deterrent* effect has been one of the most marked results of the stringent American laws which restrict immigration into the United States. The Industrial Commission of 1901 reported that: "The law of 1891 defined more strictly the persons to be excluded, and the Act of 1893 added a large number of ineligibles, so that it is estimated as a result of this law that fully 50,000 persons were refused the sale of tickets within a year after it was passed." Shippers have to reconvey to their starting-place immigrants classed as undesirables, and of course they are chary of booking passengers of this description. It may here be remarked that if we adopted such measures of precaution as are proposed the British shipping industry would not be appreciably affected. It was officially stated in evidence before the Royal Commission that only about 8 per cent. on an average of the aliens whose case we are considering arrive in the Thames in British ships, and very few arrive elsewhere in British vessels.

The gradual accretion of families in the areas affected is one of the principal forces at work in dispossessing the English inhabitants. A typical instance was reported in the *Jewish Chronicle* of November 21, 1903:

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At Worship Street Police Court on Wednesday the Bethnal Green Borough Council prosecuted twelve persons, all of them aliens, under one of its by-laws for overcrowding sleeping-rooms. Fines were imposed in all instances. One of the defendants, named Friedman, was proved to occupy for sleeping and living a room which he shared with his mother and a brother of nineteen. He made a speech in his own defence, urging his poverty, and spoke of having to keep his old mother, and of his wish to help his brother. He concluded by addressing the magistrate: "If you tell me I must turn my mother out, perhaps you can help me to pay for a room for her, or get her into some institution where she will be kept."—Mr. Cluer: "I think I never heard a greater piece of impertinence—except from one of your countrymen the other day, who, when I imposed a fine upon him, asked me to lend him the money to pay it. You come into this country to make a living, defying or breaking our laws, crowding your dirt and indecency together, and bring your family after you, and then coolly say, because you are stopped from herding like pigs, 'Find me a charitable institution to keep my mother in.'"

The case brings me to the last point upon which I wish to touch. These people do not regard the free entry which England has so long given to any and every foreigner as an act of grace on her part; they come into our land *as of right.* America shuts out, or, if need be, removes, all whom she does not desire to receive, our self-governing Colonies exercise a similar power, and it is recognised as inherent in the administration of every Continental country. Foreign governments do not hesitate to use their authority in this respect. No one complains; no voice is lifted up to say that those peoples are doing would-be inhabitants a wrong. But England? She is decried for venturing to discuss the exclusion of undesirables. And such arguments as the following are constantly put forward with the utmost assurance: "Unless you can prove that these people are rogues, that their moral character is bad, you cannot even claim a right to refuse admission to a single one. Their advent may be detrimental to the interests of your own people, that is not the point. We establish the fact that on the whole they are a reputable body of immigrants, and you *must* receive them and put up with the consequences." Lately the Immigration Committee of the Jewish Board of Deputies even congratulated its co-religionists on the fact that they did not

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bring into the country their "fair proportion of crime, as compared with other foreigners."[1]

Let us examine this specious contention. If a man opens his door to give refuge to some one who is unfortunate and whom he pities, does that give every wanderer the right to enter his house as if it were an inn? Can every person, when he has once shown compassion to a stranger, come to his door and say: "My presence may be inconvenient to you, it may even be seriously harmful to your children. But you cannot prove I am a rogue. There is nothing against my moral character. So stand aside, please, and let me pass." Is that what hospitality given as an act of grace involves? If you once bestow it can all the vagrants in the world claim it of you thereafter as their *right?*

I urge here as I have urged before that our first duty is to our own people. It is their welfare, their health, their social needs which ought to determine who are and who are not desirable immigrants, not a general certificate of non-criminality in favour of the newcomers. And if we recognise this, we shall show that we have the right and the power to shut our door when our hospitality is abused just as we have the goodwill and the inclination to open it to those who know how to respect their host.

W. Evans-Gordon.

[1] The exact phrase is as follows: "The Commission had already stated that the Russian and the Pole, whose partial exclusion were (*sic*) specially aimed at, had, as compared with the other foreigners in the country, only half his fair proportion of crime."

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THE CAPE ELECTIONS

THE elections in Cape Colony have given the Progressive Party a majority of one in the Legislative Council and a majority of five in the Legislative Assembly, or local House of Commons.

The Council consists of twenty-three members. No person can be elected a member of the Council, or of the Assembly, who is not a British subject.

Cumulative voting is the feature which distinguishes the election of members for the Council. The Colony is divided into seven electoral provinces each electing three members to the Council, and two electing one member.

The Register of Voters is the same as for the House of Assembly; but, in a "circle" returning three members, each voter can, if he pleases, "plump" for one candidate in preference to dividing his votes equally amongst the three. Or he can split his three votes between two candidates by marking two crosses opposite one name and one cross opposite a second name.

Thus in the recent Council elections the Progressive "ticket" in the western circle was represented by three candidates: The Hon. T. L. Graham, Attorney-General, Mr. John Garlick, and Mr. James Logan. Progressives, electors in the circle, were exhorted to vote solid for the "ticket" so that these three gentlemen should be returned to represent the circle.

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An independent candidate, however, was in the field in the person of Dr. Petersen, who was accorded the hearty support of the Bond, and of the Labour Party in the circle. Less than one half of the total electorate favoured the candidature of Dr. Petersen, but his supporters "plumped" for him on polling day, with the result that he was returned at the head of the poll by a considerable majority.

Both parties of course claim that this system of cumulative voting confers an advantage on their opponents rather than on themselves. Both, however, avail themselves to the fullest extent of the opportunities which arise in connection with the cumulative vote, and it will be seen that the system has at least the advantage of enabling the minority to secure some representation. Perhaps this is the best that can be said of a system which is unquestionably cumbersome and antiquated.

The Legislative Council is not an awe-inspiring body, nor does the average colonist hold it, as an institution, in much esteem. Like the Gilbertian House of Lords, the Legislative Council of Cape Colony has in the past "done nothing in particular, and done it very well." It has, however, a right of veto which might at any time be exercised to curb the Legislative zeal of the Assembly, and the Progressive Party is therefore fortunate in having secured even a bare majority in the Council.

The Chief Justice of the Colony, Sir Henry de Villiers, K.C.M.G., presides, *ex officio*, over the deliberations of the Council. In case of an equality of votes on a division the President has a casting vote.

Interest naturally centres in the House of Assembly, which is composed of ninety-five members, representing the various districts of Cape Colony and the more important towns.

Fifty Progressives were returned for the Assembly at the recent election, as against forty-five members owing allegiance to the Bond.

The number of members for each district varies in accord-

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ance with the population, some districts returning a single member only, whilst the majority of districts return two members. The districts of George and Worcester return three members each. Kimberley has four members and, of the coast towns, Cape Town has five, Port Elizabeth four, and East London two. The suburbs of Cape Town, namely Woodstock and Wynberg, return two members each. Members of both Houses draw pay for parliamentary attendance during each session.

It is said that the existing distribution of seats does not give fair representation to the towns. While it is admitted that the country voter has in many cases a greater stake in the Colony than has the average voter in the coast towns, it is argued that the present preponderance of voting power in favour of the former is altogether unreasonable. A Redistribution Bill is in fact one of the planks of the Progressive platform, and no doubt legislation in this direction may be looked for from a Progressive Ministry at an early date. As a fact the actual form which such legislation will take has already been fore-shadowed.

For the present a general redistribution of seats is not contemplated. . . . The maintenance of a just balance of power will be sufficiently insured by passing a measure to increase the country constituencies in fair proportion to the number of representatives returned to Parliament by the more important towns, especially the coast ports, which certainly are, at the present time, inadequately represented.

Whatever faults or failings may be attributed to the Bond by those who are opposed to that organisation, a lack of astuteness has not usually been regarded as one of its shortcomings. It is therefore all the more remarkable that the *South African News*, the Bond organ in Cape Town, should have been betrayed, in its grief at the defeat of some of the Bond champions, into admissions which cannot be regarded otherwise than as distinctly compromising.

Referring to the disaster which overtook the Hon. John X.

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Merriman at Wodehouse, where he was defeated by the Progressive candidates by a majority of over 150 votes, the *News* remarked in a leading article on February 12 :

> Unhappily yesterday's rejoicing at the good news of the gain of a seat at Oudtshoorn, and the recovery of one at Piquetberg, was dashed late last night with the ill news—the calamitous news—from Wodehouse, where Mr. Merriman has failed to capture the forlorn hope which he so gallantly and self-sacrificingly attempted to carry. How tremendous were the odds against him may best be judged from the statement that, in order to win, he had to convert a majority of those who voted against him at the last election, for there voted then for his nearest opponent 964, giving Mr. Merriman a majority of 118. But in the interval no fewer than 730 voters had been struck off the lists. Had these 730 remained voters it is probable Mr. Merriman would have polled nearly 250 more than he did at the last election.

This certainly puts the matter plainly enough. Mr. Merriman was frequently reminded by opponents last session that he sat in the Legislative Assembly only by virtue of the votes of rebels. The impeachment has not only been proved up to the hilt by the result of the recent contest at Wodehouse, but has now received the endorsement of the *South African News*.

Little wonder that last session—in a voice like that of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz in Bardell *v.* Pickwick, "broken with emotion," Mr. Merriman pleaded the cause of his rebel constituents on the floor of the House.

Scarcely was the printer's ink dry on the lament of the *South African News* over the Wodehouse election when a fresh blow fell upon the party in the overthrow of the Hon. J. W. Sauer for Aliwal North, where Colonel Crewe and his colleague headed the poll. On this occasion also the comments of the *South African News* furnish instructive reading.

After referring to the fact that "the whole of Mr. Sauer's political fortunes hitherto have been bound up with Aliwal," the leading article proceeds to point out that, in the case of Aliwal as in that of Wodehouse, the feeling of disappointment that leaders should be temporarily excluded from Parliament

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"must be accompanied by gratification at the progress which the principles of the South African Party are making."

It is pointed out that in 1898 Mr. Sauer's majority over his "Rhodesian opponent" was 198. "In the interval 889 votes had been struck off. It is reasonable to suppose that practically all these 889 went to Mr. Sauer."

So says the *South African News*, anxious apparently to claim for the party which it represents every rebel vote.

In Namaqualand the failure of the Bond candidates is attributed solely to the loss of 132 votes "in consequence of the war." Finally, in the issue of February 16, the same journal sums up the position as follows:

> The most important fact about the elections, of course, is that the result is not the verdict of the country delivered under normal conditions. Under ordinary circumstances the seats at Aliwal North, Wodehouse, Vryburg, Namaqualand, and Prieska, nine votes, counting 18 on a division, would have fallen to the South African Party. It is probable that the two for Barkly West would have fallen to it also, though it must be borne in mind that for many years past a great portion of that constituency has been steadily and thoroughly debauched from Kimberley. But as to the others there can be no doubt. That is to say, but for the legislation for which Messrs. Schreiner, Innes, and Solomon were mainly responsible, it would not be possible to-day for the author of the Raid to count, in any circumstances, upon a majority in Parliament. A breach of the statutory law was availed of to secure a party majority.

The breach of the statutory law, be it observed, consisted in this case of the passing of a special act for the disfranchisement of rebels, as a milder punishment than that already existing under the common law of the colony. . . . Possibly in three years time, or so, when these ex-rebels get back their votes, wiser counsels may prevail than those which prompted them to go into rebellion in the late war. Perhaps they will have seen the error of their ways. We may at least hope so much. But in any case it is well to realise now the full meaning of the facts which the *South African News* has so forcibly put before us. With the Cape Colony rebels reinstated in all the rights of citizenship, at least nine seats, now

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held by men loyal to the British connection, may easily return to their pristine allegiance.

Having said so much, however, it may be well to guard against possible misconstruction as regards the motives and objects attributed to Messrs. Merriman and Sauer themselves.

These gentlemen can scarcely be acquitted of responsibility in connection with the disloyalty of their own constituents, on whom, it is not unreasonable to suppose, they might, had they been so minded, have exercised at least a deterrent influence.

Never perhaps in any previous contest could it be so truly said that those who were not for us were against us. But Mr. Merriman and Mr. Sauer incurred quite enough odium in England during the war, and the present is certainly no time to add fuel to the flame. The Dutch party will not be conciliated by abuse of its leaders.

Mr. Merriman and Mr. Sauer have no real sympathy with rebels, nor do they aim in any way at the separation of Cape Colony from the Mother Country. But they are both politicians of an extreme type, holding political views so fiercely democratic as to be all but revolutionary.

Mr. Sauer in debate is far more guarded than his colleague, but Mr. Merriman, when roused, gives expression to sentiments, both in and out of Parliament, which are mischievous in the last degree.

Most probably he himself does not realise to what all this tends, or what the logical outcome must be, of the abuse which he unceasingly hurls at everything British in South Africa. He forgets that true patriotism demands, especially in times of stress and trouble, that hostile criticism be kept within reasonable limits, and that, even when the actual trouble is overpast, it is dangerous to excite men's minds by violent and unrestrained invective. Such, however, is Mr. John X. Merriman. As a politician quite impossible. In private life a charming companion, and a genial, cultured, English gentleman.

The Progressive Party is pledged to opposition to the introduction of Chinese into South Africa, though Dr. Jameson

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and other of the Progressive leaders have made it clear that they do not hold that Cape Colony has a right to dictate to the Transvaal in this matter. The protestations made by the leading Progressives in regard to the "Yellow Peril" must, however, be accepted as sincere, and certainly there are many members who yield to no Bondsman in the earnestness of their opposition to the movement in favour of Asiatic immigration. These sentiments are, in fact, widespread amongst fair-minded men in Cape Colony, and amongst those who happen to have no axe which they require a Chinaman to grind. Mr. Merriman, in his opposition to Chinese labour, has been accused in some quarters of a secret plot to drive Englishmen out of South Africa. Nothing could be more absurd. The Chinese question has undoubtedly been exploited on the Bond side at the late election for all it was worth, just as any cry that comes in handy will be raised by a political party in order to catch votes at election time. But Mr. Merriman and his friends have enough to answer for without this ridiculous accusation being brought against them. To imagine that they have some deep ulterior motive in view when they give public expression to a perfectly natural horror of the impending Chinee, is to give rise to suspicions for which the actual facts furnish no justification whatever.

It is remarkable that the defeat of the Bond leaders at the recent elections should have far greater significance, from an Imperial standpoint, than the downfall of the Sprigg Ministry, which has also come about as the result of an appeal to the electorate.

Apart altogether from the defeat of their party at the polls, the moral effect of the rebuff which Messrs. Merriman and Sauer have met with at the hands of their constituents cannot fail to be of benefit in discouraging the supporters of a policy which is certainly understood by the average Dutch-speaking colonist to be anti-British in its tendencies. On the other hand, Sir Gordon Sprigg, when he ceases to hold the reins of office, will retire from the political arena

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without creating any real stir, or materially affecting the position of parties.

At the end of the last Parliament the Progressives were in a minority of six, even when they voted in the same lobby with the Ministry. The Premier, therefore, retained office at the will and pleasure of the Bond, to whom ostensibly he was opposed. Had the Bond thought fit to put forward their full strength on any important division, Ministers, even though supported by the Progressives *en bloc*, would have found themselves in a minority. This, indeed, is what happened when the Session ended, in such dramatic fashion, as the result of Mr. Burton's ill-judged motion for compensation to rebels, and a Martial Law inquiry. The position was even better exemplified at an earlier stage of the Session when the Customs Convention was under debate. The Preference clause was hotly contested, and in two minor divisions, of no consequence, Ministers were in a minority. When the bell rang for the deciding division, the numbers on either side were found to be equal, and the Speaker, Sir Bisset Berry, in accordance with precedent, gave his casting vote in favour of the motion.

The whole thing was, of course, arranged beforehand. The Premier had announced that a hostile vote would be regarded by the Government as a vote of "no confidence." It did not suit the Bond at that time to bring about the resignation of the Ministry, and accordingly certain of the Bond members changed sides on the crucial division in order to bring about an equality of voters.

To hold office under such circumstances needed great self-possession, and a firm belief that the good of the country was at stake, and that, at all costs, Sir Gordon Sprigg must continue as Premier of Cape Colony. Such, at any rate, were the sentiments attributed to Sir Gordon, who perhaps would have better consulted his own dignity, and the dignity of his office, had he declined to continue in "power" under such humiliating conditions.

In the final divisions of the last Parliament the Progressives

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stood shoulder to shoulder with the Ministry, and those who were present in the House of Assembly on that occasion will remember how the Premier pointed a warning finger at the Honble. Member for rebel Wodehouse, while he assured him that the trouble which had come upon the Bond party, in the sacrifice of the Railway Bill, was entirely due to the ineptitude of the Hon. J. X. Merriman himself, and of his *protégé*, Mr. Burton, the half-fledged member for the district of Albert.

But there was no forgiveness for Sir Gordon by the Progressive party. They alleged that he had betrayed them, and though the main cause of dissension between the Premier and his supporters arose in the first instance out of his opposition to the ill-judged movement for suspension of the Constitution, the fact that in this matter he had proved to be right, and the suspensionists wrong, could not wipe out the record of differences which had subsequently arisen, and which had widened the breach until it was practically impossible to bridge it over by concessions from either side.

The existence of a party pledge, too, rendered reunion impracticable. . . . Progressive candidates at the last election were required to sign a pledge binding themselves to vote with the majority of the party on any important question arising for decision in Parliament. Failing this they must appeal to their constituents. The genial Mayor of Cape Town, who is also one of the Progressive members for the city, in the course of an election speech, described the Progressives as bound to Dr. Jameson "tooth and nail." Mr. Thorne, however, not infrequently speaks in a tone of delightful irresponsibility, and is not to be taken too seriously. No doubt the Progressives would repudiate any suggestion of being bound to Dr. Jameson, or to any other leader, "tooth and nail," but nevertheless it may be hoped that the party pledge having served its purpose on this occasion it may not be necessary to perpetuate it in future. A pledge of this character is not an elevating contract, nor does it imply much confidence in the political integrity of the candidates who are required to take it.

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In practice it tends to keep the best class of politicians out of Parliament. Men of standing in the country, and of ability, honesty, and independence of spirit, do not view with favour a pledge of this nature. Yet this is the stamp of candidate of which the Progressive party stands most in need of at the present time.

It was, indeed, almost comic to note the eagerness with which speakers on Progressive platforms, anxious to give guidance to the electors, implored them on no account to think of the personal qualifications, or disqualifications, of the candidates, but to keep in view only the interests of the party. To play for the "side" is, no doubt, in the game of politics as in other games, a great and a sound scheme; but it may, perhaps, be hoped that the time is not far distant when the Progressive party, as representing loyalty and progress in Cape Colony, will be able to find candidates who will commend themselves to the electorate on personal grounds, as well as by virtue of the cause they advocate.

Both in practical statesmanship, and in knowledge of parliamentary business and procedure, Sir Gordon Sprigg stands head and shoulders above any of the politicians who sat in the last Parliament on the same side of the House as himself. He, at any rate, could scarcely be expected to bind himself by the Progressive pledge to follow submissively where he had so often led. So, at East London, he paid the penalty of his contumacy in this and in other matters, Dr. Smartt and his Progressive colleague defeating the Prime Minister, in the constituency which he has represented for over thirty years, by a majority of 900 votes.

Mr. Arthur Douglass, the Commissioner of Works, was the only other Ministerialist who stood in open opposition to the party to which he nominally belonged. Since Mr. Douglass replaced Dr. Smartt as Commissioner, when the latter resigned in order to support the suspension movement, he has never ceased to vilify the Progressive party both in Parliament and out of it. Mr. Douglass has not proved himself an able

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Minister, and on the Treasury bench he relied for distinction mainly on a faculty for what is known as "hitting out from the shoulder." In other words, he was gratuitously rude and insulting to any one and every one on his own side of the House, while courting the smiles and approval of the Bond. As a result he has met a well deserved fate in the double rejection of his candidature, firstly by his own constituency at Grahamstown, and subsequently at Woodstock, where he led a forlorn hope in the ignominious guise of a glorified Labour candidate.

Of the remaining Ministers, the Attorney-General took the Progressive pledge some time since, and both Sir Peter Faure, the Colonial Secretary, and the Hon. John Frost, Minister for Agriculture, belong to the Progressive party.

So ends the Ministry of Sir Gordon Sprigg, likened by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to "comic opera" ere that Right Honourable gentleman had conspired to turn the Ministry of which he was a member into a farce.

And what of their successors? It is early yet to prophesy, but the opportunity which offers to Dr. Jameson and his friends is in many respects unique, and, both in South Africa and at home, the policy of the new Ministry will be watched with keen interest, in the hope that wise, moderate, and firm counsels may prevail, so that peace and prosperity may be assured to Cape Colony.

"MAJORITY."

CAPE TOWN, *February* 16, 1904.

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TOWARDS GERMANY OR FRANCE?

NATIONAL EDUCATION AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

ENGLISH education, and especially that part of it known as secondary education, is, for the moment, in the melting-pot. The new local authorities have in many places already begun to tackle the gigantic task of rearranging the work of the existing schools and of creating new institutions to meet the more urgent needs of their several areas. Incidentally they are now settling, for a generation at least, our educational methods and ideals, which in plain English means they are deciding not only what the rank and file, but also what the leaders of the nation will be in the next twenty years. It is in every way imperative that they should realise their enormous responsibilities and carefully weigh every change and innovation. There is so much that is excellent in English education that we cannot but trust they will not only conserve but widely extend all that is worthy of retention. Again, it is to be hoped that the great principle inaugurated by the late Act, which entrusts to and, indeed, enjoins on the new authorities the duty of making the schools conform to local needs, will not be lost sight of. A blind imitation of Continental systems, with their excessive centralisation and uniformity, would be little short of disastrous; yet, in the

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sphere of the proper treatment of subjects and of their due ordering and arrangement in complete courses of study, we are bound to look for information and guidance to our more highly organised neighbours abroad. Until recently our educational leaders have rather turned their eyes towards Germany, and certainly the German system is, at first sight, most impressive. One cannot but admire the care and intelligence that have been lavished on the framing of curricula, and the way in which the teaching in each subject has been thought out in every detail. Above all, one wonders at the all-round equipment of the teacher, at his professional keenness, at the thoroughness of his methods, and the high standard of attainment he reaches within the sphere in which he works. One's admiration grows as one examines the component parts of the system and sees how carefully everything is made to dovetail and interlock.

It is only when we carry our investigations still further and attempt to gauge the underlying spirit which keeps the whole machinery in motion that we begin to doubt whether we can copy so many of the features we formerly admired, or would wish to copy them if we could. At bottom education has a dual aim: the training of character and the development of the intelligence. In the training of character we have little to learn from the Germans. Indeed, there seems to be a certain danger that in our desire to emulate the success they obtain in the way of developing the intelligence we may unconsciously be tempted to copy the military modes of discipline to which the success itself is partially due. To guard against such a danger we must attempt to get to the bottom of the problem, and not only scrutinise the quantity but the quality of the intellectual output. Its very evenness furnishes a clue to its nature. To put it in a nnutshell, the teacher appears to aim at turning out intelligences of a certain specific pattern and type rather than self-sufficing, independent-minded individuals. But the dangers of such an aim, especially in the hands of an ignorant imitator, are very great, because there must always be

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an inevitable tendency for such a training to become not so much a development as a *dressage* of the intelligence.

The contributary causes to such a *dressage* are manifold. One, which is frequently met with in the big towns, is the abnormally large size of the lower and middle classes. Classes of over forty are not unknown, and those over thirty are comparatively common. In fact, the German schools in the big towns are probably considerably more understaffed than the corresponding English schools. In such cases it is obvious that the teaching must be, to some extent, mechanical; there is but little scope for individual attention. But the *dressage* is also due to far deeper reasons, deeper even than the laudable desire to drag, by hook or by crook, every pupil through the mill. The whole teaching is essentially a gymnastic, a mental *Turnen*, at its worst an *acrobatie*. It bears to the proper development of the *individual* the same relation as an elaborate system of carefully thought-out army gymnastics bears to a really scientific hygienic system of Swedish exercises. In the one case an effort, more or less skilful, is made to develop certain parts, because they have been so developed from time immemorial, but the development of these to the instructor is an end in itself. In the other case an effort is made to develop the whole individual, and the development is only regarded as a means. In the first instance, the theory rests on premises that are never called in question; in the second, the theory is based on reason, and a conscious effort is made to adapt the means to nature. In a word, the first system inevitably tends to produce specific rather than original forms of mind, types rather than individuals.

Hence even in the highest forms one has always the sensation that the class are like a flock of sheep in a pen. An English class is often less together. They do not give one the same sensation of forty feeding like one, but there is more browsing. The flock may be a trifle scattered, partly, maybe, because the shepherd is not always master of his craft, partly because they are each seeking to a certain extent his own pasture. There

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is no unfenced grazing-ground in German schools. From the bottom to the top the pupils in each form are folded off and penned into compartments much in the same way as a flock of sheep is folded over a field of turnips. When they have consumed all the rich crop within the four corners of their pen, another pen is opened to which they are admitted. One cannot help admiring the skill of the shepherd and the clever way in which he mixes the food and tends the flock, but the sheep strike one as somewhat too domesticated. One cannot help feeling that like all domestic animals they are being reared not so much for their own sake as for the sake of certain superior beings. The school is, in fact, one of the principal raising and breeding branches in that large State farm known in ordinary parlance as Germany, or, in other words, its principal function is to produce submissive supporters of the throne and altar.

Hence one of the *lacunæ* in the higher classes of German schools is the absence of philosophic training which more than anything else tends to develop the individual into a conscious and coherent being. Coming at a period of storm and stress during which the youth is putting away childish things and becoming a man, it serves, if properly utilised, not merely as the very crown of school studies but also as an initiation into the problems of life and conduct. The authorities themselves have lately become alarmed at the absence of such a training and the subject was the principal one selected for discussion at the Headmaster's Conference for 1902, which in that year was held in the province of Saxony. The thoroughness of the proceedings may be gathered from the fact that the whole question is first thrashed out by the teachers in the several schools, their conclusions are then embodied in a report, and from these reports a general report is put together which is submitted to the whole assembly for debate. It is significant that the conference not only reported in favour of definite philosophical training but also of giving the whole of the teaching in the higher classes a more philosophical cast. In

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no subject is the lack of such a colouring more noticeable than in the teaching of history, which is taught in the upper classes on lines which are admirably adapted to the lower forms, but out of place with pupils of eighteen and nineteen. The teacher gives his own particular version, which henceforth becomes the "Evangelium" of the class, to be supplemented by one of carefully authorised text-books which are purely objective or, at their worst, baldly annalistic. What little home reading is done is bolted through the teacher's sieve by means of a careful catechism on the salient points to be brought out. But little effort is made to elicit the pupil's own personal impressions as such, much less to encourage originality. The aim of the teacher begins and ends with the assurance that the pupil has made the right deductions. The study of original authorities appears to be almost unknown. Hence the twofold value of history as one of the best instruments for forming the judgment and for initiating the pupil into the art of original research is ignored. The ideal pupil would appear to be the beloved disciple who says most frequently amen to his master or is the greatest adept at reproducing his formularies.

The same lack of any encouragement of originality is also observable in the teaching of literature, though it must to some extent be freely admitted that within certain limits the teaching is often excellent and presents points of interest that we may well imitate. Granted that the instruction specially aims at imbuing the pupils with certain definite ideas, the methods adopted are often preferable to our own. Those stumbling-blocks to the study of literature, annotated editions, are comparatively rare. The German pupil's attention is not incessantly distracted by the marginalia of scholiasts often more anxious to air their own knowledge than to contribute to his enlightenment. Poems are not studied piecemeal but as continuous wholes. The text is not dug over for the grammatical roots it may contain, but rather treated as a flower-bed whose artistic arrangement is admired, and whose fragrance and beauty are judged as a whole. The Germans do not believe

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that an elaborate knowledge of verbal botany is a necessary introduction to an appreciation of literature. They recognise that culture, like gardening, deals far more with the living thing than with the dead anatomy. A knowledge of mathematics or science certainly adds to an appreciation of art, but it is not the one thing necessary by any manner of means. Yet even while one admires German methods of teaching literature one feels their limitations. One cannot help thinking that the teacher's enthusiasm for literature, sincere as most of it is, bears the same relation to the real native spontaneous love of literature as the somewhat loud and noisy talk about German patriotism bears to our deep inborn conception of patriotism. To say it is the difference between the acquired and the indigenous is too strong a contrast. Yet if one compares the German love of the higher forms of literature with the true unforced genuine love of the French, one instinctively thinks of the parallel between the man who at a great price obtained his freedom and the other who was born to it. Perhaps a still closer comparison would be that between official and natural Christianity. The love of German literature, as inculcated in the schools, is part of the *official cult* of the State religion by law established—an excellent thing, no doubt, but with a slight smack of compulsion about it. In fact, as one hopes to show when we come to discuss French education, while we can learn something from the teaching of the mother tongue and of literature in Germany, we may learn the same and still more from France. From Germany we can in fact pick up a certain amount, mainly in the mechanics of teaching. But here the matter ends. For inspiration and for the strengthening of certain national weaknesses we must rather look to France.

Of course, here again, we must choose and discriminate. In the training of character we have very little to learn from our friends across the Channel, although the modern theories of freedom and individuality are undoubtedly having an effect on the hitherto somewhat military *régime* of the schools, which is

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clearly shown by the most recent programmes in history teaching. In fact, it is fair to state that, while Germany is undoubtedly more and more approximating her schools to military ideas, the French are steadily moving in the opposite direction, towards the encouragement of freedom, responsibility and personal initiative. Again, while we may well copy the high pitch of efficiency to which the French have brought the teaching profession and the honourable status to which they have raised it, we must steadily avoid any movement that tends to make our teachers mere purveyors of knowledge and divorce them from active participation in the larger life of the school. But when we come to the development of the intelligence we may find much that we can freely admire and imitate.

French education may be roughly divided into two parts, one of which ends with the first part of the Baccalaureate, formerly called *la rhétorique*, the other ending with the part still known as *la philosophie*. Both these parts explain pretty well the aims of either course of study. The former is a training in taste and in the art of expression. As in Germany, the mother tongue and the native literature are put in the forefront of the programme, but, as has been already hinted, the manner in which they are taught in France is distinctly superior. Thanks to his prodigious appetite for knowledge, the German, who in this as in other matters is a veritable *gourmand*, is acquainted with what is considered to be the best that has been said on a subject, and has more or less formed for himself a palate. The Frenchman, on the other hand, is a born *gourmet*. Instinctively he picks out, selects and arranges what is *de bon goût*. Even when he deals with platitudes, he manages to "ear-mark" them with a touch of his own individuality. In fact, he is past-master in the difficult art, according to Horace, of "communia propriè dicere." This artistic individualism pervades the whole nation; one sees it even in so common a matter as dress, in which the women, while careful to follow the fashion, each modify it to

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suit their own particular style of beauty. Teachers and taught thus bring to the study of literature and the mother tongue an aptitude not to be met with elsewhere. In no branch of the subject does the superiority of the French come out more plainly than in the teaching and practice of essay writing, which is still regarded as one of the most important items in the school time-table. Free composition begins in fact in the lowest classes with oral narration in its simplest form—the mere re-telling of some story which has been already related by the teacher. The *bien dire* and *bien écrire* are thus taught from the very outset. The practice prevails to a certain extent in German schools, but where the French excel is in the far greater attention given to the composition itself of the essay. Their language serves as an admirable medium. It is the true heir of the best traditions of the ancient rhetors, handed down through an uninterrupted apostolic succession through the schools of Lyons, Bordeaux and Paris. It is the finished product which has been worked up by generations of native Longinuses and Quintilians. It is the only modern language that has evolved a distinctively national prose style. Thanks to its ancient traditions, the French have never lost sight, as we in England, of the true meaning of the word composition. With us it too often means reproduction in a foreign medium of some passage in English, a matter of clever phrasing, of matching nuances of thought in the two languages concerned, of reproducing in (say) a Latin mosaic a design already given in English. It retains in French its fuller, truer and really classical meaning of composing, of putting together, of construction. It implies the employment not merely of the talents of the mosaic-layer, but of the original designer, the master-builder, the architect. In a word, the French writer is not merely the framer of happy phrases. His chief glory consists in his skill to build up phrases into paragraphs, and paragraphs into one single, harmonious, architectural whole. And herein lies for us one of the great benefits to be derived from a study of French methods. Just as our artists go to Paris to learn

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technique, so our teachers might well go to France to study the teaching of composition on French lines, in place of the happy-go-lucky, *laissez-faire* methods of letting pupils "muddle through" what they wish to say. We do not want to create in our schools a pseudo-French style. There is, indeed, but little danger of such an eventuality. We have too much of what may be called nationality, of racial mother stuff ever to capitulate to that danger, whereas our greater affinity to Germany renders us all the more likely to exaggerate the defects of what we learn from that country.

But the art of clear and artistic expression demands more than a purely literary education if it is not to suffer from the dangers of superficiality. This corrective is supplied by the training the French pupil receives in the last year of his school career under the rubric of Philosophy. While the German pupil is laboriously filling in or widening the circle of his hard acquired knowledge, the French pupil is underpinning the whole structure of his previous education. Curiously enough the word that each would apply to his education at this stage has ostensibly the same meaning. The German would say that he was studying his subjects *gründlich* and the French that he was pushing his education *au fond*. Yet the first only means he is filling in the blanks in the cyclus of his knowledge; the other that he is going down to the root of what he has learnt. No year is more important from the pupil's point of view. A purely rhetorical education has great dangers. It leaves one more or less at the mercy of words. It is true that a philosophical education puts us at times at the mercy of ideas, but such a predicament is the less perilous of the two. A rhetorical education gives us, as it were, the colour of things, the philosophical adds the sense of form; the one trains the emotions, the other moulds the logical shape that they take. Such a philosophical education as is given in the French lycées is not merely a *résumé* of the past, a co-ordination and explanation of all previous studies, it also furnishes a base and a groundwork for the future life of the pupil, providing, as it were, the

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cadres round which he may classify his subsequent experiences, and by which he may direct his conduct. The practice of teaching the pupil to examine and catalogue his ideas is of the highest educational value. Individuality and the unification of ideas are very closely connected. If we English could have a little more appreciation and respect for general ideas, which are often after all but the intellectual names of great moral principles, we should certainly be able to reason out many of our social and political difficulties more readily, and be less slaves to the gross sophisms which obtain currency from the neglect of the ordinary cultivated man to examine the exact meaning of the terms he uses. Again, French philosophy enjoys the advantage of wearing the least forbidding aspect of all the philosophies. It may not attain the depth of German philosophy—in some ways it may only be a sort of glorified common sense—but in its lucidity and its close attachment to the problems of daily life it finds at once its strength and its weakness. Nor is it by any means as shallow as foreigners often think. The depth is there, but it is so easily seen, because the medium, the language in which it is conveyed, is so transparent. In France, the French do not forget that philosophy is a branch of literature, and the whole attitude of the best French writer is not to pose as an unfolder of mysteries, explaining the *obscurum per obscurius*, but rather to show, with the greatest suppression of self, how after all the thing is not so difficult.

Nothing gives a clearer notion of the French aim in education than their conception of examinations. Our literary examinations are, above all, an audit of knowledge, and at their worst a mere audit of fact. The whole competition is a match against time; the pupil who can disgorge the greatest amount of knowledge in a given time comes out top. A certain level of spelling, punctuation, and grammar is demanded, but style in the French sense of the word rarely counterbalances quantity in the examiner's eyes. The entire examination is very largely a matter of memory, either in the actual repro-

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duction of what has been learnt, or the reproduction of something similar to what one has been taught; the whole thing is too exclusively a matter of enlightened imitation. Originality is too rarely sought for or desired. The arts of exposition, of development, of composition proper are comparatively neglected. When a French university professor is shown an English paper with ten or twelve questions (say in history) he is lost in astonishment at the number of questions; but when he is told they are all to be answered in three hours he is dumfoundered. The number of questions to be attempted in the lycée for a three hours' composition, or in the university for a six hours' paper, would be one or two. One can only explain to him that the English method treats intelligences much as sponges. It attempts to discover those which can return the greatest quantity of the facts or theories they have absorbed. To which our Frenchman rejoins, But where does the composition come in, the act of presenting one's subject in the clearest form, and in the most suitable language? One can only point out the fact that it doesn't come in except in a subordinate way, for the simple reason that the English examinee writes from the point of view of one who writes for a critic who knows already what he ought to say and only wants to verify his remarks, whereas the French candidate writes from the point of view of one who wants to explain to the ordinary person what he has to say and so naturally puts his case with the utmost care. The Frenchman will probably remark that, as far as practical value goes, in fact as a preparation for everyday life, his method of examination is more useful, as it allows the pupil to explain his views to any one of a certain calibre. Reply on this point seems difficult, for have we not here the main reason of the chronic ability of the English boy to explain himself and his ideas in a coherent fashion? No doubt this cult of form when pushed to extremes may lead to undue disregard for the subject-matter. Every virtue when pushed to extremes becomes a vice. But inasmuch as we and the French have got hold of opposite ends of the truth, this is

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certainly a point where we have much to learn from them if we wish to encourage the productive rather than the mere reproductive faculties of our pupils.

It would be interesting to enlarge on the superiority of French over English examinations in their invariable inclusion in every examination of a *viva voce* which tests some of the most valuable qualities of every-day life which are practically untouched by the written work. Let it suffice to say that there is very urgent need for us in England to revive at once this type of intellectual assaying, or largely to extend its range wherever it already exists. The recent successful oral trials of candidates for the navy seem to promise a wide extension of the system in the near future. It is only fair to German educationists to say that their examinations, both written and oral, are conducted on somewhat similar lines. But for reasons already given above, the French would appear, in this respect also, more likely to repay judicious study and imitation on our part. Again, while English, and especially English literary examinations, are in the main an audit of knowledge, yet it is true that in some schools and in the later stages of education at the universities, and more particularly at Oxford, stress is laid on the value of those qualities by which the French set such store. What we want is a much wider diffusion of these ideals. Perhaps the best way to promote them would be to encourage a far closer intercourse between Oxford and Paris, which, in their conception of culture, have so many points of resemblance. Could the authorities of the two universities only come to know one another better, they would be astonished and cheered to find how many ideals they shelter in common.

The danger of turning to Germany rather than to France does not end here. There are a certain number of persons today in England who are demanding we should begin the study of languages with German rather than French, which has hitherto always had the pre-eminence. They urge with much plausibility that the accent is easier, and that the problem of

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learning a new vocabulary is lessened by the fact that the commoner words in English and German are more like one another than the commoner words in French and English. German, no doubt, is easier of pronunciation than French, though the question of accent for young children, with their very flexible organs of speech and great power of imitation, is of much less importance than with older pupils. The argument from vocabulary seems less serious. Even the pupil of nine or ten, if he has not learnt Latin, has already become acquainted with a large number of English words of Latin origin. Again, as the Anglo-Saxon words in his own language present to the small boy no difficulty, the fact that many words in English and German are alike is only helpful in learning the German vocabulary, whereas when French is learnt, the acquisition of French and the acquisition of English words derived from the Romance languages are mutually helpful. The English is perpetually throwing light on the French word, and the French on the English. Finally, the difficulties of German grammar and German construction with the unusual order of words is certainly greater for pupils of this age than French grammar and construction in the opening stages. The same advocates urge that German at a later stage is very necessary for all who wish to do research work in history, economics, or science, and also insist on its commercial value. The bulk of original investigations published in Germany is in the majority of subjects the greatest in the world; but the amount in France is by no means insignificant, is often indispensable, and where it does exist, is generally served up in a much more available form. At the same time, too much stress must not be laid on the argument itself. The mere grammatical knowledge requisite to read a work of research is easy of acquirement. The main difficulty lies in the technical vocabulary, which has to be mastered after the pupil has left school. This advantage, such as it is, is compensated for by the greater commercial value that is attached to a knowledge of French. While our trade with France and French colonies

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is practically as big as our trade with Germany and her dependencies, nearly all Germans engaged in trade or commerce are sufficiently masters of English to be able to do business in that language, but the converse in the case of French merchants and shippers is by no means true. The utilitarian value of French for trade purposes is therefore considerably greater than the utilitarian value of German, although there is a strong current of public opinion to the contrary. But, granting once more for the sake of argument that the Teutophiles have so far made out the better case, there are still two very potent reasons for beginning with French, the last of which seems well-nigh unanswerable. A large percentage of small boys who are going to receive a secondary education are destined to take up Latin. As a preparation for the study of Latin, there can be no comparison between German and French. The Germans have recognised this in all their so-called reform schools, in which the study of a modern language is made the stepping-stone to the study of Latin, though had they adopted the argument of the Philoteutons over here, they would not have hesitated to select English, as the connection between German and French is far more remote than between English and French. French is also the one modern language that is obligatory in their "unreformed" classical schools. Again, in their non-classical schools they begin with French and not with English. The truth is they realise that French is really an indispensable factor in general culture. That is really the chief argument of all. The question of which language shall we begin with is not a mere academic one. It really goes to the heart of national education. Everything hinges on it. Analyse it out, and we see it is only another way of asking on which language shall we lay the greater stress; which language shall we, in fact, place first? In the case of many boys only one modern language will be taken up. The question, therefore, is all the more important as to which they shall take. Expressed in other words it means, which culture do we desire to copy on a large

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scale—that of Germany or that of France? Put in that fashion, can there be any doubt? Do we not want rather to reinforce the Norman than the Anglo-Saxon side of our character?

If the position of classics is going to be weakened in England, are we not likely to find more or less compensation for the change in a more extensive study of French which is in so many ways the universal legatee of Greek and Roman traditions? Can Germany offer us anything similar?

To sum up. Is not the balance largely in favour of generally, though not exclusively, following French models rather than German in school matters? One must lay stress on the word "school," for all are willing to testify to the extraordinary love of learning to be found in German universities, to their untiring energy in research, and to their freedom of opinion, although the latter quality has been sadly curtailed of recent years. In their schools we can again gladly bear witness to the high qualifications of the teaching profession, to their strenuous, if somewhat narrow, conception of duty, and to the various strong points in the teaching of certain subjects. But, as we have seen, these strong points are as well and often better represented in French schools; while certain weaknesses we have noted in German education—the increasing military spirit, the reactionary tendencies and the lack of the philosophic training—are less pronounced or entirely absent from French education. We have further seen how, in the teaching of the mother tongue, in the proper conception of examinations and in the addition of a philosophical crown to its education, France has for us, if we are willing to learn, things which are in every way worthy of our consideration. We stand at the very parting of the ways. Are we to copy from a national system which every year seems to grow more out of sympathy with the majority of the nation, deliberately constituted to serve as a buttress to the political *status quo*, or another which under a more modern *régime* is striving to adapt itself to the conditions of the times? What is frankly the main ideal of German

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education? Erudition. What is the main ideal of French? Culture. Which ideal is more wanted in England at the present time? Which language is likely to afford the better linguistic, logical, æsthetic, and literary training? Is it German with its glorious lyrical poetry, its almost boundless vocabulary, its Gothic-like architecture, with cathedral-like sentences branching into a mass of clauses, a veritable cluster of side-chapels, recalling at once the might, majesty and awe of its architype the primeval Hercynian forest, forest that, alas, the ordinary student does not see because of the trees, as he struggles with its sesquipedalian compounds and its apparently interminable sentences, its involved and complicated style, that happily shows signs of a movement towards a greater simplification of expression, yet still involved in the toils of its own verbosity? Or is it not rather French with its poetry, in which the overwhelming sense of form almost cramps and stunts the emotions, with its far less copious vocabulary which is yet one of the most effective arsenals of expression because of the admirable way in which its contents have been catalogued and cross-referenced, with a prose style that combines the classical architecture of pure line with the warm colouring of modern sentiment, recalling in its directness and solidity the road and bridge-building talents of the Romans, while its good taste, moderation and refinement represent a genuine infiltration from the best epochs of Greek culture, lucid and logical, appealing alike to the æsthetic and literary sense? What finer instrument of mental discipline is there outside the classical world?

English we must at any price remain, but certainly neither insular nor ultra-protectionist. The most valuable free imports we can make are such methods and ideals as we can copy from our neighbours. We want, in fact, to send abroad a sort of second Mosely Commission composed of educationists, but taken from those engaged not on the administrative, but on the pedagogical side—inspectors, head-masters, and the like, with a sprinkling of county education

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secretaries—persons of wide experience and acquainted not merely with the strength but the weaknesses of English education. They would not only have to consider the points raised above, but many others. To mention only a few, the position of science and of mathematics in the different courses of study, the age at which Latin should be begun, the systematic teaching of history and geography. When the educational scouts had reported, we should be in a position to know how far we might venture on the German, and how far on the French road, without losing touch with the English highway.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

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THE CAVALRY AND ITS PRINCIPAL ARM

THE author of the article under the above heading in the MONTHLY REVIEW of December had certainly some reason to believe that his endeavours to expose the weakness of the arguments in the War Office Memorandum under consideration had not been without success.

How complete that success had been, however, he had never realised until the appearance of the reply in the February number by a writer under the somewhat inappropriately chosen name of "Cavalry." For although the vehemence, and even irritation with which "Cavalry" throws himself into the fray makes it evident that, if he fails to demolish "Eques" it is due solely to the weakness of his case, not to the lack of ardour or ability of the advocate, so little does he fulfil his boldly announced intention of "answering" the objections of "Eques" that of the many solid and serious arguments against the Memorandum in the December article, not one does he even attempt to controvert, while the few he alludes to he misrepresents; a very ancient device of the advocate who finds the arguments of his opponent too strong to meet.

It is indeed difficult not to believe that in putting forward this so-called reply, he does so relying on the fact that December is now long past, and that the article of that date may have been forgotten, so much so that perhaps no more crushing rejoinder to him could be found than would be a reprint *in*

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extenso of the entire article he pretends to criticise. But let "Cavalry" speak for himself.

He begins by the charge of "preconceived prejudice." "Prejudice" is ever the cry of the bigot when fairly put to his defence, but conviction that is supported by uncontroverted argument can hardly be so called, while if vehement assertion unbacked by reasoning, and failing to meet that of an opponent be prejudice, it is against "Cavalry," not "Eques," that the charge must be laid. But he quickly passes to misrepresentation even less excusable. "Where I must differ from 'Eques,' he says, "is that, whereas he believes that the *rôle* and tactics of Cavalry have not altered since the days of Cromwell, Frederick the Great and Murat, and that the modern rifle in the hands of the enemy has not curtailed the power of Cavalry, I believe that the modern rifle in the hands of the Cavalry itself will in no way cripple its power, but, on the contrary, add to it."

But where does "Eques" assert anything so absurd as the first? Where does he deny a truth so obvious as the last? Could there be a more ridiculous travesty of what he does assert—that the Cavalry charge being as necessary as it ever was, the modification advisable under modern conditions must stop short of the excess of making the rifle the principal arm; or, as it is summed up in the article in question, "the more efficiently Cavalry can use the fire-arm the better, so long as they are never allowed for a moment to forget that it is their secondary, not their principal arm."

It is to be regretted that "Cavalry" should descend to such juggling with words as this.

To pretend to emphasise the difference between one's opponent and oneself by first ascribing to him assertions he did not make, and then claiming as one's own opposite view a truism which neither he nor any one else in their senses would ever attempt to deny, is a method or controversy which may be ingenious, but is certainly not honest.

He next says:

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"Eques" seems to think that the Memorandum aims at abolishing shock tactics and giving up the *arme blanche*. But I am afraid his indignation . . . has somewhat obscured his vision. The tactics suggested in the Commander-in-Chief's Memorandum could not truthfully be described as abolishing shock tactics, and he certainly does not abandon the *arme blanche*, for Cavalry retain the sword.

But all this supposition about what "Eques" seems to think is mere trifling, for the simple reason that, whether "Eques" be right or wrong, there is at any rate no doubt whatever what he does think (at all events in the mind of any one who reads his words, and not only the travesty of them supplied by "Cavalry"), for, speaking of the Order that the rifle is to be the Cavalry soldier's principal weapon, he proceeds :

and which although it does not actually abolish the *arme blanche* and turn the Cavalry into Mounted Rifles, goes so far in the spirit of such a change that it retains only the sword, a weapon which in its present form is notoriously inefficient, while it abolishes for all practical purposes the lance, which, however opinions may differ on other points, certainly enjoys above all other weapons the distinction of being hated and feared by every enemy against whom it has been employed.

Where is the obscurity of vision here? Where the excuse for talking of what "Eques" "seems to think"? There could, as a matter of fact, be no simpler or more accurate statement of what actually occurred.

In the course of his article "Cavalry" makes the assertion that the first thought of a Cavalry scout on meeting an enemy is "What's behind?"

It is a thought which some soldiers may possibly dwell on a little too much, but, however that may be, if we adapt the idea to the examination of "Cavalry's" own arguments, and ask the question with regard to some of his most imposing propositions, we find that the answer can only be, "Very little indeed!"

This is especially the case in several instances in which, evidently both impressed and irritated by passages in which

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"Eques" exposes the confusion and unreason of sundry parts of the Memorandum, he attempts to use the same method against "Eques," with the amusing result that, after starting with great condemnation of the contradictions and confusion he is about to deal with in the reasoning of his opponent, he finds, when he comes to the point, that there is no confusion to expose, and his argument forthwith fizzles out into a wilderness of nebulous inconsequence, so strangely akin to certain passages in the original Memorandum as to excuse, if it does not altogether account for, his excessive ardour in its defence. For instance, in the passage in "Eques'" article: "It is a characteristic instance of the confusion and inconsequence which distinguish the Memorandum that, whereas we are here told that no improvement can be looked for in the sabre, under one of the very next headings it lays the greatest stress on the improvement that is to be made both in the sabre and its use, enumerating its present faults and the method and importance of their correction." "Eques," at any rate, makes good his words; the confusion and inconsequence here are obvious to any one. When "Cavalry" attempts to retort with the same method the result is far otherwise.

"But the use," he says, "of this argument here" (the argument that armament is so little a vital question for Cavalry that it has been said that a first-class Cavalry regiment if armed only with broomsticks would still be efficient) "is only an example of the confusion of thought that characterises this rather virulent attack on the tactics suggested in the Commander-in-Chief's Memorandum. For although the writer lays due stress on the importance of the horse, and the great power of mobility which it gives to Cavalry, he fails to see that there is absolutely nothing in the tactics suggested that will not give free and ample scope for mobility and rapidity." Now, where is the confusion of thought in this? How does "the use of this argument here exemplify such confusion"? One would think the case simplicity itself!

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What excuse could even the most puzzleheaded of men have for imagining confusion here? "But," says "Cavalry," and here it becomes evident that the only confusion in the case is in the head of the advocate who is out of his depth, "although the writer lays due stress on mobility, he fails to see that there is absolutely nothing in the tactics suggested that will not give free and ample scope for mobility and rapidity." Here, indeed, is confusion with a vengeance. What can be the condition of the mind of a man who can make such a charge as this? How is it possible that the most rudimentary intelligence could "fail to see," not only indeed that the suggested tactics will give free and ample scope for mobility and rapidity, but that one of the gravest dangers of this famous system is that it may give "scope" for far more mobility than its luckless votaries may be able to display! Truly one might as well be charged with "failing to see" that the operations of a coursing meeting give "free and ample scope" for the mobility of the hare!

What, again, can be more absurd than to contend, as "Cavalry" does in the next paragraph, that no better argument against sword and lance can be found than is afforded by the broomstick quotation mentioned above, and that, in defending their use, "Eques" must have entirely forgotten that quotation. For if it be a fact, as "Cavalry" himself admits it is, that it is so little the case that armament is a vital question for Cavalry that a first-class Cavalry regiment armed only with broomsticks would yet be efficient, how does this clash with the self-evident fact that with a better weapon it would be more efficient still? Does the fact that mobility, not armament, is the vital question condemn us to the conclusion that one arm is as good as another, that what is not vital need never be considered at all?

It is difficult to deal patiently with a travesty of argument so feeble and so unfair.

Again, in continuance of the same Gilbertian style of controversy, he asserts that "when 'Eques' quotes as examples

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of successful shock action the Boers who charged . . . with only the much abused rifle in their hands (from which it appears that it is not absolutely essential to have the sword or lance in hand for Cavalry to charge with success), he is opposing examples in complete opposition to his own deductions." Here again "Cavalry" makes misrepresentation take the place of argument. For, in the first place, "Eques" did not quote the Boer charges as examples of successful shock action, but as evidence of the fact that our own abandonment of sword and lance, so far from promoting the abolition of shock tactics, rather encouraged their use, its only effect being that for charging we substituted being charged; and, secondly, it is not the case that "Eques" endeavours to make out that the lance especially is essential to Cavalry efficiency. He certainly believes that weapon to be, in many respects, the best, and states his reasons, but this is very different from asserting it to be essential.

But "Cavalry," in his anxiety to fasten upon his opponent the onus of having pronounced certain arms to be "essential," appears to commit himself to the expression of an opinion that is not without interest.

In the sentence above quoted as to the success of the Boers charging with only the rifle in their hands, and in sundry similar passages throughout the article, he gives the impression that he believes that the rifle in hand may become a recognised substitute for sword and lance in a charge of Cavalry.

But whatever may have happened under the exceptional circumstances of the Boer War, does he really believe that this "Buffalo Bill" method will ever be practised with success, or even without dire disaster, against the highly trained Cavalry which, almost without exception, the whole of our possible future opponents possess?

If so, though he may fancy he has proved by dint of the Boer charges that "it is not absolutely essential for success in a charge to have sword or lance in hand," let me remind him, as he seems so partial to the expression, that there is another

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condition which *is* "absolutely essential" to such success, and that is that those weapons should not be in the hands of the enemy!

How much did we see of Boer charges before the time when it became known that the *arme blanche* had been abandoned?

If there was one thing that, before then, was better established than another, it was that, far from venturing to charge, the Boer had no more rooted aversion than that from allowing British Cavalry on horseback to get within five hundred yards of him on any rideable ground!—so much so that, that distance once reduced, it was not upon the deadly rifle, but upon the speed of his mount that he almost invariably relied to save his skin.

So much for this argument for the rifle as against the sword and lance in the hands of mounted men.

It is a relief to turn from the misrepresentation, the hair-splitting, and the false logic which characterise "Cavalry's" treatment of this question to the unbiased statement of the case which appeared, also in the MONTHLY REVIEW, more than a year ago from the pen of a practical soldier whose experience is second to none, Colonel G. J. Younghusband, of the Guides, who says in an excellent article on "The Horseman of the Future":

> Young leaders of horse, untrammelled by tradition, found that in wide open formations they could gallop the Boers out of any rideable position; and the Boers themselves taking the cue, and noticing the absence of the lance, galloped us out of convoys and even galloped into and captured bodies of troops; all, too, in the face of the terrible rifle fire which no cavalry was ever again to be able to face! But—and here comes food for reflection—neither the Boers nor ourselves had sword or lance to use, when these favourable positions for their use had been gained. Let us, therefore, not hastily condemn weapons which further examination and experience show might have been used with deadly effect under more auspicious circumstances, and the want of which laid our convoys and troops open to those charging tactics, which the Boers would never have dared to employ in the face of a single squadron of properly armed cavalry.

Not more completely does the ancient cobweb disappear

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before the brush of the housemaid, than do the sophistries of the faddist before this simple statement of actual facts, their cause and effect, by a practical soldier.

"But the weapon for shock action," says "Cavalry" in his next paragraph, "not being of vital importance to Cavalry, the argument for the lance falls to the ground. For though the lance may be the best weapon for shock action . . . it is so cumbersome and interferes so greatly with that mobility which 'Eques' rightly lays stress upon that it has been most wisely discarded."

Now setting aside for the moment the fact that it is not mobility, but dismounted service with which the lance may be said to interfere, it would be difficult to find a more ingenious perversion than this of the actual case, which is, on the contrary, that in face of the failure of the Memorandum and its apologist to prove the ascendency of the rifle in the Cavalry combat, it is the case for the *abolition* of the lance which falls to the ground.

For, as was clearly stated in the December article, if the rifle had been proved to be the principal arm, it would have been reasonable enough to decide on the style of *arme blanche*, irrespective of other considerations, which interferes least with dismounted work.

This is, no doubt, though not by so much as is sometimes supposed, the sword; and it was probably this fact, rather than any fair comparison of their merits, that occasioned the proposal to supersede the lance by that weapon.

But if sword or lance are still to have the first place, it is upon their own merits that they must be judged, and the merits of the lance are considerably greater than the Memorandum allows.

The author of the original Memorandum, to do him justice, was, unlike "Cavalry," so thoroughly aware that the case for the abolition of the lance must depend upon the proof of the ascendency of the rifle as the weapon of Cavalry, that an attempt at such proof filled a large part of its earlier pages, and

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its complete failure was due solely to the weakness of the case, not to lack of energy in the writer.

That the lance in its present form is inconvenient for dismounted service is admitted. If dismounted service had been proved to be the principal *rôle* of cavalry that defect would be a fatal one; but, as it has not, it is a proper subject of discussion whether or not its interference with Cavalry in their secondary power of fire-action counter-balances its advantages in their principal *rôle* of the charge.

But it is mobility with which "Cavalry" asserts the lance to interfere! Could any assertion be more absurd than this? What nation's Cavalry at the present time is, so far as we can judge, more mobile than any other? Is it not that of Germany? Yet nearly every German horseman carries the lance, and in relation to this fact "Cavalry" may well be reminded that whereas we have lately been familiar with situations in which the exponents of dismounted fire-action have had the speed of their exponents, we have yet to see the result of an attempt to carry out their tactics in the face of a well-armed and highly trained Cavalry, which, on the contrary, has the speed of them.

Finally, "Cavalry," in objecting to the description of the lance as "that deadly weapon," instances that it killed only twelve and sixteen Boers in the charges at Elandslaagte and the relief of Kimberley.

It is well known to the actors in those and similar events that nothing can be more fallacious than such computations, but, setting this aside in order to meet him on his own ground, he may be reminded of what he seems to forget, that there are two entirely diverse ways in which the deadliness of a weapon is proved.

In the same way as it is said that the very deadliness of modern engines of warfare in general, by the respect they thereby inspire, results in less bloodshed than occurred in earlier times, so also it is the fact that while a deadly weapon may make many victims, a still deadlier one, by reason of the

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very terror it inspires, may make no more, or even fewer, *so long as those who use it attain their object.*

Had the Boers, with the loss of those sixteen, repulsed General French, the efficiency of the lance might have been questioned with some show of reason, but as he brilliantly succeeded, it is evident that the moderate number of the slain on which "Cavalry" founds his argument, far from testifying to the inefficiency of the lance, bears witness to the deadliness of a weapon which so few dared to face. The worth of a weapon must, in fact, be judged by the success attained, not by the "butcher's bill."

It would be easy, indeed, even if we humour "Cavalry" by following up his own line of argument, to show a far better case against gun and rifle than he can against the *arme blanche.* For what is it against sword and lance whether General French, on the way to Kimberley, killed only sixteen Boers, or six, for that matter, seeing that he attained his object, he got through? Why, if it comes to that, Sir Redvers Buller at Colenso with ten times the number of men and guns, killed but forty Boers, all told, though he, on the contrary, was driven back! What becomes of "Cavalry's" argument here?

"Finally," says "Cavalry," "does 'Eques' realise that the rifle used by men in shock action (in the Boer charge on Benson's rearguard) killed and wounded 123 out of 160 men on the ridge with Benson's guns, almost all in a few minutes?" He certainly does not, nor does any one in his senses believe anything so absurd. Happily, however, we are spared the strain on our politeness which any effort to discuss this amazing statement would inflict, by "Cavalry's" own consideration in flatly contradicting it himself a few pages further on, where, in his ardour against shock-tactics, entirely forgetting his previous remarks, he says: "The successes of the Boers in their charge on Colonel Benson's and Lord Methuen's rearguards were brought about by the Boers first bringing a very heavy and close-range fire to bear on our men, and then charging them with very superior

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numbers, *the advance being covered by the same fire all the time!*"

Ingenious "Cavalry"! What wonderful effects we could all appear to produce, shooting either from the saddle or otherwise, if our target were under very heavy and close-range fire from somebody else "all the time"! No wonder, if it is thus his deductions are drawn, that "Cavalry's" notions as to the merits of the horseman's rifle are so exaggerated, no wonder that in attempting to combat the general belief that the rifle in hand is but a poor weapon for a horseman who has to meet the *arme blanche* he so gallantly exclaims: "Is the mounted man with his rifle in hand at such a disadvantage with the lancer? Personally, I should much prefer to be the man with his rifle in his hand, and ten rounds in its magazine." That this is not the generally received idea is obvious from the official regulations for Mounted Infantry, which say: "*Mounted Infantry must ever bear in mind their helplessness if attacked by Cavalry, or even active men on foot, when mounted,*" from which it is clear that it is upon his personal prowess alone, not on the merits of the weapon in the hands of the ordinary soldier, that "Cavalry's" "confidence" in this respect must be based.

But although it is weary work to plod through the details of such reasoning as that of "Cavalry," and though its confutation may be considered a task of greater ease than interest, his one remaining argument must be noticed, if only for the reason that he announces in this that in a quotation from the late Colonel Henderson, "Eques" is "particularly unfortunate"!

That quotation was used in the December article to confute a statement in the Original Memorandum, a task which it performed most effectually, nor is it easy to perceive in what the particular misfortune consists, unless it be in the well-known fact that Colonel Henderson, good soldier as he was in so many respects, was himself a victim to the strange new delusions concerning mounted troops, of which "Cavalry" himself is the present exponent.

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But, had not "Cavalry" been blinded by his own indignation, he would have perceived, what one would think was obvious to the most obtuse, that this fact, far from being "unfortunate for 'Eques'", was deliberately utilised by him to add force to his argument, by providing a refutation to the authors of the Memorandum out of the mouth of one of their own prophets!

But, putting this particular point aside, it may be worth while, as "Cavalry" refers to the allusion to Colonel Henderson with so much triumph, to recall the reason for and result of the introduction of his name.

It was asserted in the Memorandum, in the course of its appreciation of the rifle at the expense of other arms, that retreating troops nowadays, armed with the rifle, do not become demoralised enough for effective pursuit with the *arme blanche*. "Do they not?" said "Eques." "Let us see what the late Colonel Henderson, a soldier who certainly had no bias in favour of Cavalry, says on the point. 'To-day,' he writes, 'death has a far wider range, and the effect on the nerves is consequently far more severe. *Demoralisation, therefore, sets in at an earlier period, and it is more complete,*' and, quoting an eye-witness of the retreat of the 28th Prussian Brigade at Vionville, he continues:

'They moved only slowly to the rear, their heads bent in utter weariness; their features distorted under the thick dust that had gathered on faces dripping with sweat. The strain was beyond endurance. The soldier was no longer a receptive being; he was oblivious of everything great or small. His comrades or his superiors he no longer recognised; and yet he was the same man who but a short time before had marched across the battlefield shouting his marching chorus. *A few active squadrons, and not a man would have escaped.*'"

And this is the quotation which "Cavalry" considers so "particularly unfortunate"!

Perhaps it is, but not for "Eques."

It is an amusing example of the Nemesis that dogs these theorists who so persistently thrust aside the study of war as it actually is in favour of what, according to their notions, it

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ought to be, that whereas, in reference to the above quotation, "Cavalry" makes a great point of the possibility that the pursuers might have done just as well, or better, had they used the rifle instead of sword or lance, a writer from our very latest battlefield only a few weeks ago says in the ordinary course of his narrative: "It was during the retreat that the enemy suffered the greatest proportion of their casualties—*Mounted Infantry, however, are not altogether suited for this type of pursuit.* A regiment of Indian Lancers charging through and through the fugitives as they streamed across the plain would have done terrible execution"; and again: "It was now that Colonel Kenna must have felt the want of regular cavalry. Four good squadrons of lancers and not a fugitive would have got away . . . pursuit work for which mounted infantry are singularly unsuited."

Thus ruthlessly are the pronouncements of the study contradicted by the incidents of the field!

Nor is "Cavalry" more fortunate in the chance by which the report of the German General Staff, perhaps the most professional and unbiased account of the Boer war that has yet appeared, has been published in time to discredit his ungracious depreciation of the merit of the Cavalry operations of the relief of Kimberley, and the heading of Cronje.

"It is absurd," says "Cavalry," "to quote the charge of General French's Cavalry division on the way to Kimberley in support of a universal practice of shock tactics."

(Who does, by the way, quote the practice of any tactics as "universal" in all the changes of war?) "That charge," says the German Staff, "was one of the most remarkable phenomena of the war. . . . Its staggering success shows that in future wars the charge of great masses of Cavalry will be by no means a hopeless undertaking, even against troops armed with modern rifles," and again: "The capture of Cronje was chiefly due to the ability with which the Cavalry division was handled, and to the skill of its gallant and resolute commander."

But it is for the Cavalry spirit that this strange Cavalry

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Officer reserves his bitterest gibes. "What is it?" he asks, and answers, "I cannot define it better than by the word 'Brag.'"

It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, but, though the Cavalry spirit may be as hard to explain to men to whom it has never appealed as are honesty, honour, or devotion to those for whom those words have no meaning, one would think that no Cavalry soldier other than the armchair critic of whom "Cavalry" speaks, could have failed sometimes to observe in the same campaign, and even on the same day, examples both of that spirit and of its reverse.

For the Cavalry spirit is, of all qualities of the soldier, the "forward" spirit, the spirit, as our men say, of "shoving on"; that which, when the first thought of some is to dismount, take cover, and shoot, prompts others to mount and ride on; the spirit which, so long as there is an enemy within reach in front, thinks a little less of "what's behind"—and which, neglecting none of the advantages of the possession of both craft and speed, is ever on the watch for an opportunity to act on the words of the old Cavalry motto quoted by Lord Wolseley, "Commend your soul to God, and charge home."

Such are the arguments, such the strictures, by means of which "Cavalry," in attempting to defend the reasoning of the Memorandum, has but made its weakness still more evident. The remainder of his article, avoiding all further allusion to arguments he is unable to meet, is filled with the vague declamation so dear to every bigot's soul, with wild prophecies of the kind to which half the surprises and the regrettable incidents of the late war were due.

"It is certain," says he, "that, in future war, Cavalry will dismount and use the rifle twenty times for once they may have the chance to charge. . . . It is equally certain that if our Cavalry are pitted against a Cavalry . . . who pin their faith only on the *arme blanche* that our victory will be complete and decisive"—that our tactics will "without any doubt result in the complete overthrow of the enemy's horse," and so on—all very satisfactory—if it *is* so.

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Aye, but there's the rub!—these things are *not* certain; they admit of the gravest doubt; and it is the undeserved credence gained by such prophecies and pronouncements as these, like the recent one of "unmounted men preferred," which is at the root of half our disasters.

It must be remembered, moreover, that whereas the defeat in Continental warfare by mounted riflemen of a more mobile Cavalry armed with the lance would mean little more than the latter's withdrawal, the defeat of the former by the latter would entail a scene of bloodshed beside which that of Colenso or Magersfontein would be but as drops in the ocean.

It is greatly to be feared that, should "Cavalry" ever have the ill-luck of being able in person to put his theories to the test of practice against a Continental foe, his certainties will prove but delusions; and that as, realising this too late, he flies, all too slowly, before the overtaking foreign lance, painful sensations will avert all necessity for any further asking of his favourite question of, "What's behind?"

"EQUES."

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THE EASTERN MIND

IT was May, in the year 1901, the fifteenth day by our reckoning, the third in the older style of Crete. The weather had been boisterous for a fortnight past, and under some unseasonable influence shifting gales, lowering skies, and frequent rains had succeeded to the serenity of April. A heavier fall than usual set in on the afternoon of the fourteenth, and became a tropical deluge in the early windless hours of the night. I was camped by a large magazine, the only building upon the Zakro beach, and about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of a river which comes down to the bay from the upland shelves of Sitia. Its noble gorge, straight-cut as a Colorado cañon, was set so thick with old trees and tangled undergrowth when I saw it first, that a man might not pass along its floor. But in the broader upper valley corn-plots, orchards, and terraced gardens flourished abundantly above the high-water mark of the stream; and a little deltaic plain, spread fanwise behind the beach, was more fertile still.

I had presently to abandon the tent, which was proof enough against ordinary rain, and seek sleep in the magazine. Its mud roof was leaking apace, and the four dismal walls damply reflected the lamp-light; but for even so much shelter on such a night I had to be thankful. I woke in a grey dark. There was fierce hissing of wind, and a dull splash of rain on the sea-front of the building, while the roaring of breakers, where had been dead calm a few hours ago, told of an

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on-shore gale risen during the night. Striking a light to see how long it might be still to dawn, I marvelled to find that the hour of sunrise was long past.

A dismal beginning of day. I tried to sleep again, but the Greek servants moving restlessly about the building infected me with their uneasiness. Though the house was built on shingle and sand, it lay far out of the course in which the river had flowed for centuries. There could hardly be actual danger ahead, however much damp discomfort. But the untimely gloom, split by fitful shimmer of lightning, the downpour reinforced by a tempest of driven spray—so near the sea were we sheltering—and the intermittent thunder, heard even over the ceaseless roar of breakers which rolled almost to the door, were not heartening. Water stood deep on the plain behind, but as it was finding its own outlets to the sea, I took more heed of the water overhead, which so quickly penetrated the mud roofing that there was nothing for it but to disturb the careful order of stores and baggage, and the results of my last fortnight's digging, and collect all under waterproof sheeting in the middle of the magazine.

I was making a cold and sodden meal, when there was a sudden shout, "The river! The river!" I stumbled outside and waded to the south end of the long windowless building. The whole flooded surface of the plain behind it had begun to move towards us. Torrents, growing momentarily stronger and deeper, were sweeping round each end of the magazine and cutting under its shallow foundations. Even as I looked, a crack ran like a lightning fork down the masonry of the north end of the building. It opened ever so little; and then my kitchen slid noiselessly (for one could hear nothing above the roaring of skies and water) into the torrent. It seemed time to be gone. In the near end of the magazine was standing a mare, but, mad with terror of the lightning and water, she would not budge, even when the back of her stable followed the kitchen; and after a frantic struggle she had to be left t her fate. The boy and I plunged into the northern race

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and staggered through; but the overseer and the cook, lingering a moment to search for the latter's beloved pinfire gun under the ruins of his kitchen, found the water already too deep and strong, and had to wait for a life-line; whereof the cook lost his hold, and was all but swept to the sea. Fortunately, higher ground was only a few yards distant, and thither we all fled.

For two hours, wet to the skin—and it seemed wet from skin to skin as well—we had to crouch in what shelter we might and watch the ruin of the valley. The deluge of the skies never abated a moment, and the solid earth seemed to melt beneath it. Where your tread rang yesterday on the flinty hillside, you might now sink ankle-deep. The very heart of the storm was hanging over us; lightnings forked ceaselessly on one hand or the other, and each thunder peal echoed the last. The gale, a full-bodied "Levanter,' had still to do its worst; and under its awful lash the seas, deeply stained with the ruin of the fields, reared higher and higher against the boiling tide which the land was pouring in. The river now filled the whole valley from hill to hill, here sliding with a swift and malignant smoothness, there, broken on some obstacle or penned in a sunken gully, heaving, writhing back on itself, tossing turbid waves one across the other. Trees rode past us in an endless tumult, gnarled planes and centenarian holm-oaks from the river gorge, or olives and charubs telling the fate of the higher gardens and orchards—all horribly tangled with horned carcasses, spinning and sucked under only to be spewed up again, and swept to the sea. It was a ceaseless Homeric combat of two floods. The great trees, hurled against the breakers, reared, plunged, and broke back like hunted monsters of the deep; till at last, where the forces of propulsion and resistance neutralised each other, they gathered in an ever-broadening Sargasso Sea, jostling in wildest turmoil.

During the last hour of the storm the wind seemed to assert itself above all the other cataclysmal forces. The southern point of the bay, where a sunken reef sheers up into jagged iron

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cliffs, seemed to provoke the most horrid uproar; and thence, through all rival sounds of land and sky, came down the wind a ceaseless thunder of riotous seas, leaping to the summit of the rocks. From the cliff's crest two misty trails, like smoke from high chimney stacks, streamed far inland, which were, of course, the ruin of storm-waterfalls, caught in their last leap and whirled to spray; but the Greeks who watched with me, finding any and every wonder credible in that convulsion of all nature, would have it the central fires of earth had broken out at two vents; and I doubt not they still add that crowning portent to their tales of an unforgotten day.

While the tremendous spectacle continued, no one of us gave much thought to his own miserable state. For once in our lives we watched the carving of the earth. By evening, when the rain mist was withdrawn at last, the whole face of the scenery was seen to be changed. The old estuary of the river existed no more, but a broad and shallow mouth had been opened some way to the north. The bay which had offered deep anchorage close in shore since at least the time of Spratt's visit in the fifties, now shoaled gradually for a mile, and was studded with the toppling crests of grounded trees; while all the strand of pebbles and grassy dunes had been replaced by a stretch of mud at a level lower by some six feet. Over two-thirds of the plain were sand and stone, where fertile fields and olive gardens had been; and such trees as had held their ground were buried to mid-trunk. Looking up the river gorge, I saw that where the vineyards had been terraced up the cliff face was now nothing but naked rock; while all that ancient tangle of forest had vanished to the last shrub, and the sinuous valley floor, as far as the eye could follow it, glistened naked as a city pavement after rain.

When all was quiet again, about half the shell of my magazine was found to be standing, saved by the yielding of the beach to right and left; and the mare, quite unhurt, shivered still in the only remaining corner of her roofless stable. My personal loss was small. I had to find new

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quarters, repair much that was broken, and put up with the loss of irreplaceable stores and utensils, but of nothing absolutely indispensable to the camp. But if I had come off lightly on the whole, not so had the natives of the valley. Its single village, when the Headman came to make his official report, was found to have lost 4500 fruit-trees, 100 head of live stock, and many houses and farm buildings. Communication with the rest of the island was cut by the washing-out of every mule-path, made with the labour of years; and the best springs of drinking water were smothered under a landslip. Finally all irrigated fields and gardens soever, terraced along the stream, had been swept away. The villagers had lost in that quarter not only the crops of the year, not only the fruit of their trees for several years to come, not only even the trees themselves, but also the precious irretrievable ground on which alone there could be growth again.

The sum of the disaster came to this. Almost all the members of a community of poor husbandmen, with nothing but their lands to look to, had lost in a few hours all that they possessed over and above the barest means of subsistence. The adult generation would never again have any but the scanty produce of the higher and thinner fields to live upon. If they would not starve, thanks to the communism instinctive in a simple Eastern society, they would neither grow for themselves, nor have wherewithal to procure, a seasoning of their daily bread. The slow increase of many generations past was not to be recovered by the generation to come. The village, in a word, was ruined.

Cut off by the river all that day, we could only guess what had happened in the upper valley; but during the next morning two or three of the villagers, who held lands in the lower plain, made a long round, forded the stream at their peril, and came down to us. Their tale moved one's compassion. Imagination played over the dull hopelessness of their outlook, over this state of men yesterday prosperous, to-day face to face with the prospect of a bitter inevitable struggle for

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mere bread. All their hope of joy in life abandoned; all their local pride, so keen an emotion in Greek village society, for ever abased. To my Western thinking such a fate seemed worse than death. Could nothing be done? I was now the single individual in the valley with any superfluity, and I represented a foreign society whose duty and right it was to help. I could not recover their trees or put back their soil, but I could do what the Briton always does in similar emergencies—write a cheque. So word was sent up to the Headman, that I proposed to offer a certain sum to the village, if he would tell me how to spend it.

Next day the ford was just practicable, and I rode across country—for the path was gone—to see the state of things. Every glimpse into the gorge from above showed how completely had vanished its ancient forest, the most valuable possession of a Cretan community. As the valley opened out and the way lay through the wrecked olive gardens, now become dreary stretches of drying mud, from whose caked surface the wind was beginning to lift swirls of sand, I saw the tree-stumps banked high on their upper side with a matted scum of broken boughs, corn uprooted in the green ear, and other ruin of the valley lands. Stranded boulders and stones lay so thick on the once fertile fields as to make all seem one broad river-bed. In the village several houses lay in ruin, and men were still labouring to clear others of the mud left by the collapse of their roofs. I was invited to go on to the Mill and see what evil work the stream had done there. The coffee-house emptied itself of some twenty men, to whom were added half the women and children of the village, all surprisingly cheerful, and vieing with one another to be first to show this or that result of the disaster. God had willed it! So each ejaculated piously at the end of a narrative, which lost nothing in the manner of telling. The principal sufferers were pointed out, and seemed not displeased by the distinction. God willed it! they said modestly. The mill proved to be no more; and the miller pointed out its situation with a show of

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pride and pleasure, which, had I not known the contrary, might have stirred an absurd suspicion that the blessing of excessive insurance was not unknown in remote Cretan villages.

Returned to the coffee-house I found still less to feed the compassionate mood. Seven in ten of the company were not working because they had no longer any lands; and none was drinking coffee, lacking coin to pay withal; but its outward demeanour was anything but what one looked for in despairing men. Nor, if I am any judge of behaviour (and these were very simple folk), was the heart of the Zakriotes heavy within them, the while they talked so cheerfully. The story of the day before yesterday was told again and again with effects added to the taste of the teller, and always with that pious refrain as to the will of God,—a tale of something past and done with, accepted, and not to be reckoned into the present or future.

With emotion not a little chastened, I rose and went to the Headman. He was writing out his report to the local prefecture, and he laid it down to relate with sparkling eyes the narrow escape of his house from a torrent which had come right though a house higher up the hill-side. But when I referred to my proposed gift, he showed less interest. If I had looked to play My Lord Bountiful in Zakro, I had missed the mark, for the man was evidently as much embarrassed as grateful. It was not easy, he said, to spend such a sum on the village as a whole. None was poorer than another in the community. All were poor men. What did I wish to do myself? The church would be the better for a belfry. I was a good deal taken aback, having proposed to myself something of more eleemosynary sort. Or should the water of a certain spring be brought down in pipes? Neither was this just what I had expected. But having more stomach for adding to fountains in a thirsty land than to the tale of its ecclesiastical luxuries, I voted at last for the pipes, and handed over the cheque, not nearly so much after all in pity for a stricken community as distaste of being worse than my word.

What did it all mean? Fatalism? The Eastern Mind? I

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had been ready once on a time to dismiss the question with such formulas. But that which is mostly meant by "Orientalism," if, indeed, anything be meant precisely, has nothing to do with the simple husbandmen of Zakro. Theirs is no reasoned indifference to the world. Their mind no contemplative habit arms against the quips and scorns of fortune. Indeed, I know not where to find any considerable body of men in the East, of whom it may be said that as a whole it has justified that hackneyed stanza, and

turned to thought again.

Not such races of the Nearer East as the Arab or the Turk, not the peoples which produced and followed Mithridates, Sapor, Chosroes, Ali, Othman, Saladin, Timur, Ghenghis, and many another scourge of Hither Asia, to say nothing of the Farther East. Nor, again, has the piety of the Cretan or of any Greek community ever seemed to me of that profound and pervading sort which could raise it above such a fate as had befallen Zakro. Professors of a religion which has hardly more to do with conduct now than in antiquity, the Cretans show a piety which is not an active cause of strength, but is more like pietism, a symptom of some racial weakness.

Had this been some such mishap as might chance anywhere and be repaired presently in the round of the seasons, one had been content to recall the characteristic passivity of all husbandmen, who are more prone than others to surrender to the discretion of Nature, and take her blows without thought of their injustice, or the possibility of their avoidance. Slaves of the soil they till, to it they look for all being. What it gives may differ in degree from year to year, but not in kind. It is always food, much or little; nor in the best year is there ever a superfluity to be exchanged against other kind of food, or any sort of luxury. For a Greek husbandman to be richer or poorer is to have his belly filled more or less. He eats to live, and never, except on rare feast days, lives to eat. So he subsist and can do his labour, than which he knows no

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other occupation of his days, a diminution of his food, or the loss of its variety, will occupy less place in his mind than a being of more complex life would imagine possible. He has been accustomed all his years to such variations according as crops were good or bad; and he accepts changes like an animal, soon ceasing to remember the greater or less. Actual starvation he has not felt, and knows he will never feel so long as the food, possessed by his community as a whole, can keep bare life in each of its members. His joys are found not outside his day's work but in its course—in the satisfaction of bodily appetite, in drinking when he is athirst, in sleeping when he is weary, in warming himself in God's sun, in cooling himself in the shade, in the society of his fellows, his wife and his babes. What does such a man want with wealth, and what is it to him to lose it?

But the disaster of Zakro was too far above the ordinary measure. It must affect these peasants and their sons' sons after them to the last day of life. Less intelligent and imaginative though he be, less able than a southerner to forecast the full measure of his misery, the most stolid northern peasant had surely been dismayed by a lighter blow from the even tenour of his way, maddened or crushed. To hold on after such a hap as before, preoccupied neither by rage nor despair, was to be more or less than commonly human. To be superior to it was to have an intensity of temperament, rare, if not unknown, in a Greek. Melancholy or sanguine, his mood is of little depth and not long endurance. But to be below it! Yes, so one might imagine a child being of no understanding, or some mercurial butterfly soul. But again the Greek is not by nature a butterfly; but habitually more sombre than gay, a silent man needing strong stimulus to vivacity. His merriment is fitful, gusty, inconstant, and his relapses are long and profound. If he act as one indifferent to fate, it must be no more from the levity than the profundity of his temperament, but from some lack of temperament altogether, some essential inertia.

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Such inertia you may see in an intelligent man, physically over weary. But can weariness be predicted of a whole race? Having no better answer to the riddle of Zakro, I dare suggest it; and offer sheer racial weariness to explain that fatalism which, born not of Philosophy, we have come to call Oriental, though it is prevalent neither universally nor exclusively in the East. If it be endemic in certain races of Asia and Africa, it is less conspicuous in other orientals than in certain races of Europe. Peoples of the West Asian highlands have it not, while both in the hills and plains of Greece it is found, and in the Balkan lands, Italy and Spain: in Constantinople, despite the breath of Empire, which still stirs in her streets; even in Rome, which yet draws vitality from the four winds of Christendom.

Yet when one considers the lands marked by this sort of Fatalism, the plains of India, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Egypt, and the hills of Greece, Italy or Spain, they seem little likely to have imposed a common characteristic on their peoples; and indeed, hardly anything can be said of all of them with equal truth, but that alike they abound in memorials of a high civilisation, reached very long ago. To enter them is to pass within the shadow of what has been, to feel that the actual is over-weighted by too great a burden of history. Their peoples have been, each in turn, the protagonists of human progress, and advanced all the race a little way on the common road; but it is many centuries since the last fell out of the leading place.

If there be, then, a general law which accounts for a fatalistic habit, can it be this? That wherever there was a very highly developed civilisation very long ago, and the racial blood has not been much crossed by younger stock, we may expect signs of corporate senility as unmistakable as are manifested in the individual. The more strenuous the ancient life, the greater the exhaustion, and the more obvious the fatalistic habit now. It seems nations must grow old like men, and no better can recover their spent youth. The comparison of corporate to individual life-history is in all likelihood

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much more than an academic figure. It may well be inexorable laws govern youth and age in the mass, as in the single life; and that it is not less fond and foolish for a nation than for any one of its members to think it shall never see death. Youth may perhaps persist longer and age be set further back, according as the body politic be kept well or ill, but surely the lesson of all history is this: not that bodies politic perhaps may die, like the Roman, if certain public vices prevail in them, but that die they all must later or sooner, even if their virility be what the Roman's was. And this further, that they will not be born again. A nation cannot hope to perpetuate her own corporate existence, but must look to live on, if at all, in that of others; and should, therefore, while in her prime, take most thought for self-reproduction, and be studious to bear and foster infant nations, and concede to them their independence gladly, like a wise mother, so soon as they be grown to years of discretion. Thus only may she keep their reverence and love, and rely on their support in her old age. Which, I take it, is a better rule of Imperialism than is commonly given for our learning in these latter days, albeit one that we have followed; for ours, if any race on earth, has already so reproduced itself, and to such purpose, that no other, envying or hating or affecting to despise us, may say with such assurance, *Non omnis moriar!*

. . . . .

As I crossed the shrinking river again, the lower Zakro plain, the gaunt Cyclopean ruins of its Minoan city rose on the sky-line to mark how much higher once was the local tide-mark of civilisation. The heyday of Crete was before history, and its record has since been of continuous decline, the record of a people that did its best long ago. Exhausted by that primæval effort it fell out of the course before ever we entered it, and now stands aside to spend, as peacefully as may be, an evening which has lasted already some three thousand years.

D. G. HOGARTH.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN FARMING IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA[1]

WHEN the shepherds who had just founded Rome on the Palatine hill used to assemble for the celebration of the *Terminalia*[2] on the twenty-third day of February of each year, at the sixth milestone of the road to Laurentum, on the actual frontier of their kingdom towards the sea—a kingdom hardly twelve miles in diameter—could they have foreseen that that frontier would reach the limit of the known World? That the *Terminalia* instead of being celebrated any longer on the banks of the nameless little stream[3] which separated their fields from the territory of Laurentum would be performed, in times to come, on the banks of the Tigris, of the Dnieper, of the Rhine, of the Clyde, and of the Nile? That they would soon be made to exchange their pastoral rod for the sceptre of kings, and become leaders of men instead of leaders of flocks?

Historians have tried to investigate this problem of the miraculous growth of Rome from so humble an origin, without

[1] Copyright 1904 in the United States of America by the Perry Mason Company.

[2] A festival in honour of the God Terminus, who presided over boundaries, and guaranteed the rights of property. He was represented by a stone or post stuck in the ground on the limit between two adjoining fields.

[3] The stream is now called "il Fosso di Acquacetosa."

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coming at a satisfactory conclusion. Of what stuff were those shepherds made, where did they get their strength of body, their vigour of mind, their wisdom, their prudence, their magnificent manhood, which made it possible for them to achieve such feats in times of peace, and in times of war?

To them we are indebted, to the present day, for the roads we travel over, for the passes by which we go through the mountains, for the harbours wherein we shelter our fleets, for the bridges we use in crossing the mighty rivers, for the water we drink, for the laws by which we abide, for all the essential elements of modern civilisation.

Livy seems to think that the greatness of Rome is due to the quality and properties of the soil on which it was built, and by which it was surrounded.

> Not without reason [he says] did gods and men select this site for Rome: healthy hills, a river equally adapted to inland and maritime trade, the sea not too far off . . . a site in the centre of the Peninsula, made, as it were, on purpose to allow Rome to become the greatest city in the world.

No wonder therefore that the Roman Campagna—the cradle of that mighty race—should have become, since the Renaissance of classic studies, an object of investigation for all those who are attracted by historical and ethnological problems.

It is to be regretted that Homer did not bring the divine Ulysses to sail past the coast of Latium. Keen as he was in observing the geological phenomena which were then modifying the aspect of the earth, he would probably have noticed the outburst of the Alban volcanoes, to the eruptions of which the Roman Campagna owes its existence.

He tells us, at any rate, that the Rock of Circe, which marks the southern limit of Latium, was then an island out at sea, and not a promontory connected with the mainland, as it is now.

At a period too remote to be recorded, even by tradition, the waves of the Mediterranean lashed the foot of the

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Apennines upon which the cities of Tibur, Praeneste, Cora, Norba, were afterwards built. The undulating plain, forty miles long, twenty-six wide, in the midst of which stand the Seven Hills of the sacred city, was raised out of the bottom of the sea by the accumulation of the lava, cinders, pumice stones, and lapilli vomited by the Alban craters.

At the time of the journey of Ulysses the mouth of the Tiber was *eight miles* nearer to Rome than the present one, and the waters of the Bay covered the site occupied at a later period by Ostia, Portus, Laurentum, and Fregenae.

The volcanoes did not become extinct before the fourth century B.C., and although their eruptive power must have been considerably reduced towards the end, still they occasionally gave vent to fits of fury. In fact it was the fear of these that induced the shepherds to leave the slopes of the Alban hills and migrate to the plain below.

They advanced through the luxuriant fields by slow stages until their progress was stopped by an unfordable river (Rumon, Tiber). Here they found a hill surrounded by marshes and cliffs, which they named from their special goddess Pales (Palatine); here they found springs of pure water, and here accordingly they settled and built their permanent sheepfold. This group of huts and sheepfolds was called by the neighbours *Roma*, which means "the village by the river."

It may interest my readers to know that I have actually seen, not many weeks ago (October 1902), the remains of four Founders of Rome; that I have had in my hands the very cups from which they drank at the spring of the Lupercal, and the very plates with which they laid their offerings on the altars of Pales and Faunus.

It seems that at the time these four individuals were laid to rest in the common cemetery, outside the river-gate of the village, the tribesmen followed indifferently cremation and inhumation in their funeral rites; that is to say, some bodies were incinerated, others were consigned to the earth. As far as our present investigation can tell, both systems were equally

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in favour, considering that, of the four graves just found, two contained ashes collected in a cinerary urn, two contained whole skeletons in coffins hollowed out of the trunk of an oak.

The skeletons are almost beyond recognition, owing to the swampy nature of the ground. One belongs to a child, the other to a grown individual who was laid to rest clad in sheepskin, fastened on the left shoulder by means of a brass clasp.

As regards the incinerated remains, they tell a more complete tale. Only one urn has yet been properly examined; and although the incineration of the body must have been accomplished with great care, the bones being reduced to a mass of splinters, still we have succeeded in identifying sixty-five particles of the skull and twenty-four teeth.

The individual, probably of the male sex, was of medium size, strong, and well set, not younger than thirty, perhaps much older, and not different in build from the average Latin peasant of the present day.

The urn, besides, gives us the exact model of the huts in which the builders of Rome lived. They were made of a framework of boughs, with the interstices filled up with straw and mud; the roof, covered with sheepskins, had two skylights or openings for the exit of smoke. The door did not revolve on hinges, but was fastened to a crowbar running through rings.

Last, but not least in importance, comes the knowledge that the builders of Rome were not only shepherds but also agriculturists, considering that four or five grains of *Triticum vulgare* and *Vicia Faba*, and traces of Indian meal (polenta) have been found in the same cinerary urn.

The archaic cemetery in which these remarkable finds have taken place—and from which Roman history will henceforth begin—lies between the temple of Antoninus and Faustina and that of Romulus, son of Maxentius, *fifty-three feet* below the level of the modern city.

In looking at those fifty-three feet of rubbish which separate

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the primitive from the modern world, we cannot help wondering at the amount of vicissitudes they represent in the history of mankind. They cover, in fact, a period of three thousand years, from the primitive man who lived on the swamp which then filled the hollow of the Forum, to the pious Emperor Antoninus, routed out of his temple by the Christian martyr Lawrence,[1] to Charles V., who stopped in wonder before its great colonnade during his triumph of 1536, to Napoleon I., who freed the temple from its ignoble surroundings in 1812!

I am sure that at the time of the foundation of the city the Roman Campagna must have been comparatively healthy and prosperous, and well under cultivation. Villages and towns existed then, and flourished in places which are now fit only for wild cattle to graze upon.

This state of prosperity seems to have been dependent upon the activity of the Alban volcanoes. As long as their energy lasted, as long as their sulphuretted emanations purified the air —or, according to the newest theories, chased away the infectious mosquitoes—the low-lying Latin cities could live and thrive; but as soon as the volcanoes became extinct, the malaria—or the anopheles mosquito—invaded the country, and cities and villages were abandoned by their fever-stricken inhabitants.

It was at this juncture that the fight was taken up by the Romans with the clearness of purpose and the pertinacity characteristic of their race. I suppose they did not trouble themselves to investigate the nature of the scourge. They ignored equally the existence of Laveran's bacillus, or the action of the anopheles in inoculating it in the human race; and they had not at their disposal the counter-poison in the form of sulphate of quinine.

Yet, in spite of such drawbacks, they finally won the battle and made the Campagna once more healthy, prosperous, and attractive. These results were attained by the drainage of

[1] The temple of Antoninus was dedicated in the Middle Ages to St. Lawrence, and bears still the name of S. Lorenzo in Miranda.

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marshes and swamps—the nurseries of the larvæ of mosquitos —and the canalisation of unruly streams; by the substitution of pure spring water for that of polluted wells or rivers; by the paving and multiplication of country roads; by a more rational cultivation of land; by sanitary engineering applied to the dwellings of farmers, labourers, and slaves; and, lastly, by substituting cremation for burial.

The results were indeed magnificent. Pliny, the younger, says that his villa at Laurentum was equally delightful in winter and summer, whereas the place is now deadly from the beginning of July to the end of October. Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius preferred their villa at Lorium (a malarious district now called La Bottaccia) to all other Imperial residences; and the official correspondence, and the dates of their letters, prove their presence there in midsummer. No one would try the experiment now.

The same may be said of Hadrian's villa below Tivoli, of the villa of Lucius Verus at Acquatraversa, not to mention the cities of the Maremma, like Ostia, Portus, Fregenae, and Alsium, which were considered by the Romans as delightful summer resorts.

The Campagna must have looked in those happy days like a great and beautiful park, dotted with villages, farms, lordly residences, temples, baths, fountains, and tombs. In fact, during the brightest period of their history the Romans were passionately devoted to agriculture and the pursuits of a rural life, and for many centuries war and the cultivation of the soil were regarded as the only occupations befitting a free-born citizen.

At first the land was divided into small lots, cultivated by one family with the assistance of a few slaves or hired hands.

Such was the farm of Cincinnatus, the typical hero of the Republic, and a model of old Roman frugality, integrity, and valour. In 458 B.C. he was called from the plough to the Dictatorship in order to deliver the Roman army from the

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perilous position in which it had been placed by the imprudence of its commander.

He saved the army, defeated the enemy, and after only sixteen days of Dictatorship returned to his farm, from which he was called away once more, at the ripe age of eighty, to save the Republic again from the attempt of Spurius Maelius.

With the increase of wealth the small properties disappeared little by little until, at the beginning of the Empire, the Campagna contained only a limited number of huge *latifundia*, many thousand acres in extent; a deplorable state of things which is still lasting and flourishing, I am sorry to say.

These vast properties were called *villae*, and divided into three sections—the villa *urbana*, the *rustica*, and the *fructaria*.

The first comprised the owner's palace and private gardens, fish-ponds, aviaries, and the family vault; the second comprised the habitation of slaves and labourers, the kitchen gardens and nurseries, the byres, sheep huts, stables, pigstys, and poultry yards; the third comprised the productive part of the property —the wheatfields, the fruit farm, the olive yard, the grazing and wood lands, the stud farm, &c., and also the wine and oil press-rooms and cellars, the granaries, the hay lofts, the chaff stocks, the mill, the bake-house, and the threshing-floor, alongside of which was a large covered shed (*Nubilarium*) capable of containing the whole grain crop.

Every detail concerning the management and working of these farms is known to us through the agricultural manuals and calendars written by M. Terentius Varro, a contemporary of Cicero; by M. Junius Columella, a contemporary of the Emperor Claudius; by M. Porcius Cato, the censor; and by Palladius Aemilianus, a writer of uncertain date and doubtful authority.

Besides these special treatises, two books of the Natural History of Pliny (the 17th-18th) are chiefly devoted to matters connected with agriculture; and Virgil has chosen the same subject for the most perfect and charming didactic poem in existence.

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We may gather an idea of the activity which prevailed on an ancient farm from the following extract of the "Official Gazette—"Acta Diurna"—published in Rome in the time of Caligula, reproduced by Petronius Arbiter in his "Supper of Trimalchio."

On June 25 on Trimalchio's farm by Cumae were born seventy children, of whom thirty were of the male sex. The same day fifty thousand modii of wheat (about one hundred thousand gallons) were removed from the threshing-floor to the granaries; five hundred young oxen were broken. The same day one of the slaves, named Mithrodates, was executed by crucifixion because he had cursed the sacred name of the Emperor (Caligula); and lastly, ten millions of sesterces (about four hundred thousand dollars) were deposited in the safe.

The state and condition of the Campagna has only altered for the worse since the days of the Empire. When Rome was made the capital of United Italy in 1870, the Campagna was still divided into a limited number of farms, belonging mostly to nunneries, convents, and chapters, the surface of which varied from a minimum of one hundred and thirty acres (farm of *Muratella*) to a maximum of twenty-six thousand (united farms of *Conca* and *Campomorto*).

Each farm contains a central group of buildings, called *casale*, for the habitation of the employees, to which a chapel is usually attached. These habitations, built on old Roman foundations and surrounded by mediæval battlemented walls, are poor, sometimes filthy, and unfit for human beings to live and die in.

There are no stables; oxen, horses, sheep, have to withstand, unsheltered, the inclemency of the weather, no matter whether it freezes hard for forty-one consecutive days, as in 1878, or rains for seven consecutive weeks, as in 1884.

The suffocating winds from Africa (Scirocco, Libeccio), or the chilling tramontana from the Alps, are equally trying to the cattle which we see seeking the shelter of projecting rocks, or of a cluster of trees, wherever such luxuries exist within their reach. There are farms—incredible to say—within the boundaries of which not *one single tree* is left standing, so

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that shepherds and labourers are obliged either to buy their fuel, or to steal it from the neighbouring better favoured lands.

Given such a state of things the reader may ask what is the use of possessing property in the Campagna. The answer is rather surprising to an English farmer. The Campagna in its present condition of semi-wilderness returns a larger income than it would bring if put under rational cultivation.

The ground being entirely left to take care of itself, a handful of men can manage successfully many thousand acres. The income is derived, firstly, from sheep-farming, each animal yielding about one dollar a year in wool, milk, cheese, lambs, and skin—twenty thousand sheep can easily find food in a holding of the size of Conca or Campomorto;—secondly, from the hay crop, the hay not sold on the local market being pressed by machinery into bales and shipped to French Africa; thirdly, from the breeding of horses and horned cattle; fourthly, from the wheat or Indian corn which are usually sown and gathered each third year, so as to save the expense of fertilising the wheatfields; fifthly, from the cutting of the woods, each tract of woodland being divided into eighteen sections, and only one section being allowed to be exploited each year; lastly, from the fishing of the Maremma lakes and ponds.

All these operations require the help of but few hands. The regular *personnel* of a Roman farm consists of a Massaro, or manager in chief, of three or four cowboys, of three or four shepherds, of a few ploughmen, and of one or two cartmen, who carry the milk to the city in the early morning and come back in the cool of the evening with provisions.

Mowing, harvesting, and threshing is generally done by machinery, or with the help of harvesters hired for the occasion. The hired hands, like cattle, have no shelter in the farm buildings; they sleep in caves, or in huts, or under a tent, or in the open air, and they furnish therefore a considerable percentage to the general death-rate of the country.

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This state of things is essentially and fundamentally wrong and unjust. A tract of land upon which hundreds and hundreds of families could live and be happy, ought not to be kept untenanted and in a semi-wild condition for the benefit and comfort of only one owner. What can be the feelings of the poor peasants, crowded and half starving in the villages bordering the Campagna, when they gaze at the fertile lands lying idle and deserted before their eyes? No wonder that socialistic tendencies should be fast spreading amongst these ignorant sufferers. They have already attempted here and there to assert their social rights, and sometimes with success. The Farm of *le Erattocchie* (the ancient Bosillae, the birthplace of Julius Cæsar) has been cut up into small lots and distributed among the destitute peasants of the village of Marino; those of *Fontana Candida* and *Torre Tacova*, likewise, have been subjected to the same process for the benefit of the villagers of Monte Porzio.

Such changes are admirable, considered as acts of charity; financially they are disastrous to the owners, because they will not get from the cultivated land and from their hundred impecunious small farmers half the income they used to gather under the old system.

These are the reasons why the Italian Government, which undertook the redemption of the Roman Campagna as soon as it became an integral part of the kingdom, finds so many obstacles in the accomplishment of its mission. A great deal, however, has already been done.

The marshes of Ostia and Maccarese have been drained; the wandering streams have been canalised; the pure and exquisite water from the old Marcian springs distributed everywhere. Agricultural schools and model farms are open; an Arbor Day instituted as a national feast; the sanitation of farmhouses made compulsory. The Campagna has been dotted with sanitary stations, with field hospitals and doctors, and thrifty experienced colonists from Lombardy have been put in charge of some farms to ascertain whether it is possible

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to improve the state of the Campagna without undue injury to the interests of the landed proprietors.

The most interesting result of this campaign has been the colonisation of the once pestilential swamps of Ostia by a band of socialists who have become models of thrift, order, and propriety, since the late King Humbert gave them the means of acquiring possession of the land which they had drained and rescued with their own hands. The tale of this transformation cannot fail to interest in the highest degree the English farmer as well as the statesman and political economist, and I hope to be able to publish it at length in a future article.

RODOLFO LANCIANI.

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EDWARD FITZGERALD

[The following sketch of Edward Fitzgerald was written about 1897, by the late Rev. Whitwell Elwin (formerly Editor of the "Quarterly Review"), in connection with a Memoir of Thackeray, which he did not live to complete.]

WHEN Thackeray was asked by his daughter, towards the close of his life, which of his old friends he had loved the most, he answered, "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure, and Brookfield." How ardent his love was for the former may be read in a letter he wrote, October 27, 1852, when he was about to start for his lecturing tour in America, requesting Fitzgerald, if he did not return, to act as his literary executor. "I should like my daughters to remember that you are the best and oldest friend their father ever had. . . . The great comfort I have in thinking about my dear old boy is that recollection of our youth when we loved each other as I do now while I write Farewell."

Fitzgerald was two years and four months older than Thackeray, and was in his last year at Cambridge when Thackeray was in his first. The sum of the time during which they were in residence together could not have exceeded eight months. The two ingredients essential to friendship are mutual trust and sympathy. Length of acquaintance is sometimes necessary to the trust; but youth, having little experience of deceit, is believing, and where the sympathies are strong the rest is assured. What sort of man he was

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whom Thackeray loved best of all his youthful friends, and whom he continued to love best in his reflective after years, is now known to us by the publication of the "Letters of Edward Fitzgerald," which have revealed in living detail a personality that else would have been only a name. He had so marked an individuality that he was, what he called himself in 1844, a humorist ("a humorist is best by himself"), employing the word in its popular sense of a man who followed his own humours. A few years later Thackeray, in the title of his Lectures, adopted the term in its second, and less usual sense, to denote a class of writers who cultivated certain kinds of wit. Though the title was not well chosen, being applicable only in a very subordinate degree to his treatment of his theme, the word through his example has almost lost its old established meaning. Either sense would have suited Fitzgerald. He was witty in his speech and writings, and in his conduct he was governed by interior preferences irrespective of conventional usage. From the beginning of his printed correspondence at the age of twenty-three we find him taking the path suggested by inclination, or dictated by duty, regardless of precedent and outside opinion. There was nothing of proud defiance or affected singularity in his conduct. He was humble, and widely tolerant, but, in perfect simplicity, from an innate independence of mind, he was capable of steering his course by his own compass without troubling himself with the judgments of lookers-on. His circumstances favoured his natural bias. He had a small income that enabled him to live a frugal life without the restraints of a profession, and left him free to gratify his private tastes. These were comprehensive, and embraced almost everything that was beautiful in nature, art, and literature. He was an enthusiastic lover of music, had a fine appreciation of the greatest works of the greatest masters, and could compose as well as play and sing. The passion never left him, and he warned his friend Allen against allowing it to absorb him, for the pleasure, he said, so grew that the hours which should be devoted to more useful

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occupations got "melted down into tunes." Within the limits of his narrow means he at one time collected pictures, and had a sensitive perception of the refined beauties which are hidden from uncultivated eyes. Here likewise he was, in his modest way, a practitioner. "I poke about with a book and a colour box by the side of the river Ouse, and make horrible sketches." This he wrote at thirty-one. At forty-three he mentions that he had sketched a common, and adds, "I never draw now, never drew well." His fondness for the pursuit was represented by his long and fruitless perseverance in it.

Among his various predilections his enjoyment of literature had the precedence. And, of the varieties of literature, poetry had the ascendant with him at Cambridge. He transcribed the choicest pieces he met with into a book he called his Paradise, and would admit none "but such as breathe content and virtue." "I believe I love poetry almost as much as ever," he wrote twenty years later, and the taste stayed by him till his death at seventy-four. He ascribed its lasting hold on him to his retaining in a contemplative life those "childish habits and sympathies," which might have been overborne and superseded by active duties and press of business. His relish for several other branches of literature was not less constant. His reading, however, was discursive, depending as much upon chance as choice, and he did not, as a rule, follow up a subject with the persistence of a student. He complacently accepted the books that fell in his way, or turned to what suited the humour of the hour, or read "the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones."

His discursiveness he ascribed to hereditary inaction. "She wishes to exert herself," he wrote of a sister, "which is the highest wish a Fitzgerald can form;" and of himself he said that his "besetting indolence was the strongest thing about him." Nevertheless his luxurious commerce with books was exchanged at intervals for laborious plodding, widely different from his ordinary method. He was not an advanced classic on leaving the University, but he bravely put himself to school

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again at sundry intervals of his long holiday life, and grappled with the hardest Greek and Latin authors. Two plays of Sophocles and one of Æschylus he turned, with curtailments and modifications, into English verse. At another stage he acquired Spanish, and translated eight plays of Calderon, again chiefly in verse, after the free fashion he had adopted with Æschylus and Sophocles, in the hope or belief that his alterations would fit them for our native taste. Most arduous task of all he, at forty-four, under the tuition of Professor Cowell, sat down to learn Persian, and stuck to his lesson for several years, with the uniform result that he ended by casting Persian poetry into a shape which he conjectured might suit our notions and tongue. In the Greek, the Spanish, and the Persian, the poetry was the dominant attraction; and from his confining himself to translation, and eschewing original composition, we might have surmised that his poetic taste was not combined with creative power, as he made evident by the few short pieces in which he attempted to go alone. He early recognised the limits of his faculty. "I know that I could write volume after volume as well as others of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," he said to Bernard Barton in 1842; "but I think unless a man can do better, he had best not do at all." He had a faith that some stanzas he wrote on his birth-place, Bredfield Hall, showed "real imagination" and "native force," till a friend, hearing a few lines quoted, and mistaking them for Tennyson's, Fitzgerald concluded that he had echoed him unawares. An undoubted echo the verses are in their better half, but not of Tennyson. The unconscious memories of past reading come back to men in the guise of new-born ideas, and the original from which he unwittingly borrowed was Jane Taylor's "Squire's Pew," the graphic picture of the successive generations that had occupied the Pew being transferred to the Hall. Miss Taylor's fine poem is superior in feeling and picturesque description to Fitzgerald's, but he has an exquisite stanza on the hackneyed topic that the long line of owners who inherited the Hall shared the common fate.

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Household after household pursued the avocations changing with the fashions of their age,

> Till the Bell that, not in vain,
> Had summoned them to weekly prayer,
> Called them, one by one, again
> To the church—and left them there.

The pathos, the loneliness, and the consolation of death (skilfully indicated in the two first lines of the stanza) were never set forth in simpler and more expressive words. The merits and demerits of his altered versions of foreign authors are of little practical moment. Not reaching the level of English masterpieces, they may be expected to follow the usual course, and drop out of use. Their republication in connection with his letters will not avail to change their natural destiny. There is seldom any gain in bringing back sunk books to the surface. They come up dead.

Fitzgerald says, in a letter to Frederic Tennyson, "Though I cannot write poems, you know I consider that I have the old woman's faculty of judging of them: yes, much better than much cleverer and wiser men; I pretend to no genius, but to taste." He understood his own gifts. His criticism of men, books, pictures, music, is excellent in substance and language. His power of hitting off characteristics in half a dozen simple words is remarkable, and his quiet descriptive brevity has a telling force that outdoes the glitter of pointed epigram. He did not like books to be "tainted with a style," and there is not a trace of this taint from the beginning to the end of his delightful letters. Their incessant felicities have a twofold charm from carrying the evidence within themselves that they have come unsought. His light humour has the same spontaneous air, and inheres in some natural form of thought that has not been worked up into studied facetiousness. As with every man who thinks for himself, the books which pleased the majority of readers did not always commend themselves to Fitzgerald. Incapable of pusillanimous assent, he speaks

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out his judgments with uncompromising frankness, but his criticisms are the language of an honest mind, and not of a self-sufficient dogmatist, or carping, envious detractor. His insight is for ever displaying itself in detecting beauties too recondite for common perception, or in separating them from the refuse which sometimes conceals them. His admiration for "Clarissa Harlowe" is an instance of the faculty. He allowed that the work was "almost intolerable from its length and sentimentality"—a sentimentality he calls "twaddle"—but, all deductions made, "it is a very wonderful, and quite original, and unique book" to him, and he was reading the seven volumes for the fifth time in 1868. In the twenty years of life he had before him, he probably read his seven volumes a few times more. Richardson's day is over for most people.

A man with fine perceptions, who tells his genuine convictions, must be an attractive critic, whether we agree with him or not, and Fitzgerald's letters would inevitably beget the wish that he had embodied his literary opinions on a larger scale in a formal work. The little prose he put together for publication checks the regret that he should be mainly represented by his correspondence alone. His principal prose piece is a dialogue named "Euphranor," written at thirty-three. He had a good opinion of it. "I think," he said, "it is a very pretty thing in form, and with some very pretty parts in it." Reading it at an interval of thirty-five years he was much disappointed with it, discovered that it was a fourth too long, and "the rest over-pointed," through "odious smart writing." But he repeated that it was "so pretty," and had "some such pretty parts," that with omissions and alterations it would become "a pretty toy," and be "a picture of what our Cambridge was in better days than now." At seventy-two he "reformed it into its present shape"; "the first and last," he says, "of my little works, and I do think a pretty specimen of 'chiselled cherry-stone.'" Narrow in its compass, his small dialogue had every advantage that could be conferred

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upon it by concentrated attention, prolonged reflection, mature judgment, and elaborate revision, and with reluctance I confess that it appears to me but a feeble performance. His aim in it is indistinct, and I may be wrong in supposing that he meant to enforce the doctrine that physical energies, martial prowess, all the qualities which enter into our notion of the heroic, require to be developed, or man is deprived of half his manhood. Be the argument what it may, it is rambling, prolix, empty and wearisome; the illustrative allusions are pedantic and forced; the style is artificial in opposite directions, sometimes pompous, and sometimes affectedly colloquial from the strained effort to be light and airy. In his anxiety to appear at his best before the public he lost his native ease and humour, and missed his end. He said of Crabbe, the poet, that his manner in company was the politeness of the old school overdone. The company manner spoilt "Euphranor."

Our idea of Fitzgerald would be imperfect without a glimpse into his habits of life. In August 1847, he visited Francis Duncan, "a quaint, humorous, quiet" clergyman in Dorsetshire. "He wore cap and gown when I did at Cambridge—together did we roam the fields about Granchester, discuss all things, thought ourselves fine fellows, and that one day we should make a noise in the world. He is now a poor rector in one of the most out-of-the-way villages in England, has five children, fats and kills his pig, smokes his pipe, loves his home, and cares not ever to be seen or heard of out of it. I was amused with his company; he much pleased to see me; we had not met face to face for fifteen years, and now both of us such very sedate, unambitious people." In neither had the ambition been baffled and disappointed; it had died a natural death, dissipated by the attractions of retirement and peace. The towering aspirations of Fitzgerald did not long outlive his Cambridge castles in the air. "I have not been reading very much," he writes to Allen in 1885, "as if ever you expected that I did, but I mean, not very much for me." "I don't know any one who has thought out anything so little as I have," he wrote

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again, the same year, and in 1839 he says to Frederic Tennyson, "I live on in a very seedy way, reading occasionally in books which every one else has gone through at school; and what I do read is just in the same way as ladies work—to pass the time away." He once more, in 1840, gives a summary of his day to Allen. "I go on as usual, and in a way that needs no explanation to you, reading a little, drawing a little, playing a little, smoking a little, &c." Having renounced his larger ambitions he tried to be an enthusiast in agriculture, intending perhaps to tack on profitable farming to his ornamental pursuits, but it is an expensive pastime when it is not a strenuous business, and came to nothing.

His father was a country squire of good estate, and none of the local importance to be gained from his connections was pleasing to Fitzgerald. His mode of living accredited his declaration, "Wealth, rank, respectability, I don't care a straw about." His residences show his standard of exterior dignity. His headquarters after leaving Cambridge were for a while at his father's seat in Suffolk, or at his brother-in-law's near Beccles, and then he withdrew to a thatched cottage of one storey outside his father's park at Boulge, near Woodbridge. Here he lived from 1840 to 1858, lacking nothing he coveted. "I really do like," he said, "to sit in this doleful place with a good fire, a cat and a dog on the rug, and an old woman in the kitchen. No velvet waistcoat and ever-lustrous pumps to be considered; no bon mots got up; no information necessary." Happy as he was to have escaped from wearisome formalities to the sweets of independence, he sometimes wavered between the allurements of pure country and the convenience of a few familiars within call to take a hand at cards, and inclined to the compromise of a residence in a country town. The country cottage having carried the day at the outset, his later bias was to the town, and he had lodgings for thirteen years in the pretty town of Woodbridge. Ousted in 1874 from his "dear rooms," which were wanted by his landlord to make way for a wife, he removed to a small farm-house he had bought ten years

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previously in the outskirts of Woodbridge, and had since rebuilt. He called it Little Grange. This by comparison was for him a lordly mansion, and there he spent his nine remaining years. His diet was less sumptuous than his dwellings. At twenty-four he became a vegetarian for health's sake. He gained, he said, "in lightness and airiness of head, whereas he was always before clouded, and more or less morbid after meat." Even among vegetarians he was abstemious. He avoided soups, and green vegetables as being "washy and diluent," and kept chiefly to bread with a seasoning of apples and pears. He invigorated his mind by culture, and his body by temperance, and did not seek satisfaction in luxury and sloth.

Crabbe, the grandson of the poet, shared his father's friendship for Fitzgerald, and describes his domestic habits at Boulge, in 1844 and onwards. "He always got up early, ate his small breakfast, stood at his desk reading or writing all the morning, ate his dinner of vegetables and pudding, and walked by himself slowly, with a Skye terrier. He did not visit with the neighbouring gentlefolks, as he hated a set dinner-party." Add that their thoughts were not his, or he might have mixed freely with them at other times. He did not keep up his intercourse with friends by means of set dinner-parties. After his solitary day he frequently enjoyed a social evening, and either went to the house of Bernard Barton, the quaker poet, who was clerk in a bank at Woodbridge—"a generous, worthy, simple-hearted fellow, worth ten thousand better wits"—or to Crabbe, the poet's son, whose rectory at Bredfield was but a mile from Fitzgerald's cottage at Boulge. "He is a very fine fellow in all ways," Fitzgerald said of Crabbe; "one of those happy men who has the boy's heart throbbing and trembling under the snows of sixty-five." The intimacy was interrupted by coolnesses in its infancy, from the sensitiveness of Crabbe, who "took fancies," says his son, "that people disliked him or were bored by him;" but when the two "fine fellows" had grown to have a complete understanding of each other, the rectory became the favourite resort of Fitzgerald. "He

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generally dropped in," writes the younger Crabbe, "about seven o'clock, singing glees with us, and then joining my father over his cigar, and staying late, and often sleeping. He very often arranged concerted pieces for us to sing in four parts, he being tenor. He sang very accurately, but had not a good voice." Nor the Crabbes either, according to Fitzgerald's account in 1850. "I hear little music but what I make myself, or help to make with my parson's son and daughter. We, with not a voice among us, go through Handel's Coronation Anthems." Sometimes he gave a little dinner to the Crabbes and one or two more, "everything most hospitable, but not comfortable." His servant was an old woman whom he would not allow to do anything he could do for himself, never ringing his bell, if he had one, of which Crabbe was doubtful. His spare vegetable diet was a poor school for cookery, and the dinner, and the service of it, were an unrehearsed play. The comfort, we may suppose, began when, the little dinner over, they had talk, and glees, and a cigar.

The cultivation of his plot of garden was one of Fitzgerald's favourite employments. His plants in bloom were company to him, and he lived among them with a continuous feeling of their beauty. At Little Grange he had a greenhouse, and in it an oleander. "Don't you love the oleander?" he writes; "I rather worship mine." He looked at the world of nature with the reverent eyes which alone can fully enter into its glories. Once he quotes from Shenstone a stanza complaining that it was tedious to see, spring after spring, "the self-same hawthorn bud and cowslips blow"—a lament worthy that factitious landscape gardener—and said he sometimes sympathised with it. But it was only in moments when he was himself out of sorts that the works of the Creator could look stale to Fitzgerald. "We have had such a spring," he wrote a year afterwards, "and such verdure! white clouds moving over the new-fledged tops of oak trees, and acres of grass stirring with buttercups. *How old to tell of and how new to*

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see!" And a year later yet, on the appearance of primroses, he welcomes their return with the jubilant comment, "I suppose no man ever grew so old as not to feel younger in spring." With his many tastes, every season has its advantages. "I certainly," he says, "love winter better than summer," and, as he is writing to Bernard Barton, a picture-fancier like himself, he selects for a reason, "Now one's pictures become doubly delightful to one." There was a drawback. "Could one but know, as one sits within the tropical latitude of one's fireside, that there was not increased want, cold, and misery beyond it." His compassion did not evaporate in barren sentiment. He lived the life he preferred, but his self-indulgence was not of the abject kind which seeks its private enjoyment dissociated from the humanities due to brother men, or he would not have been prized and loved by his companions for the trustiest of friends.

At certain periods of his life Fitzgerald relieved his usual routine by boating on the river, or yachting on the sea coast, or by fishing excursions into Bedfordshire, where he luxuriated in the banks of his favourite Ouse, "still wandering along at his ease through pretty villages and vales of his own beautifying." His general preference for seclusion did not keep him from staying with relations and friends, and in the course of his seventy-four years he looked in upon Scotland and Ireland. His principal dissipation was his annual visit, and sometimes oftener, of a few weeks to London, that he might transact business, hear music, see pictures, and mix with the acquaintances of his youth. But for two reasons London began to pall upon him long before he gave up the habit—he detested its atmosphere, and did not like its society. In the rural districts he discovered strength of character, earnestness of purpose, beings with a soul who worked out of their own convictions. "I am amazed," he wrote in 1844, "at the humour, and worth, and noble feeling in the country." "Every one in the country," he says again, "with whatever stock of intellect endowed, at least grows up in his own way, and flings his

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branches about him, not stretched on the espalier of London dinner-table company." "London," he said, "melted away all individuality into a common lump of cleverness," and "the wits had no true purpose and character" in their conversation. He seems to have looked upon them as men who played their part in a social game; the game was everything to them, and they were players and nothing more. The artificial sameness sounded flat to ears accustomed to the unshackled force, the simplicity and freshness of men whose single aim was to tell with off-hand freedom the thoughts within them. Worse than the dull mannerism, the talk was sometimes debased in its tone or topics. He says to Barton in 1845, "I was at a party of modern wits last night that made me creep into myself, and wish myself away talking to any Suffolk old woman in her cottage, while the trees murmured without. The wickedness of London appals me; and yet I am no paragon." Had the conversation been ever so superior it would not have appeased his craving for rural sights and sounds, and a clear and fragrant atmosphere. "Fitz," writes Spedding to Allen, "is on his way to Bedford in a state of disgraceful indifference to everything except grass and fresh air." "I have cold, headache, and London disgust," writes Fitzgerald himself in 1845. "Oh that I could look at my anemones! and hear the sighing of my Scotch firs." A little before he wrote from the country, on a "golden day in Spring," "I cannot but think with a sort of horror of being in London now, but I doubt I must be ere long. I have abjured all authorship, contented at present with the divine poem which Great Nature is now composing about us." The climate and people not suiting him the motives which drew him to London lost their power. "Every year," he said at thirty-nine, "I have less and less desire to go there." At forty he writes, "I have not bought a book or a picture this year; have not been to a concert, opera or play, and what is more I don't care to go." His passion for music had not abated; it was only music in London that had ceased to attract him. One year later and most of his town comrades,

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who once had interested him, shared the fate of the music. "I am come to London," he writes to Frederic Tennyson, April 17, 1850, "but I do not go to operas and plays and have scarce time, and it must be said scarce inclination, to hunt up many friends. . . . I get shyer and shyer even of the few I knew. You, Alfred, Spedding, and Allen, are the only men I ever care to see again." And to the same correspondent he writes from London in 1851, that the sole companions he would wish to have near him were Tennyson himself, Spedding, Thackeray, and one or two more. "The rest have come like shadows, and so departed." His moods might vary at times for special reasons, but his leading impressions grew stronger with years, and no life was tolerable to him that was not retired and rural. He at last "scarce saw any one but his Woodbridge fellow townsmen," and, contented with the world within him and around him, cared little for outside events, and had no curiosity to learn the public news of the day. "I wrote," he says, January 29, 1867, "my yearly letter to Carlyle, begging my compliments to his wife, who, he replies, died in a very tragical way last April. I have since heard that the papers reported all the circumstances." But he seldom read them, and, lacking the ordinary means of information, it does not appear to have at all disconcerted him that nine months after she was dead he should have sent his compliments to her through her husband.

A friend within call was needful to Fitzgerald, and from the beginning of his residence at sequestered Boulge he could command him in Bernard Barton, who died early in 1849, and till after he vacated the Boulge cottage in Crabbe, who did not die till 1857. Crabbe hated poetry, and barely excepted that of his father. He made amends by his love for the beauties of nature, and his appreciation of the concerted pieces for four voices. He was a shrewd observer, was decided in his theology, kept abreast with contemporary controversies, was not negligent of literature, and judged it for himself. Here was abundant matter for joint sympathies and enlightened discussion, and

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Crabbe's honest and manly Life of his father is an earnest of the sense and vigour he brought to his part in the conversation. Later, when Fitzgerald was established at Woodbridge, he had choice, for evening hours, of elderly playmates to join in the gentle excitement of cards, slender accomplishments sufficing for games in which silence was preferable to speech.

His tastes were easier satisfied than his conscience. Colloquies, amusements, employments, each laudable, or not separately unworthy, formed, in his opinion, a "shabby life." His reflections on the pleasures of one of his fishing expeditions may have often recurred to him. "I begin to have dreadful suspicions that this fruitless way of life is not looked upon with satisfaction by the open eyes above." The misgiving reappears in a letter to Allen, August 1842, expressing his desire for a small house in a country town where he could have his books, "with a few old women close by to play cards with at night." "What a life, you will say!" And he proceeds, as if in self-justification, to quote a stanza from Johnson's noble lines on the death of Levett:

> His virtues walked their narrow round,
> Nor knew a pause, nor left a void;
> And sure the Eternal Master found
> The single talent well employed.

And immediately there follows in Fitzgerald's letter the recantation, "That was not in playing picquet, I doubt." His nature, capable of severe discipline in some directions, had not the ultimate force to master his aversion to the drudgeries of a distinctive calling, and he may have been fitted to perform much more than he undertook, but he was not a person to record or recognise his own virtues—his benignities, his charities, his sympathy with peasants, his goodly influence on those around him—and his best deeds do not find a place in his letters. Six months before he wrote his wishes to Allen he had used the same language to Bernard Barton, and there with an added clause that is almost the solitary hint he supplies for filling up this blank in his written story. "I

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believe I should like to live in a small house just outside a pleasant English town all the days of my life, making myself useful in a humble way, reading my books, and playing a rubber of whist at night." To make himself useful in a humble way was, from youth to age, an integral part of his system, and Sir F. Pollock, who visited him in 1872 at his lodgings over a gunsmith's shop in Woodbridge market-place, learnt on the spot that his reputation in the neighbourhood was that of "a *benevolent* oddity." "A very noble character has passed away," said Crabbe the younger, in announcing his death; and no one, from his united knowledge and truthfulness, could be better qualified than Crabbe to write the epitaph of Fitzgerald.

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THE TRUE STORY OF THE STRATFORD BUST

OUR poverty in respect of authenticated likenesses of our great dramatist, makes us the more eager to learn all that we can concerning the only two that have been universally accepted, and even makes us patient in hearing what can be said in favour of others more or less doubtful in their pedigree. Therefore, it is all the more surprising that one authentic rendering, produced by a Warwickshire man, who was eleven years of age when the poet died, should have been entirely ignored by all the numerous writers on "Shakespeare's Portraits," especially as it has a most important bearing on the determination of the facial characteristics of the great dramatist. To understand this fully, due consideration must first be given to what are recognised as the "undoubted portraits."

That which was publicly put forward as the poet's likeness, and accepted as such by his contemporaries, was the inartistically designed, and coarsely executed engraving of Droeshout, appearing as frontispiece to the First Folio Edition of the Plays, brought out by his fellows, Heminge and Condell, in 1623.

There was no English *art* at the time worthy of the name, and probably for this reason the people found a double charm in theatrical representations. The actors supplied them with concrete images of the characters whose life-stories interested them, and became to them more closely identified than any

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historical portraits are to-day with their originals. Artistic taste and judgment were unknown amongst ordinary people, and even literary men, except such as had had special training, could not be held as art-critics of any importance. Hence, we may be justified in considering Ben Jonson's fulsome praise of Droeshout, in his desire to help the editors, as only possible through his deficiency in artistic sense.

Bad art as Droeshout's is, it nevertheless conveys to us the information that Shakespeare had a high forehead, prematurely bald, fine eyes, long straight nose, small moustache and beard, clean-shaven cheeks, oval face, and rather long hair. The dress is of rather less importance, as it might have been his own, or that of some character in which he had acted. The painting from which the engraving was taken has long been sought for. Some thought it had been found in the so-called Felton portrait. The right panel of this had been split off in the middle of the collar and the foot shortened, to make it fit a frame. It has some details *similar* to, but not identical with, those of the engraving, though it has a little more art in the workmanship, and a little more expression in the features. On the back is written, "Guil. Shakspeare 1597," and two letters, "R. B.," supposed to stand for Richard Burbage. Notwithstanding much that was unsatisfactory in its pedigree, Richardson restored the hair, collar, and dress, after Droeshout, and published it, whence have arisen many reproductions.

A much more important rival has, comparatively lately turned up. Though its pedigree also is hazy, the likeness to the Droeshout print is undoubted, and Mrs. Flower of Stratford-on-Avon purchased it, and presented it to the Memorial Picture Gallery in 1895. Mr. Lionel Cust, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, read a paper about it before the Society of Antiquaries, December 12, 1895, in which he accepted it as genuine. It is, of course, open to the questions whether the picture was painted *for* the engraving or *from* the engraving, and whether it had been painted before or after

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the poet's death. The expression is better than that of the engraving. The first reproduction of Droeshout, after the Second Folio, is that which appeared as frontispiece to "Shakespeare's Poems" in 1640. The engraver, Marshall, turned the face the other way, increased the inanity of the expression, flung a cloak over one shoulder, and put a spray of laurel in the poet's hand. "This shadow is renowned Shakespeare's," &c. William Faithorne introduced it into the frontispiece of "The Rape of Lucrece," 1658. Very many varieties of these two engravings have appeared.

The chief rival of the Felton and Flower portraits is the Chandos portrait, which has a long pedigree. If there is any weakness in the chain of evidence for the authenticity of this portrait, it is only in the first links. It was *said* to have been painted either by Burbage, or by Taylor, the player, to have remained in the possession of the latter until his death, and to have been left by him to Sir William Davenant. It is no objection to this likeness that it should have rings in the ear, because the custom of wearing a rose in the ear was so common among the *jeunesse dorée* of Elizabethan times, that it was quite natural that an actor should have his ears pierced. But one always feels a little in doubt of the good faith of Davenant, because of his known desire to be thought like Shakespeare. The picture passed from Davenant to Betterton. While in that actor's possession, Kneller painted a *portrait* from it, which was presented to Dryden. This came afterwards into the possession of the Earl Fitzwilliam. The original passed from Betterton to Mrs. Barry, Mr. Keck, Mr. Nicholls, whose daughter married the Marquis of Carnarvon, afterwards Duke of Chandos, and thence to his daughter, who married the Duke of Buckingham. The picture was bought by the Earl of Ellesmere in 1848, and presented to the nation on the founding of the National Portrait Gallery.

The first engraving taken from it was by Van der Gucht for Rowe's "Shakespeare," 1709.

Many other oil paintings and miniatures of unproven

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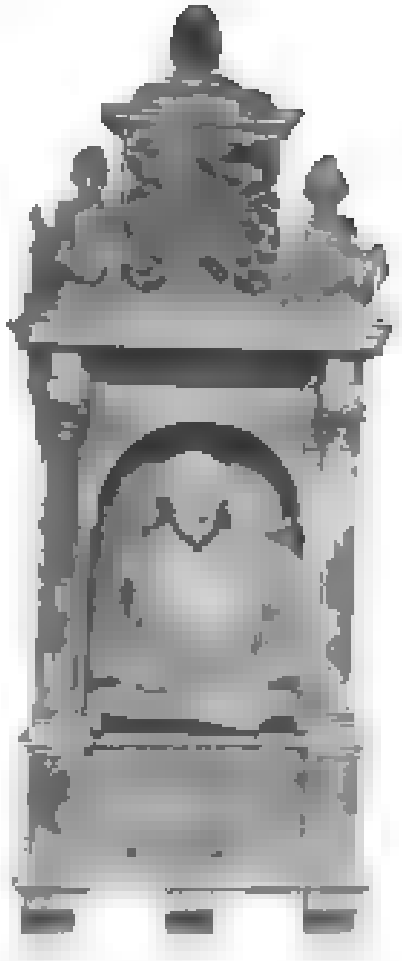
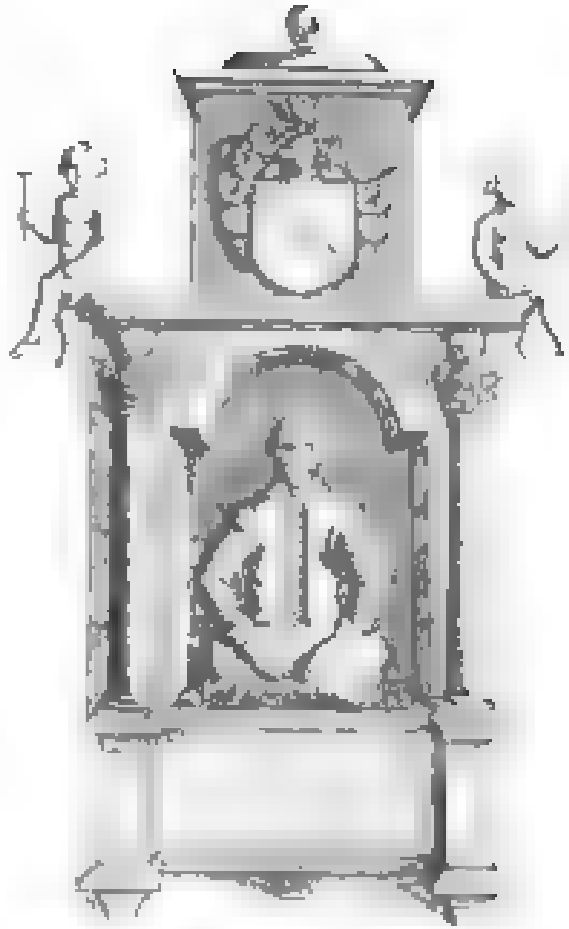


The Rose in Stratford-on-Avon Church, as it is to-day



The earliest representation of the Rose, in Dugdale's Warwickshire, published 1656

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authenticity have been put forward as likenesses of the poet, but so diverse are they in their characteristics, that it is impossible that they can be all genuine.

Some fine conceptions based upon composite ideas, others avowedly works of imagination, have been evolved in stone, glass, and oil paintings through the centuries. There is dignity in the Kent and Scheemacher's statue at Westminster, in the Roubiliac statue, genius in Lord Ronald Gower's group, and there is pre-Raphaelite art in Ford Madox Brown's rendering of 1849, but there is no space here to discuss these and other artistic productions. They teach us no *facts*.

The Stratford bust should possess a stronger claim to antiquity and authenticity even than the Droeshout engraving. It is referred to in the First Folio by Leonard Digges, as having been already set up by the time he wrote. It was designed under the supervision of Shakespeare's widow, daughters, and sons-in-law, amidst his friends and kinsfolk, who knew him as a man, not as an actor, and they had it *coloured*, so that the likeness, if at all good, should have been much more striking than the work of the engraver. They, too, suffered from a plentiful lack of art in their sculptor, Gerard Johnson, and from their own deficiency in critical judgment. But there is every reason to believe that they did their best to represent him to the life. They loved him, and they were rich enough to pay for the best they could get.

Yet every one who approaches the Stratford bust is more disappointed in it, as a revelation of the poet, than even in the crude lines of Droeshout. There is an entire lack of the faintest suggestion of poetic or spiritual inspiration in its plump earthliness. The designer has put a pen and paper into his hands, after the manner of the schoolboy, who wrote under his drawing of something-on-four-legs, "this is a horse." The pen strives to write "this is a literary man," but there is nothing to support the attribution. The intensely disappointing nature of this supposed simulacrum of the poet, made me, years ago, commence a careful study of all his known repre-

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sentations, whether founded on fact or based on imagination. A good deal has been written on the subject from the time of Boaden's "Inquiry," 1824. In 1827 Mr. Abraham Wivell brought out a book upon Shakespeare's portraits, criticising the opinions of Steevens, Malone, and Boaden, and since then many successive writers have more fully classified and illustrated the varieties, and brought our knowledge of them up to date. But none of them gave me what I wanted, an early representation of the Stratford original. I therefore commenced to search with a purpose, and in the very first book I opened I found what I sought, a representation of the tomb as it appeared little more than twenty years after its erection.

This was, of course, in Sir William Dugdale's great "History of the Antiquities of Warwickshire." He seems, judging from the notes in his diary, to have prepared his work in the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon, about 1636, though the publication was delayed by the civil wars for twenty years.

His representation of Shakespeare's bust is therefore entitled to respect as the earliest known engraving, though it has never been calendared, compared, or criticised. The unsatisfactory, or rather, in some aspects, the satisfactory fact is, that *it differs in all important details from the bust as it appears now.* We have here also, doubtless, to grapple with the lack of art-perception in the draughtsman and of the engraver, but there are simple leading distinctions, that could not have been imagined, if there had not been something to suggest them. Far from resembling the self-contented fleshy man of to-day, the large and full dark eyes look out of cheeks hollow to emaciation. The moustache drops down softly and naturally instead of perking upwards, there is no mantle on the shoulders, no pen in the hand, no cushioned desk. The arms are bent awkwardly, the hands are laid stiffly, palms downward, on a large cushion, suspiciously resembling *a woolsack.* It is not unlike an older Droeshout, and the Death-

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mask might be considered anew beside it. The engraving is, of course, open to the interpretation that Dugdale, or his draughtsman, was careless and inexact in details. In order to compare his work in other examples, I asked a friend to take a photograph of Sir Thomas Lucy's tomb, as pictured in Dugdale, and another from the original, which has been very little restored since it was sculptured in Shakespeare's time. He took that from the book, but found that the tomb itself was in a very bad light for photography, and sent me instead a pencil outline. This supports Dugdale's rendering of important details, though he failed, somewhat, naturally, in catching the expression. It allows us to believe that he reproduced Shakespeare's bust with some degree of fidelity. He was appreciative of his fellow countryman's fame, and would not pass him by as a nobody. It is quite possible, indeed, that he had seen the poet in habit as he lived, and any divergence from the tomb would be more than likely to be in the direction of the reality.

I had reached this stage when I consulted Dr. Richard Garnett. He reminded me that the little red lions that held the railing on the outer front pavement of the British Museum had been wont to be considered great works of art, but modern critics could not praise them. On their being taken down a few years ago, however, in order to broaden the pavement, one of them was subjected to a severe cleansing process, which proved that it was nothing but the successive coats of paint, liberally applied every three years, which had obscured the art of the original conception. His question therefore was, had Shakespeare's bust been repainted frequently enough to cause the plump unpoetic appearance it now has. I could not think so, because no amount of painting would alter the position of the arms, the shape of the hands, or throw a mantle over the figure.

I had therefore to have recourse again to engravings, and went through those in the Print-room of the British Museum. There I found a curious engraving in the Slade collection,

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signed "Grignion sculps," which supports Dugdale's rendering. Rowe also, in his first edition of Shakespeare's works, 1709, has a very bad representation of the tomb, which conveys the idea of a certain amount of decay in the original. There is absolutely no expression in the face, which is not quite so thin as Dugdale's, but the figure agrees with the early rendering in all points in which it differs from the modern one. Rowe's edition of 1714 presents a bad copy of his first edition. Dr. Thomas in 1730 expanded Dugdale's Warwickshire into two volumes, but used the original block of the tomb unaltered. In Pope's edition of 1725, we find a remarkable variation. Vertue did not go to Stratford but to Rowe for his copy. Finding it so very inartistic, he *improved* the monument, making the little angels light-bearers rather than bearers of spade and hourglass, and instead of the bust he *gives a composition from the Chandos portrait*, altering the arms and hands, and adding a cloak, pen, paper, and desk. It retains, however, the drooping moustache and slashed sleeves. In Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition, 1744, Gravelot copies from Vertue the monument and the figure, while he alters the face into what seems to be the original of *The Birthplace Portrait*.

Before the middle of the eighteenth century we know that the tomb was "very much decayed." Mr. John Ward, the grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, was in Stratford in 1746, and gave the whole proceeds of a representation of *Othello* in the Town Hall on September 8 towards the restoration of Shakespeare's tomb. Orders were given "to beautify" as well as to repair it. We are left altogether in the dark as to the degree of decay and the amount of reconstruction, but that it was fundamental seems evident. By 1748 the repairs were completed, and the colours repainted by Mr. John Hall, a limner of Stratford-on-Avon. Probably they worked with the *new* edition of Shakespeare before them as a guide, depending upon Gravelot and Hanmer of 1744. Alas for the result! We may apply Browning's words, in another sense than he meant them, to the fate of this honoured memorial:

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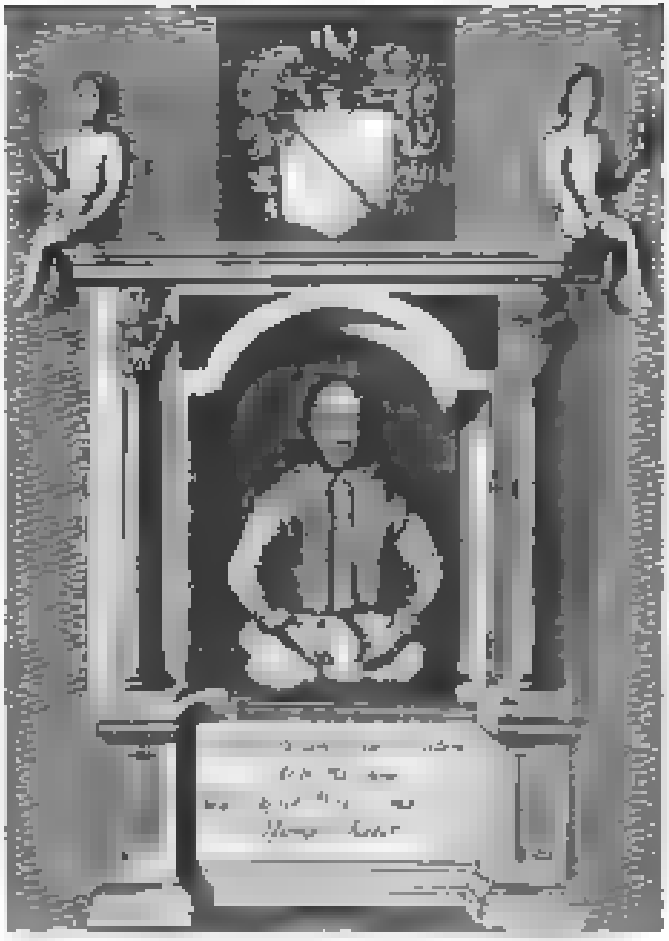
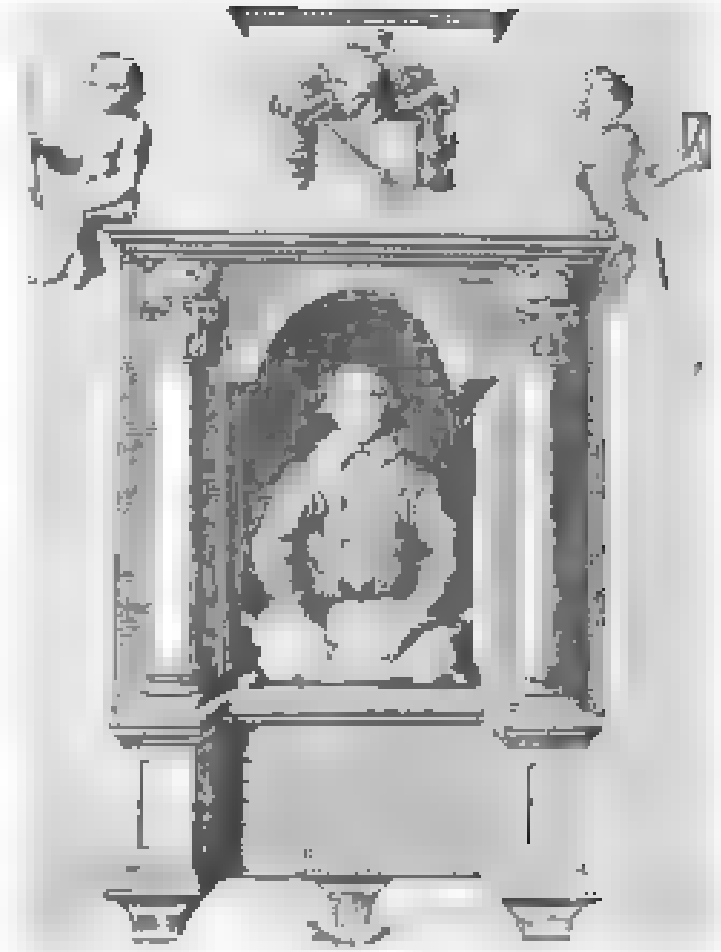


Version in Rowe's edition, published 1709



Original version, painted 1687 (though the Bust had been restored forty years before)

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Wherever a fresco peels and drops,
  Wherever an outline weakens and wanes,
Till the latest life in the painting stops,
  Stands one whom each fainter pulse-tick pains;
One wishful each scrap should clutch its brick
  Each tinge not wholly escape the plaster
—A lion who dies of an ass's kick
  The wronged great soul of an ancient master.

Whoever the sculptor was who so much *improved* the figure, it is more than likely he reconstructed the face altogether. It is curious that none of the other editions of the eighteenth century reproduce the tomb either as Vertue or Gravelot rendered it. None, indeed, reproduce it at all, until we come to the second edition of Bell's "Shakespeare," 1788, into which he introduces the "Life" from Rowe's second edition of 1714, and in the "Life" the representation of the tombstone according to that edition. It was engraved by Reynold Grignion, and "printed for Bell's 'Shakespeare,' 1st Dec. 1786." This fact, printed on the plate itself, is important, as Grignion died in 1787, and the book came out in 1788. He rather improved on Rowe's print, as Bell's other engravers improved upon the Droeshout and the Marshall copies. Bad as it is, it represents the same figure as Dugdale did, falling into decay. This engraving is the same as that in the British Museum, "Grignion sculps," so the latter may have been a proof copy.

All later renderings are of the modern type. Then commenced a new series of vicissitudes for the *restored* bust. Not so very long afterwards it was taken down from its pedestal, so that Mr. Malone might take a cast from it. More than likely at that time accident removed the tip of the restored nose, which has left the "long upper lip" a marvel to many since the days of Sir Walter Scott. William Henry Ireland, in his "Confessions," 1805, states that he had been down taking drawings from various tombs in Stratford, and "greatly reprehended the folly of having coloured the face and dress of the bust of Shakespeare, which was intended to beautify it, whereas it would have been much more preferable

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to have left the stone of the proper colour." He applied for leave to "take a plaster-cast from the bust as Mr. Malone had done," but the necessary delay in petitioning the Corporation for permission made him give up the idea. In his drawing of the bust, he makes Shakespeare an eighteenth-century gentleman, moustache turned up, a pen in one hand, paper in the other, and the cushion like a desk. An engraving was made by Mr. William Ward, A.R.A., from a painting by Thomas Phillips, R.A., after a cast taken by Bullock from the bust, and published by Lake on April 23, 1816, the second centenary after the poet's decease. This has the cloak, the pen, and the paper.

We are, therefore, in the bust likeness confronted by greater difficulties than the mere obscuring of the truth by paint, such as occurred in the case of the British Museum lions. We have to consider the much more serious question, the degree to which the features and surroundings of the original, deliberately or unconsciously, have been tampered with. It would seem that the sculptor who collaborated with Hall in 1746 was the culprit who deprived us of the original outlines of a memorial so dear, either through ignorance, vanity, or culpable carelessness. He had Dugdale to consult had he so pleased, but he contented himself with Hanmer. The decay must have been serious, and the alteration fundamental, to have so obscured the design. Mr. John Hall, who was responsible for the colouring, was believed to have followed the tints of the original. Be that as it may, Mr. Malone, like Mr. Ireland, disapproved of them, and in order to suit his own taste, and the fashion of his age, he persuaded the Corporation to have it painted white in 1793. One contemporary, however, wrote in the album of Stratford-on-Avon Church the lines:

> Stranger, to whom this monument is shewn,
> Invoke the Poet's curse upon Malone
> Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays
> And daubs his tomb-stone as he marred his plays.

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The Bust as engraved by Vertue for Pope's edition published 1736 (a purely imaginary version)

Cheere's version in Bowood's edition 1757, mainly copied from Vertue, and followed by the restorers of the Bust in 1960

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The bust was repainted in 1861 after the *original* colouring, by the artist who *discovered* what has been called The Stratford Portrait, still reverently preserved at the birthplace, though it has no claim to authenticity. Its strong resemblance to the bust is of itself suspicious.

We suffer now, therefore, from the combined action of the various improvers and restorers of old Gerard Johnson's clumsy workmanship. Though the crude colours of Hall shocked the sensibilities of Malone, he thought it no sacrilege to have the bust taken down, and submitted to the moulder's mercenary hands. Several others have been allowed to sin in a similar way. Many have written discourses upon its physiognomy, and based arguments and fancies upon it, unwitting of all these facts. It is comforting to be able to go back to the simple rendering of Dugdale from the original—not a picturesque or poetic rendering, of what was probably a poor representation. But in it there *is* something biographical, something suggestive; it shows us the tired creator of poems, exhausted from lack of sleep, "Nature's sweet restorer," weary of the bustling London life, who had returned, as soon as possible, to seek rest at home among his own people, and met an over-early death in the unhealthy spring-damps of 1616. A happy suggestion of the thoughtful poetic soul, of which the modern restored and adapted representation had deprived us, but only a suggestion. We sadly ask, where is the true likeness of our Shakespeare? and Leonard Digges speaks for us when he says that it is to be found in

> Thy works, by which outlive
> Thy tomb, thy name must, when that stone is rent
> And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
> Here we alive shall view thee still, This booke
> When brasse and marble fade, shall make thee looke
> Fresh to all ages.

CHARLOTTE C. STOPES.

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GOLIATH

STILL as a mountain with dark pines and sun
He stood between the armies, and his shout
Rolled from the empyrean above the host—
"Bid any little flea ye have come forth,
And wince at death upon my fingernail!"
He turned his large-boned face; and all his steel
Tossed into beams the lustre of the noon;
And all the shaggy horror of his locks
Rustled like locusts in a field of corn;
The meagre pupil of his shameless eye
Moved like a cormorant o'er a glassy sea.
He stretched his limbs, and laughed into the air,
To feel the groaning sinews of his breast,
And the long gush of his swol'n arteries pause:
And nodding, wheeled, tow'ring in all his height.
Then—like a wind that hushes, gazed and saw
Down, down, far down upon the untroubled green
A shepherd-boy that swung a little sling.
Goliath shut his lids to drive that mote
Which vexed the eastern azure of his eye
Out of his vision: and stared down again.

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Yet stood the youth there, ruddy in the flare
Of his vast shield, nor spake, nor quailed, gazed up
As one might scan a mountain to be scaled :
Then, as it were, a voice unearthly still
Cried in the cavern of that bristling ear
" His name is little Death ! " And like the flush
That dyes Sahara to its lifeless verge
His brows' bright brass flamed into sudden crimson ;
And his great spear leapt upward lightning-like
And shook a dreadful thunder in the air ;
Spun betwixt earth and sky bright as a berg
That hoards the sunlight in a myriad spires
Crashed : and struck echo through an army's heart.
Then paused Goliath and stared down again.
And fleet-foot fear from rolling orbs perceived
Steadfast, unharmed, a stooping shepherd-boy
Frowning upon the target of his face.
And wrath tossed suddenly up once more his hand ;
And a deep groan grieved all his strength in him.
He breathed ; and lost in dazzling darkness prayed—
Besought his reins, his gloating gods, his youth :
And turned to smite what he no more could see.
Then sped the singing pebble-messenger,
The chosen of the Lord from Israel's brooks,
Fleet to its mark ; and hollowed a light path,
Down to the appalling Babel of his brain ;
And, like the smoke of dreaming Souffrière,
Dust rose in cloud, spread wide, slow silted down
Softly all softly on his armour's blaze,

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"KEEP INNOCENCY"

LIKE an old battle youth is wild
With bugle, and spear, and counter cry,
Fanfare, and drummery, yet a child
Dreaming of that sweet chivalry,
The piercing terror cannot see.

He, with a mild and serious eye
Along the azure of the years,
Sees the sweet pomp sweep hurtling by;
But he sees not death's blood and tears,
Sees not the plunging of the spears.

And all the strident horror of
Horse and rider in red defeat
Is only music fine enough
To lull him into slumber sweet,
In fields where ewe and lambkin bleat.

O, if with such simplicity
Himself take arms and suffer war;
With beams his targe shall gilded be,
Tho' in the thickening gloom be far
The steadfast light of any star.

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Tho' hoarse War's eagle on him perch,
Quickened with guilty lightnings,—there
It shall in vain for terror search,
Where a child's eyes 'neath bloody hair
Gaze purely thro' the dingy air.

But when the wheeling rout is spent,
Tho' in the heaps of slain he lie,
Or lonely in his last content,
Quenchless shall burn in secrecy
The flame Death knows his victors by.

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"WHERE IS THY VICTORY?"

NONE, none, can tell where I shall be
When the unclean earth covers me;
Only in surety if thou cry
Where my perplexèd ashes lie,
Know, 'tis but death's necessity
That keeps my soul from answering thee.

Ev'n if no more my shadow may
Lean for a moment in thy day;
No more the whole earth light'n as if
Thou near, it had nought else to give:—
Surely 'tis bright Heaven's strategy
To prove death immortality.

Yet should I sleep and no more dream,
Sad would the last awakening seem,
If my cold heart with love once hot
Had thee in sleep remembered not:
How could I wake to find that I
Had slept alone, yet easefully!

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Or should in sleep glad visions come,
Sick in an alien land for home
Would be my eyes in their bright beam;
Awake, we know 'tis not a dream;
Asleep, some devil in the mind
Might truest thoughts with false enwind.—

Life is a mockery if death
Have the least power men say it hath.
As to a hound that wistful waits,
Death opens, and shuts to, his gates;
Else ev'n dry bones might rise and say,—
"'Tis *ye* are dead and laid away."

Innocent children out of nought
Build up a universe of thought,
And out of silence fashion Heaven;
So, dear, is this poor dying even,
Seeing thou shalt be touched, heard, seen,
Better than when dust stood between.

WALTER J. DE LA MARE.

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FORT AMITY[1]

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FLAGSTAFF TOWER

TIME pressing, the Commandant had gone straight from the orderly-room in search of Father Joly. As a soldier and a good Catholic he desired to be shriven, and as a man of habit he preferred the old Curé to Father Launoy. To be sure the Curé was deaf as a post, but on the other hand the Commandant's worst sins would bear to be shouted.

"There is yet one thing upon my conscience," he wound up. "The fact is, I feel pretty sure of myself in this business, but I have some difficulty in trusting God."

It is small wonder that a confession so astonishing had to be repeated twice, and even when he heard it Father Joly failed to understand.

"But how is it possible to mistrust God?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know. I suppose that even in bringing New France so near to destruction He is acting in loving mercy; but all the same it will be a wrench to me if these English pass without paying us the honour of a siege. For if we cannot force them to a fight, Montreal is lost." The Commandant believed this absolutely.

Father Joly was Canadian born and bred; had received his education in the Seminary of Quebec; and knowing nothing of the world beyond New France, felt no doubt upon which side

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God was fighting. If it were really necessary to New France that the English should be delayed—and he would take the Commandant's word for it—why then delayed they would be. This he felt able to promise. "And I in my heart of hearts am sure of it," said the Commandant. "But in war one has to take account of every chance, and this may pass sometimes for want of faith."

So, like an honest gentleman, he took his absolution, and afterwards went to Mass and spent half an hour with his mind withdrawn from all worldly care, greatly to his soul's refreshment. But with the ringing of the sanctus bell a drum began to beat—as it seemed, on the very ridge of the chapel roof, but really from the leads of the flagstaff tower high above it. Father Launoy paused in the celebration, but was ordered by a quiet gesture to proceed. Even at the close the garrison stood and waited respectfully for their Commandant to walk out, and followed in decent order to the porch. Then they broke into a run pell-mell for the walls.

But an hour passed before the first whaleboat with its load of red uniforms pushed its way into sight through the forest screen. Then began a spectacle—slow, silent, by little and little overwhelming. It takes a trained imagination to realise great numbers, and the men of Fort Amitié were soon stupefied and ceased even to talk. It seemed to them that the forest would never cease disgorging boats.

"A brave host, my children—but we will teach them that they handle a wasps' nest!"

His men eyed the Commandant in doubt; they could scarcely believe that he intended to resist, now that the enemy's strength was apparent. To their minds war meant winning or losing, capturing or being captured; to fight an impossible battle, for the mere sake of gaining time for troops they had never seen, did not enter into their calculations.

So they eyed him, while still the flotilla increased against the far background and came on—whaleboats, gunboats, batteaux, canoes; and still in the lessening interval along the

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waterway the birds sang. For the British moved, not as once upon Lake George, startling the echoes with drums and military bands, but so quietly that at half a mile's distance only the faint murmur of splashing oars and creaking thole-pins reached the ears of the watchers.

The Commandant suddenly lowered his glass and closed it with a snap, giving thanks to God. For at that distance the leading boats began heading in for shore.

"Etienne, he means at least to summon us!"

So it proved. General Amherst was by no means the man to pass and leave a hostile post in his rear. His detractors indeed accused him of spending all his time upon forts, either in reducing or in building them. But he had two very good reasons for pausing before Fort Amitié; he did not know the strength of the garrison, and he wanted pilots to guide his boats down the rapids below.

Therefore he landed and sent an officer forward to summon the garrison.

The officer presented himself at the river-gate, and having politely suffered Sergeant Bédard to blindfold him, was led to the Commandant's quarters. A good hour passed before he reappeared, the Commandant himself conducting him; and meantime the garrison amused itself with wagering on the terms of capitulation.

At the gate the Englishman's bandage was removed. He saluted, and was saluted, with extreme ceremony. The Commandant watched him out of earshot, and then, rubbing his hands, turned with a happy smile.

"To your guns, my children!"

They obeyed him, while they wondered. He seemed to take for granted that they must feel the compliment paid them by a siege in form.

The day was now well advanced, and it seemed at first that the British meant to let it pass without a demonstration. Towards nightfall, however, four gunboats descended the river, anchored and dropped down the current, paying out

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their hawsers and feeling their way into range. But the fort was ready for them, and opened fire before they could train their guns; a lucky shot cut the moorings of one clean and close by the stem and, the current carrying her inshore, she was hulled twice as she drifted helplessly down stream. The other three essayed a few shots without effect in the dusk, and, warping back out of range, waited for daylight to improve their aim.

And with daylight began one of the strangest of sieges, between an assailant who knew only that he had to deal with stout walls, and a defender who dared not attempt even a show of a sortie for fear of exposing the weakness of his garrison. The French had ammunition enough to last for a month, and cannon enough to keep two hundred men busy; and ran from one gun to another, keeping up pretences but doing little damage in their hurry. Their lucky opening shots had impressed the British General, and he was one to cling to a notion of his enemy's strength. He solemnly effected a new landing at six hundred yards' distance, opened his lines across the north-western corner of the fort, kept his men entrenching for two days and two nights, brought up thirty guns, and, advancing them within two hundred yards, began at his leisure to knock holes in the walls. Meantime, twenty guns, anchored out in the river, played on the broad face of the fort and swept the Commandant's lunette out of existence. And with all this prodigious waste of powder but five of the garrison had fallen, and three of these by the bursting of a single shell. The defenders understood now that they were fighting for time, and told each other that when their comedy was played out and the inevitable moment came, the British General would not show himself fierce in revenge—"provided," they would add, "the old man does not try his patience too far." It was Father Launoy who set this whisper going from lip to lip, and so artfully that none suspected him for its author; Father Launoy, who had been wont to excite the patriotism of the faithful by painting the English as devils in human shape,

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He was a brave man; but he held this resistance to be senseless and did not believe for an instant that Montreal would use the delay or, using it, would strike with any success.

At first the tremendous uproar of the enemy's artillery and its shattering effect on the masonry of their fortress had numbed the militiamen's nerves; they felt the place tumbling about their ears. But as the hours passed they discovered that round-shot could be dodged and that even bursting shells, though effective against stones and mortar, did surprisingly small damage to life and limb; and with this discovery they began almost to taste the humour of the situation. They fed and rested in bomb-proof chambers which the Commandant and M. Etienne had devised in the slope of earth under the *terre-plein;* and from these they watched and discussed in comparative safety the wreckage done upon the empty buildings across the courtyard.

One of these caves had at the beginning of the siege been assigned to Diane; and from the mouth of it, seated with Félicité beside her, she too watched the demolition; but with far different thoughts. She knew better than these militiamen her father's obstinacy, and that his high resolve reached beyond the mere gaining of time. It seemed to her that God was drawing out the agony; and with the end before her mind she prayed Him to shorten this cruel interval.

Early on the third morning the British guns had laid open a breach six feet wide at the north-western angle close by the foot of the flagstaff tower; and Amherst, who had sent off a detachment of the Forty-sixth with a dozen Indian guides to fetch a circuit through the woods and open a feint attack in the rear of the fort, prepared for a general assault. But first he resolved to summon the garrison again.

He chose the same officer as before, a Captain Muspratt of the Forty-fourth Regiment, to carry his message.

Now as yet the cannonade had not slackened, and it chanced that as the General gave Muspratt his instructions, an artillery sergeant in command of a battery of mortars on the left, which

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had been advanced within two hundred yards of the walls, elevated one of his pieces and lobbed a bomb clean over the summit of the flagstaff tower.

It was a fancy shot, fired—as the army learnt afterwards—for a wager; but its effect staggered all who watched it. The fuse was quick, and the bomb, mounting on its high curve, exploded in a direct line between the battery and the flagstaff. One or two men from the neighbouring guns shouted bravos. The sergeant slapped his thigh and was turning for congratulations, but suddenly paused stock-still and staring upward.

The flagstaff stood, apparently untouched. But what had become of the flag?

A moment before it had been floating proudly enough, shaking its folds loose to the light breezes. Now it was gone. Had the explosion blown it to atoms? Not a shred of it floated away on the wind.

A man on the sergeant's right called out positively that a couple of seconds after the explosion, and while the smoke was clearing, he had caught a glimpse of something white—something which looked like a flag—close by the foot of the staff; and that an arm had reached up and drawn it down hurriedly. He would swear to the arm; he had seen it distinctly above the edge of the battlements. In his opinion the fort was surrendering, and some one aloft there had been pulling down the flag as the bomb burst.

The General, occupied for the moment in giving Captain Muspratt his instructions, had not witnessed the shot. But he turned at the shout which followed, caught sight of the bare flagstaff, and ordering his bugler to sound the "Cease firing," sent forward the captain at once to parley.

With Muspratt went a sergeant of the Forty-sixth and a bugler. The sergeant carried a white flag. Ascending the slope briskly, they were met at the gate by M. Etienne.

The sudden disappearance of the flag above the tower had mystified the garrison no less thoroughly than the British. They knew the Commandant to be aloft there with Sergeant

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Bédard, and the most of the men could only guess, as their enemies had guessed, that he was giving the signal of surrender.

But this M. Etienne could by no means believe; it belied his brother's nature as well as his declared resolve. And so, while the English captain with great politeness stated his terms—which were unconditional surrender and nothing less—the poor gentleman kept glancing over his shoulder and answering at random, "Yes, yes," or "Precisely—if you will allow me," or "Excuse me a moment, until my brother——." In short, he rambled so that Captain Muspratt could only suppose his wits unhinged. It was scarce credible that a sane man could receive such a message inattentively, and yet this old gentleman did not seem to be listening!

Now Diane meanwhile stood at the mouth of her shelter with her eyes lifted, intent upon the tower's summit. She, too, had seen the flag run down with the bursting of the bomb, and she alone had hit in her mind on the true explanation—that a flying shard had cut clean through the up-halliard close to the staff, and the flag—heavy with golden lilies of her own working—had at once dropped of its own weight. She had caught sight, too, of her father's arm reaching up to grasp it, and she knew why. The flagstaff had a double set of halliards.

She waited—waited confidently, since her father was alive up there. She marvelled that he had escaped, for the explosion had seemed to wrap the battlements in one sheet of fire. Nevertheless he was safe—she had seen him—and she waited for the flag to rise again.

Minutes passed. She took a step forward from her shelter. The firing had ceased and the courtyard was curiously still and empty. Then four of the five militiamen posted to watch the back of the building came hurrying across towards the gateway. She understood—her senses being strung for the moment so tensely that they seemed to relieve her of all trouble of thinking—she understood that a parley was going forward at the

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gate and that these men were hurrying from their posts to hear it. In her ears the bugles still sounded the "Cease firing"; and still she gazed up at the tower.

Yes—she had made no mistake. The spare halliards were shaking; in a second or two—but why did they drag so interminably?—the flag would rise again.

And it rose. Before her eyes, before the eyes of the parleyers in the gateway and of the British watching from their batteries, it rose above the edge of the battlements and climbed half-way up the mast, or a little short of half-way. There it stopped—climbed a few feet higher—and stopped again—climbed yet another foot, perhaps—and slowly, very slowly, began to flutter downwards.

With a dreadful surmise she started to run across the courtyard towards the door at the foot of the tower; and even as she started a yell went up from the rear of the fort, followed by a random volley of musketry and a second yell—a true Iroquois war-whoop.

In the gateway Captain Muspratt called promptly to his bugler. The first yell had told him what was happening—that the men of the Forty-sixth, sent round for the feint attack, had found the rear wall defenceless and were escalading, in ignorance of the parley at the gate.

Quick as thought the bugler sounded the British recall, and its notes were taken up by bugle after bugle down the slope. The Major commanding the feint attack heard, comprehended after a fashion, and checked his men; and the Forty-sixth, as a well-disciplined regiment, dropped off its scaling-ladders and came to heel.

But he could not check his Indian guides. Once already on their progress down the river they had been baulked of their lust to kill; and this restraint had liked them so little that already three-fourths of Sir William Johnson's Iroquois were marching back to their homes in dudgeon. These dozen braves would not be cheated a second time if they could help it. Disregarding the shouts and the bugle-calls they swarmed

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up the ladders, dropped within the fort, and swept through the Commandant's quarters into the courtyard.

In the doorway at the foot of the flagstaff tower a woman's skirt fluttered for an instant and was gone. They raced after it like a pack of mad dogs, and with them ran one, an Ojibway, whom neither hate nor lust, but a terrible fear, made fleeter than any.

Six of them reached the narrow doorway together, snarling and jostling in their rage. The Ojibway broke through first and led the way up the winding stairway, taking it three steps at a time, with death behind him now—though of this he recked nothing—since he had clubbed an Oneida senseless in the doorway, and these Indians—Oneidas all—had from the start resented his joining the party of guides.

Never a yard separated him from the musket-butt of the Indian who panted next after him; but above, at the last turning of the stair under a trap-door through which the sunlight poured, he caught again the flutter of a woman's skirt. A ladder led through the hatchway, and—almost grasping her frock—he sprang up after Diane, flung himself on the leads, reached out, and clutching the hatch, slammed it down on the foremost Oneida's head.

As he slipped the bolt—thank God it had a bolt!—he heard the man drop from the ladder with a muffled thud. Then, safe for a moment, he ran to the battlements and shouted down at the pitch of his voice.

"Forty-sixth! This way, Forty-sixth!"

His voice sounded passing strange to him. Not for two years had it been lifted to pronounce an English word.

Having sent down his call he ran back swiftly to the closed hatchway, and as he knelt, pressing upon it with both hands, his eyes met Diane's.

She stood by the flagstaff with a pistol in her hand. But her hand hung stiffly by her hip as it had dropped at the sound of his shout, and her eyes stared on him. At her feet lay the Commandant, his hand still rigid upon the

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halliards, his breast covered by the folds of the fallen flag, and behind her, as the bursting shell had killed and huddled it, the body of old Sergeant Bédard. Its bald scalp grinned at him from the corner of the battlements with a red wound like an open mouth.

Why she stood there, pistol in hand, he could partly guess. How these two corpses came here he could not guess at all. The Commandant, mortally wounded, had grasped at the falling flag, and with a dying effort had bent it upon the spare halliards and tried to hoist. It lay now, covering a wound which had torn his chest open, coat and flesh, and laid his ribs bare.

But John à Cleeve, kneeling upon the hatchway, understood nothing of this. What beat on his brain was the vision of a face below—the face of the officer commanding—turned upwards in blank astonishment at his shout of "Forty-sixth! This way, Forty-sixth!"

The Indians were battering the hatch with their musket-butts. The bolt shook. He pressed his weight down on the edge, keeping his head well back to be out of the way of bullets. Luckily the timbers of the hatch were stout, and moreover it had a leaden casing, but this would avail nothing when the Indians began to fire at the hinges—as they surely would.

He found himself saying aloud in French, "I won't answer for the hinges. Run, mademoiselle!—call again to the redcoats! They will help."

But still, while blow after blow shook the hatch, Diane crouched motionless, staring at him with wild eyes.

"They will help," he repeated with the air of one striving to speak lucidly; then with a change of tone, "Give me your pistol, please."

She held it out obediently at arm's length, but as he took it she seemed to remember, and crept close. "Non—non!" she whispered. "C'est à moi—que tu le dois, enfin!"

From the staircase—not close beneath the hatch, but, as it

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seemed, far below their feet—came the muffled sound of shots, and between the shots hoarse cries of rage.

"Courage!" whispered John. He could hear that men were grappling and fighting down there, and supposed the Forty-sixth to be at hand. He could not know that the parleyers at the gate, appalled for an instant by the vision of Diane with a dozen savages in chase, had rallied at a yell from Dominique Guyon, pelted after him to the rescue, and were now at grips with the rearmost Indians—a locked and heaving mass choking the narrow spirals of the stairway.

"Courage!" he whispered again, and pressing a knee on the edge of the hatch reached out a hand to steady her. What mattered it if they died now—together—he and she? "*Tu dois*"—she loved him; her lips had betrayed her. "*Tu dois*"—the words sang through him, thrilling, bathing him in bliss.

"O my love! O my love!"

The blows beat upward against the hatch and ceased. He sprang up, slid an arm around her and dragged her back—not a second too soon. A gun exploded against the hinges at their feet, blowing one loose. John saw the crevices gaping and the muzzle of a gun pushed through to prise it open. He sprang upon the hatch, pistol in hand.

"Forty-sixth! Forty-sixth!"

What was that? Through the open crevice a British cheer answered him. The man levering against his weight lost hold of the gun, leaving it jammed. John heard the slide and thud of his fall.

"Hulloa!" hailed a cheerful voice from the foot of the ladder. "You there!—open the trap-way and show us some light!"

John knelt, slipped back the bolt, and turned to Diane. She had fallen on her knees—but what had happened to her? She was cowering before the joy in his face, shrinking away from him and yet beseeching.

"Le pistolet—donnez-moi le pistolet!"—her voice hissed

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on the word, her eyes petitioned him desperately. "Ah, de grace! tu n'as pas le droit——"

He understood. With a passing bitter laugh he turned from her entreaties and hurled the pistol across the battlements into air. A hand flung open the hatch. A British officer —Etherington, Major of the Forty-sixth—pushed his head and shoulders through the opening and stared across the leads, panting, with triumphant jolly face.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE FORT SURRENDERS

The red-coats, who had forced their way up the tower by sheer weight of numbers and at the point of the bayonet, were now ordered to face about and clear the stairway; which they did, driving the mixed rabble of Canadians and Indians down before them, and collecting the dead and wounded as they went. Five of the Indians had been bayoneted or trampled to death in the struggle; two of the garrison would never fight again, and scarcely a man had escaped cuts or bruises.

But Diane, as she followed her father's body down the stairs, knew nothing of this. The dead and wounded had been removed. The narrow lancet windows let in a faint light, enough to reveal some ugly stains and splashes on the walls; but she walked with fixed unseeing eyes. Once only on the way down her foot slid on the edge of a slippery step, and she shivered.

In the sunlight outside the doorway a group of men, mauled and sullen, some wearing bandages, others with blood yet trickling down their faces, stood listening to an altercation between M. Etienne and a couple of spick-and-span British officers. As their Commandant's body came through the doorway they drew together with a growl. Love was in that sound, and sorrow, and helpless rage. One or two broke into sobs.

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The British officers—one of them was the General himself, the other his messenger, Captain Muspratt—bared their heads. M. Etienne, checked in the midst of an harangue, stepped to Diane and took her hand tenderly.

She gazed slowly around on the group of battered men. There was no reproach in her look—had she not failed as miserably as they?—and yet it held a world of injustice. She could not know that for her sake they carried these wounds. And Dominique Guyon, the one man who could have answered her thoughts, stared savagely at the ground, offering no defence.

"Dominique Guyon," commanded M. Etienne, "four of you will relieve these *messieurs* of their burden. Carry your master to the chapel, where you will find Father Launoy or Father Joly."

"But pardon me, monsieur," interposed Amherst politely, "my soldiers will be proud to bear so gallant a foe."

"I thank you"—M. Etienne's bow was stiff and obstinate—"but I assert again that I still command this fortress, and the bearers shall be of my choosing."

Diane laid a hand on her uncle's arm. "He is dead," said she. "What matters it?" She did not understand this dispute. "Perhaps if I promise M. le Général that these men shall return to him when they have laid my father in the chapel——"

The General—a tall, lean, horse-faced man with a shrewd and not unkindly eye—yielded the point at once. "Willingly, mademoiselle, and with all the respect an enemy may pay to your sorrow." He ordered the men to give place to the new bearers.

In the chapel Diane sank on her knees, but not to pray—rather to escape the consolations of the two priests and be alone with her thoughts. And her thoughts were not of her father. The stroke had fallen; but not yet could she feel the pain. He was happy; he alone of them all had kept his quiet vow, and died disdaining defeat; whereas she—ah, there lay

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the terrible thought!—she had not merely failed, had not been overpowered. In the crisis, beside her father's corpse, she had played the traitress to her resolve.

The two priests moved about the body, arranging it, fetching trestles, draperies, and candles for the *lit de parade*, always with stealthy glances at the bowed figure in the shadow just within the door. But she knelt on nor lifted her face.

In the sunlit courtyard without the two commanders were still disputing. M. Etienne flatly refused to yield up his sword, maintaining that he had never surrendered, had agreed to no terms of capitulation; that the red-coats had swarmed over his walls in the temporary absence of their defenders, gathered at the gateway to parley under a flag of truce, and should be drawn off at once.

The mischief was, he could not be gainsaid. Major Etherington explained—at first in English, to his General, and again, at his General's request, in the best French he could command, for the benefit of all, that he had indeed heard the recall blown, and had with difficulty called off his men from the scaling-ladders, persuading them (as he himself was persuaded) that the fort had surrendered. He knew nothing of the white flag at the gateway, but had drawn his conclusions from the bugle-calls and the bare flagstaff above the tower.

"Nevertheless, we had not capitulated," persisted M. Etienne.

The Major continued that, albeit he had tried his best, the Indians were not to be restrained. They had poured into the fort, and, although he had obeyed the bugles and kept his men back, it had cost him grave misgivings. But when the Ojibway called down so urgently from the summit of the tower, he had risked disobedience, hoping to prevent the massacre which he knew to be afoot. He appealed to his General to approve, or at least condone, this breach of orders. For undoubtedly massacre had been prevented. Witness the crowd he had found jammed in the stairway, and fighting ferociously. Witness the scene that had met him at

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the head of the stairs. Here he swung round upon John and beckoned him to stand out from the listening group of red-coats.

"It can be proved, sir," he went on, addressing M. Etienne, "that the lady—your niece, is she not?—owes her life, and more than her life perhaps, to this savage. I claim only that, answering his call, I led my men with all possible speed to the rescue. Up there on the leads I found your brother lying dead, with a sergeant dead beside him; and their wounds again will prove to you that they had perished by the bursting of a shell. But this man alone stood on the hatchway and held it against a dozen Iroquois, as your niece will testify. What you suppose yourself to owe him, I won't pretend to say; but I tell you—and I tell you, General—that cleaner pluck I never saw in my life."

And John, the soldiers pushing him forward, stood out with bent head. He prayed that there might be no Ojibway interpreter at hand; he knew of none in the fort but Father Launoy, now busy in the chapel laying out the Commandant's body. Of all the spectators there was but one—the General himself—who had not known him either as Ensign John à Cleeve or as the wounded sergeant from Ticonderoga. He had met Muspratt at Albany, and remembered him well on the march up the Hudson to Lake George. With Etherington he had marched, messed, played at cards, and lived in close comradeship for months together—only two years ago! It was not before their eyes that he hung his head, but before the thought of two eyes that in the chapel yonder were covered by the hands of a kneeling girl.

M. Etienne stepped forward and took his hand.

"I thank you, my friend—if you can understand my thanks."

Dominique Guyon, returning from the chapel, saw only an Indian stepping back upon the ranks of the red-coats, who clapped him on the shoulder for a good fellow; and Dominique paid him no more attention, being occupied with M. Etienne's next words.

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"Nevertheless," said M. Etienne, turning upon Amherst, "my duty to his Majesty obliges me to insist that I have not capitulated; and your troops, sir, though they have done me this service, must be at once withdrawn."

And clearly, by all the rules of war, M. Etienne had the right on his side. Amherst shrugged his shoulders, frowning and yet forced to smile—the fix was so entirely absurd. As discipline went in these North American campaigns, he commanded a well-disciplined army; but numbers of provincials and batteau-men had filtered in through the barracks almost unobserved during the parley, and were now strolling about the fortifications like a crowd of inquisitive tourists. He ordered Major Etherington to clear them out, and essayed once more to reason with the enemy.

"You do not seriously urge me, monsieur, to withdraw my men and renew the bombardment?"

"That is precisely what I require of you."

"But—good heavens, my dear sir!—look at the state of your walls!" He waved a hand towards the defences.

"I see them; but *you*, sir, as a gentleman, should have no eyes for their condition—on this side."

The General arched his eyebrows and glanced from M. Etienne to the Canadians; he did not for a moment mean to appeal to them, but his glance said involuntarily, "A pretty madman you have for commander!"

And in fact they were already murmuring. What nonsense was this of M. Etienne's? The fort had fallen, as any man with eyes could see. Their Commandant was dead. They had fought to gain time? Well, they had succeeded, and won compliments even from their enemy.

Corporal Sans Quartier spoke up. "With all respect, M. le Capitaine, if we fight again some of us would like to know what we are fighting for."

M. Etienne swung round upon him.

"Tais-toi, poltron!"

A murmur answered him; and looking along the line of

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faces he read sympathy, respect, even a little shame, but nowhere the response he sought.

Nor did he reproach them. Bitter reproaches indeed shook his lips, but trembled there and died unuttered. For five—may be ten—long seconds he gazed, and so turned towards the General.

"Achevez, monsieur! . . . Je vous demande pardon si vous me trouvez un peu pointilleux." His voice shook; he unbuckled his sword, held it for a moment between his hands as if hesitating, then offered it to Amherst with the ghost of a bitter smile. "Cela ne vaut pas—sauf à moi—la peine de le casser . . ."

He bowed, and would have passed on towards the chapel, a dazed and broken man.

Amherst gently detained him.

"I spare you my compliments, sir, and my condolence; they would be idly offered to a brave man at such a moment. Forgive me, though, that I cannot spare to consult you on my own affairs. Time presses with us. You have, as I am told, good pilots here who know the rapids between this and Montreal, and I must beg to have them pointed out to me."

M. Etienne paused. "The best pilots, sir, are Dominique Guyon there, and his brother Bateese. But you will find that most of these men know the river tolerably well."

"And the rest of your garrison? Your pardon, again, but I must hold you responsible, to deliver up *all* your men within the fort."

"I do not understand . . . This, sir, is all the garrison of Fort Amitié."

Amherst stared at the nineteen or twenty hurt and dishevelled men ranged against the tower wall, then back into a face impossible to associate with untruth.

"M. le Capitaine," said he very slowly, "if with these men you have made a laughing-stock of me for two days and a half, why then I owe you a grudge. But something else I owe,

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and must repay at once. Be so good as to receive back a sword, sir, of which I am all unworthy to deprive you."

But as he proffered it, M. Etienne put up both hands to thrust the gift away, then covered his face with them.

"Not now, monsieur—not now! To-morrow perhaps . . . but not now, or I may break it indeed!"

Still with his face covered, he tottered off towards the chapel.

CHAPTER XXV

THE RAPIDS

They had run the Galops rapids, Point Iroquois, Point Cardinal, the Rapide Plat, without disaster though not without heavy toil. The fury of the falls far exceeded Amherst's expectations, but he believed that he had seen the worst, and he blessed the pilotage of Dominique and Bateese Guyon.

Here and there the heavier batteaux carrying the guns would be warped or pushed and steadied along shore in the shallow water under the bank, by gangs, to avoid some peril over which the whaleboats rode easily; and this not only delayed the flotilla but accounted for the loss of a few men caught at unawares by the edge of the current, swept off their legs, and drowned.

On the first day of September they ran the Long Saut and floated across the still basin of Lake St. Francis. At the foot of the lake the General landed a company or two of riflemen to dislodge La Corne's militia; but La Corne was already falling back upon the lower rapids, and, as it turned out, this redoubtable partisan gave no trouble at all.

They reached and passed Coteau du Lac on the 3rd.

Dominique and Bateese steered the two leading whaleboats, setting the course for the rest as they had set it all the way down from Fort Amitié. By M. Etienne's request, he and his niece and the few disabled prisoners from the fort travelled in these two boats under a small guard. It appeared

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that the poor gentleman's wits were shaken; he took an innocent pride now in the skill of the two brothers, his family's *censitaires*, and throughout the long days he discoursed on it wearisomely. The siege—his brother's death—Fort Amitié itself and his two years and more of residence there—seemed to have faded from his mind. He spoke of Boisveyrac as though he had left it but a few hours since.

"And the General," said he to Diane, "will be interested in seeing the Seigniory."

"A sad sight, monsieur!" put in Bateese, overhearing him. (Just before embarking, M. Etienne, Diane and Félicité had been assigned to Bateese's boat, while Father Launoy, Father Joly and two wounded prisoners travelled in Dominique's.) "A sight to break the heart! We passed it, Dominique and I, on our way to and from Montreal. Figure to yourself that the corn was standing already over-ripe, and it will be standing yet, though we are in September!"

"The General will make allowances," answered M. Etienne with grave simplicity. "He will understand that we have had no time for harvesting of late. Another year——"

Diane shivered. And yet—was it not better to dote thus, needing no pity, happy as a child, than to live sane and feel the torture? Better perhaps, but best and blessedest to escape the choice as her father had escaped it! As the river bore her nearer to Boisveyrac she saw his tall figure pacing the familiar shores, pausing to con the acres that were his and had been his father's and his father's fathers'. She saw and understood that smile of his which had so often puzzled her as a child when she had peered up into his face under its broad-brimmed hat and noted his eyes as they rested on the fields, the clearings, the forest; noted his cheeks reddened with open-air living; his firm lips touched with pride—the pride of a king treading his undisputed ground. In those days she and Armand had been something of an enigma to their father, and he to them; their vision tinged and clouded, perhaps, by a drop or two of dusky Indian blood. But now he had suddenly

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become intelligible to her, an heroic figure, wonderfully simple. She let her memory call up picture after picture of him—as he sat in the great parlour hearing "cases," dispensing fatherly justice; as he stood up at a marriage feast to drink the bride's and bridegroom's health and commend their example to all the young *habitants;* as he patted the heads of the children trooping to their first communion; as he welcomed his *censitaires* on St. Martin's day, when they poured in with their rents—wheat, eggs and poultry—the poultry all alive, heels tied, heads down, throats distended and squalling—until the barnyard became Babel, and still he went about pinching the fowls' breasts, running the corn through his hands, dispensing a word of praise here, a prescription there, and kindness everywhere. Now bad harvests would vex him no more, nor the fate of his familiar fields. In the wreck of all he had lived for, his life had stood up clear for a moment, complete in itself and vindicated. And the moment which had revealed had also ended it; he lay now beneath the chapel pavement at Fort Amitié, indifferently awaiting judgment, his sword by his side.

They ran the Cedars and, taking breath on the smooth waters below, steered for the shore where the towers and tall chimneys of Boisveyrac crept into view, and the long façade of the Seigniory, slowly unfolding itself from the forest.

Here the leading boats were brought to land while the flotilla collected itself for the next descent. A boat had capsized and drowned its crew in the Long Saut, and Amherst had learnt the lesson of that accident and thenceforth allowed no straggling. Constant to his rule, too, of leaving no post in his rear until satisfied that it was harmless, he proposed to inspect the Seigniory, and sent a message desiring M. Etienne's company—and mademoiselle's, if to grant this favour would not distress her.

Diane prayed to be excused; but M. Etienne accepted with alacrity. He had saluted the first glimpse of the homestead with a glad cry, eager as a schoolboy returning for his holidays. He met the General on the slope with a gush of

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apologies. "He must overlook the unkempt condition of the fields. . . . Boisveyrac was not wont to make so poor a show . . . the estate, in fact, though not rich, had always been well kept up . . . the stonework was noted throughout New France, and every inch of timber (would M. le Général observe?) thoroughly well seasoned. . . . Yes, those were the arms above the entrance—Noel quartering Tilly—two of the oldest families in the province . . . if M. le Général took an interest in heraldry, these other quarterings were worth perusal . . . de Repentigny, de Contrecœur, Traversy, St. Ours, de Valrennes, de la Mothe, d'Estimanville . . . and the windmill would repay an ascent . . . the view from its summit was magnificent. . . ."

Diane, seated in the boat and watching, saw him halt and point out the escutcheons; saw him halt again in the gateway and spread out his arms to indicate the solidity of the walls; could almost, reading his gestures, hear the words they explained; and her cheeks burned with shame.

"A fine estate!" said a voice in the next boat.

"Yes, indeed," answered Bateese at her elbow; "there is no Seigniory to compare with Boisveyrac. And we will live to welcome you back to it, mademoiselle. The English are no despoilers, they tell me."

She glanced at Dominique. He had filled a pipe, and, as he smoked, his eyes followed her uncle's gestures placidly. Scorn of him, scorn of herself, intolerable shame, rose in a flood together.

"If my uncle behaves like a *roturier*, it is because his mind is gone. Shall *we* spy on him and laugh?—ghosts of those who are afraid to die!"

Father Launoy looked up from his breviary.

"Mademoiselle is unjust," said he quietly. "To my knowledge, these servants of hers, whom she reproaches, have risked death and taken wounds, in part for her sake."

Diane sat silent, gazing upon the river. Yes, she had been unjust, and she knew it. Félicité had told her how the garrison

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had rushed after Dominique to rescue her, and of the struggle in the stairway of the tower. Dominique bore an ugly cut, half-healed yet, reaching from his right eyebrow across the cheekbone—the gash of an Indian knife. Bateese could steer with his left hand only; his right he carried in a sling. And the two men lying at this moment by Father Launoy's feet had taken their wounds for her sake. Unjust she had been, bitterly unjust. How could she explain the secret of her bitterness—that she despised herself?

Boats were crowding thick around them now, many of them half filled with water. The crews, while they baled, had each a separate tale to tell of their latest adventure; each, it seemed, had escaped destruction by a hair's-breadth. The Cedars had been worse even than the Long Saut. They laughed and boasted, wringing their clothes. The nearest flung questions at Dominique, at Bateese. The Cascades, they understood, were the worst in the whole chain of rapids, always excepting the La Chine. But the La Chine were not to be attempted; the army would land above them, at Isle Perrot perhaps, or at the village near the falls, and cover the last nine or ten miles on foot. But what of the Buisson? and of the Roches Fendues?

More than an hour passed in this clamour, and still the boats continued to crowd around. The first-comers, having baled, were looking to their accoutrements, testing the powder in their flasks, repolishing the locks and barrels of their muskets. "To be sure La Corne and his militiamen had disappeared, but there was still room for a skirmish between this and Lake St. Louis; if he had posted himself on the bank below, he might prove annoying. The rapids were bad enough without the addition of being fired upon during the descent, when a man had work enough to hold tight by the gunwale and say his prayers. Was the General sending a force down to clear La Corne out?"

"Diane!"

A crowd of soldiers had gathered on the bank, shutting

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out all view of the Seigniory. Diane, turning at the sound of her uncle's voice, saw the men make way, and caught her breath. He was not alone. He came through the press triumphantly, dragging by the hand an Indian—an Indian who hung back from the river's brink with eyes averted, fastened on the ground—the man who, of all men, she most feared to meet.

"Diane, the General has been telling me—this honest fellow—we have been most remiss——"

M. Etienne panted as he picked his steps down the bank. His face was glowing.

"He understands a little French, it seems. I have the General's permission to give him a seat in our boat. It seems he is averse to being thanked, but this is nonsense. I insisted on his coming."

"You have thanked me once already, monsieur," urged John à Cleeve in a voice as low as he could pitch it.

"But not sufficiently. You hear, Diane?—he speaks French. I was confused at the time; I did not gather——"

She felt Dominique's eyes upon her. Was her face so white then? He must not guess. . . . She held out her hand, commanding her voice to speak easily, wondering the while at the sound of it.

"Welcome, my friend. My uncle is right; we have been remiss——"

Her voice trailed off, as her eyes fell on Father Launoy. He was staring, not at her, but at the Indian; curiously at first, then with dawning suspicion.

Involuntarily she glanced again towards Dominique. He, too, slowly moved his gaze from her face and fastened it on the Indian.

He knew. . . . Father Launoy knew. . . . Oh, when would the boats push off?

They pushed off and fell into their stations at length, amid almost interminable shouting of orders and cross-shouting, pulling and backing of oars. She had stolen one look at

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Bateese. . . . He did not suspect . . . but, in the other boat, they knew.

Her uncle's voice ran on like a brook. She could not look up, for fear of meeting her lover's eyes—yes, her lover's. She was reckless now. They knew. She would deceive herself no longer. She was base—base! He stood close, and in his presence she was glad—fiercely, deliciously, desperately. She, betrayed in all her vows, was glad. The current ran smoothly. If only, beyond the next ledge, might lie annihilation!

The current ran with an oily smoothness. They were nearing the Roches Fendues.

Dominique's boat was leading.

A clear voice began to sing, high and loud, in a ringing tenor:

"Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre:
Mironton, mironton, morontaine. . ."

At the first note John à Cleeve, glancing swiftly at Bateese, saw his body stiffen suddenly with his hand on the tiller—saw his eyes travel forward, seeking his brother's—saw his face whiten. Dominique stood erect, gazing back, challenging. Beyond him John caught a glimpse of Father Launoy looking up from his breviary; and the priest's face, too, was white and fixed.

Voices in the boats behind began to curse loudly; for "Malbrouck" was no popular air with the English. But Bateese took up the chant:

"Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre—
Ne sais quand reviendra!"

They were swinging past Bout de l'Isle. Already the keel under foot was gathering way. From Bateese, who stood with eyes stiffened now and inscrutable, John looked down upon Diane. She lifted her face with a wan smile, but she, too, was listening to the challenge flung back from the leading boat.

Il reviendra-z à Pâques . . .

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He flung one glance over his shoulder, and saw the channel dividing ahead. Dominique was leaning over, pressing down the helm to starboard. Over Dominique's arm Father Launoy stared rigidly. Father Joly, as if aware of something amiss, had cast out both hands and was grasping the gunwale. The boat, swirled away in the roar of the rapids, shot down the left channel.

Il reviendra-z à Pâques,
Ou—à la Trinité.

The voice was lost in the roar of the falls, now drumming loud in John's ears. He knew nothing of these rapids; but two channels lay ahead and the choice between them. He leapt across M. Etienne, and hurling Bateese aside, seized the tiller and thrust it hard over.

Peering back through the spray as he bent, he saw the helmsmen astern staring—hesitating. They had but a second or two in which to choose. He shouted and shouted again—in English. But the tumbling waters roared high above his shouts.

He reached out and, gripping Bateese by the collar, forced the tiller into his hand. Useless now to look back and try to discover how many boats were following!

Bateese, with a sob, crept back to the tiller and steered.

. . . . . .

Not until the foot of the falls was reached did John know that the herd had followed him. But forty-six boats were wrecked totally, and eighteen damaged; and ninety red-coated corpses tossed with Dominique Guyon's and spun in the eddies beneath the *Grand Bouillie*.

At dawn next morning the sentries in Montreal spied them drifting down past the walls, and carried the news. So New France learnt that its hour was near.

(*To be concluded*)

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The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, *"Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT

THE Government are to be heartily congratulated on the conclusion of the Agreement with France. So much is plain to almost everybody, though by no means to everybody in the same degree. To one, indeed, of the great London dailies it was not plain at all; and there are signs that the truth, both as to the terms of the bargain itself and its ulterior consequences, is still hidden from a section of its readers. By an unfortunate chance it happened that this particular newspaper was, on the morning of Saturday, April 9, the only one within reach of the present writer. "Amazement" was the tuning note given to the reader: France had "obtained the chief object of her desires" without any adequate return; "the position in Egypt is 'as you were.'" In Newfoundland there was fresh food for astonishment; "France renounces her rights on the Treaty Shore except her right to catch fish and to clean and dry them on shore. But these are the only rights which were of any value to her." The conclusion of the whole matter was that "Never in our recollection has Great Britain given away so much for nothing." Our diplomatists "have parted with the last trump," and thrown in a naval base and a piece of Nigeria into a bargain already monstrously one-sided.

A study of the facts will not bear out this view, even as to the bare details of the transaction. The essential characteristic

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of trade is that it is not one man's gain and another man's loss; both parties are benefited because each takes something which—whatever it may be worth to the other, or to any other—is worth to him more than what he gives for it. This characteristic is undoubtedly here present. No one, it seems, is discontented on behalf of France. For ourselves, we gain, to speak only of Egypt and Newfoundland, the position for which we have laboured for years, the abolition of restrictions which have long been increasingly hard to bear, and which might at any moment have become intolerable altogether. These will appear small matters to none but those who have no knowledge or recollection of the past, in which the two questions grew to their present shape and dimensions. It is easy to forget, as we walk daily without fear or forethought beneath the great roof which covers us, that "the arch never sleeps," and that if it has to bear a dangerously heavy weight the moment of breaking must inevitably come. To-day appearances may be no different from those we have lived under for a generation; to-morrow we may be buried beneath the ruins.

In the case of Egypt we have no excuse for not realising the facts; they have given rise again and again to international bickerings and even to quarrels like that over Fashoda; they have been reported on year after year by Lord Cromer, and by the Financial Adviser to the Khedive, and commented upon by well-informed writers in this and other Reviews. M. Delcassé tells us that the present Agreement has been ten months in gestation; it is just twelve months since Mr. Silva White began an article in the MONTHLY REVIEW for May 1903 with the words, "Egypt, in her progress towards financial emancipation, has reached a parting of the ways." He went on to quote Lord Cromer's words: "Egypt, so far as I know, is an unique example of a country the financial position of which is extremely prosperous, but which is debarred by International Agreement from benefiting to the fullest possible extent from its own prosperity. . . . It is easy to foresee that if the

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present system is allowed to continue, a situation will eventually be created which will be little short of absurd." These strong words Mr. Silva White correctly interpreted as indicating "the dawn of a new era," and prophesied that within the next two years—one only of which has now expired—a British Protectorate or its equivalent would be established over the entire Nile Valley. For the reasons which made this change imperative we must refer our readers to the article itself, and to the epitome of the situation by Lord Lansdowne in his despatch published in the *Times* of April 18 last. It is enough to point out that nations of the first rank cannot safely be left facing one another in situations which are "absurd" for one of them, especially when the "absurdity" consists in the obstruction of that progress and civilisation which is the sole justification of the tutelary claims of either party.

This is a truth which is more visible from our side than from that of the French. Another, which has never been forgotten by them, though it has apparently long been out of sight for the English public, is that when we went to Egypt we went with the avowed intention of leaving again as soon as our work was done. How the situation has changed of late years is shown clearly by another of Mr. Silva White's sentences. "Not even the most sanguine optimist, having any experience of the country, could seriously believe in Egypt being able to govern herself independently." In other words, with all the most honourable intentions in the world, our evacuation must be perpetually postponed, and the protests of France perpetually repeated. No amount of tact or sentiment could minimise the danger of such a position: the moment of our weakness must always be France's opportunity, and the constant hope of such an opportunity must always be fatal to a real friendship. All this is now at an end; so far from being "as you were" in Egypt, we hear the *Figaro* speaking of "the abandonment of the very real rights of France," while, in the opinion of the *Gaulois*, "Great Britain appears to have definitively solved the Egyptian question to her own advan-

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tage"; and this view seems to have been accepted in France without any serious protest or reservation: a fact for which we cannot be too thankful when we remember, as we too often forget, or remember only with unwarrantable contempt, the peculiar keenness of French susceptibility on questions connected with Egypt.

The Newfoundland difficulty was, of course, a very much smaller trouble, but it was an older and in some ways a more exasperating one. National susceptibility was keen not on one side, but on both; the pressure upon this country was far more difficult to bear because it came not from our own feelings, which we might have hoped to control, but from those of our oldest colony, whose rights and interests we were bound by every consideration to defend. No less than five attempts had been made to solve the question at issue, and the actual position, an almost incredibly paradoxical one, had only been rendered endurable by the adoption of a *modus vivendi*, whose annual renewal was a regularly recurring occasion for protests and ill-will. The facts of the case are probably even now very imperfectly realised by the public, and they are curious enough to deserve restating. By the Treaties of Utrecht (1713) and of Paris (1763) the Island of Newfoundland was to belong wholly to Great Britain; but the French were to have the right to catch fish and to dry them on land on a certain part of the coast. Quarrels followed between the fishermen of the two nations; and in 1783, by the Treaty of Versailles, the shore line was changed, while British fixed settlements were to be removed, and it was declared that British subjects should be prevented from interrupting in any manner, by their competition, the fishery of the French.

It is possible that the exact meaning of these provisions was clear to the minds of those who made them; but a startling difference of interpretation was eventually their result. The British colonists maintained that they had the right to fish concurrently with the French, provided only that their competition caused no interruption to the latter, and that the

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removal of fixed settlements was intended to apply to fixed *fishing* settlements, and to no others. The French view, as to the legal correctness of which it is not necessary to hazard any opinion, was, to the lay mind, a very extraordinary one. It amounted to a claim to the *exclusive* right of fishery on the coast mentioned, and to the removal of all British fixed settlements of whatever nature, whether connected with the fishery or not. And this contention was put forward in no academic or conciliatory manner, but was supported by instructions of an extreme tenor issued to the French cruisers on the North American station.

In 1886 the Colonial Legislature, irritated by the failure of the Imperial Government to enforce their view of the case, took a strong step on their own account. They passed an Act prohibiting the sale of bait to French fishermen on any part of the coast other than that affected by the Treaties. The French, restricted in this direction, took to lobster fishing instead of cod fishing on their own shore, and demanded the closing of British lobster factories long established there. The British Government retorted by denying that lobsters were "fish" within the meaning of the Treaties. Arbitration was proposed, but, as must always happen when either party to a dispute is in deadly earnest, it proved impossible to arrange. The Newfoundlanders chafed under the *modus vivendi* which they were annually persuaded to renew; and just as the French lived in hope of an opportunity which might explode our "usurpation" in Egypt, so our colonists had every reason to long for a spark to fire the train of war which might incidentally destroy the bondage laid upon them two hundred years ago. If any one thinks them unreasonable, let him picture the feelings of the eastern counties Englishman if the shore of Norfolk and Suffolk were in the same way closed to him in favour of a nation more than three thousand miles distant, whose gain moreover bore no kind of relation to his own loss and annoyance.

These difficulties, and an almost equally serious one in

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Siam, are now at an end. The price paid is considerable; but it is essentially good trade, for, with the exception of a real sacrifice in Morocco, our concessions are such as to take from us infinitely less than they give to France. Morocco is therefore the point upon which have been focused the only complaints made from the English side. It is said that our considerable commercial interests there have been endangered, and, in the long run, sacrificed. If it were necessary to balance pound for pound, penny for penny, our prospective gains by the prosperity of Egypt and the Soudan would have to be brought into the account. But our contention is that for once British diplomacy has made a statesman's and not a shopkeeper's bargain; has endeavoured to see the life of the Empire steadily, and to see it whole; and by discovering and following a real principle, has brought about a real change in the international situation.

As a mere exchange of commodities, then, the transaction is of very little account. It is more important as the liquidation of certain disputes which could only be terminated either by some such agreement as this, or by war; and it is no inconsiderable feat to have removed at one stroke all the dangerous questions awaiting a decision of one kind or the other between two Great Powers. But there is nothing unique in the situation thus created; we have, for example, no such litigation pending between Austria, Germany, Italy and ourselves; and the Alaskan case has recently been settled with the United States. So far, then, we have merely added France to the list of nations between whom and ourselves there is no friction at any definite point. But the completeness of the settlement and the fact that it has followed upon remarkable demonstrations of goodwill between the two countries, not confined to their titular heads, gives an impression that there is something behind, something more scientific and less opportunist at the root of these negotiations. It seems possible that they were undertaken as the result of a general survey of the natural grouping of the Powers in the twentieth century,

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and with the definite object of placing France and England in their true relation of natural allies. If this is so, diplomacy in these two countries has taken a step clearly in advance of Germany, whose methods and ideas have so often been held up for our example during the last thirty years. The German principle, as may be seen from this month's debates in the Reichstag, is still summed up in the saying "duobus litigantibus tertius gaudet," and great trouble of mind has resulted among certain ultra-patriotic Germans from the discovery that it is possible for two Powers to settle important matters in dispute without any third sharing directly in the spoils. The doctrine that every nation's welfare is best attained by fomenting discord among its neighbours was always a revolting and an unchristian one; it is now seen to be something less than a half-truth. No nation can stand alone in the world, or alone against the world; and so far as a great Power is concerned at all with the antagonism between two others, it must be not as a third party, but as a second to one or other of the combatants. In time of war a real neutral can only be *tertius mœrens*—a bystander lamenting material, if not moral and intellectual, damage. The important thing is that the peoples and their Press should be accustomed to view the international situation with eyes unclouded by prejudices and emotions; to mark off the neighbouring Powers into those with whom they have no natural antagonism, and those with whom, over and above any accidental points at issue, they are in danger of being brought into conflict by purely natural forces. We hear too much of "understandings" to be come to with this Power or that; those who have German relations urge an Anglo-German alliance upon us, those who are weary of the long struggle with Russia, or who admire the writings of Tolstoi, clamour for an Anglo-Russian *rapprochement*. We give away Heligoland or Samoa, and talk of admitting our friends to the Persian Gulf. You might as well throw your garden into the river instead of embanking it. Natural forces are not to be appeased by offerings.

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Our Agreement with France, our concessions to France, have nothing about them of this puerile kind. The Agreement removes accidental causes of offence; there is no natural antagonism to consider. The concessions confer substantial benefits upon France: that is upon a Power which in the nature of things stands for the same interests as ourselves, though in the case of trade she is slow to see it. Even in the present war our antagonism is neither so direct nor so strong as it might seem at first sight. Our main interest is that Japan should secure the command of the China Seas, and the open door in Manchuria; but no more. The interest of France is that Russia should neither be bankrupt, nor destroyed as a military power on the German frontier; but no more. In all general principles, in the advance of freedom, science, and civilisation, France and England are nearer to one another than either of them can be to their Russian or Japanese allies. If what we have lately done or given tends to strengthen the position of France in the world, we may be satisfied that we have strengthened only those forces with which we are most likely to find ourselves in unison; with which we are, in fact, by nature allied.

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ON THE LINE

EVERY book worth the name has its predestined lovers and haters; those who "cannot read it" and those to whom it is from the first an old friend and favourite. It is possible that **The Magnetic North** (Heinemann, 6*s.*) may fail with one reader here and there, because of its tragedy, its lack of a love-story, its sordid details and its crew of unideal characters; but to all who love the savour of life it will be as welcome as it must be unexpected. No one could have foreseen that Miss Robins would journey to the Klondyk; no one will ever understand how a woman can have survived or realised the hardships with which the book is full; on the other hand, granted these possibilities, it was certain that no common story of adventure would be the result. For this is a writer to whom the world is not a toy stage decked out with local colour and filled by sawdust puppets, the victims of irrelevant misfortunes, the heroes of meaningless success, passing unchanged through the vicissitudes of a mechanical romance. The play is the old and terrible one, *Auri sacra fames*, the scene the only one now appropriate to it; the persons are real characters, individuals and types, men with a childhood and a national history behind each of them; and their adventures brand their souls as inevitably as the frostbite and the blisters scar their faces and cripple their feet.

Not that the book is all unrelieved tragedy. On the contrary, the first half at least is frank and delightful comedy,

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though even this begins with a grim warning of what is to come in the end—a sombre keynote of death and disappointed hopes. But the building of the log-hut and the tall chimney on the hillside by the icebound river; the mutual relations of the five Crusoes, their housewarming and the much-debated invitations to it, are all as good fun as they can be. The great "Blow-out" itself is a masterpiece of romance that would have charmed the author of "The Pirate" by its cunningly woven contrast of extreme South and farthest North; it begins by mingling American oratory with the wailing of Kaviak, the tiny Esquimaux boy adopted by the pioneers, and ends by setting a Kentucky negro song and dance between a Yukon lullaby and the native Alaskan legend of the Aurora. The chapters which follow are the most original in the book; they are full of the manners and opinions of Nicholas Prince of Pymeut, his sister the Princess Muckluck, the storyteller Yagorsha, and the *Shamán* or medicine-man of the tribe. If the Esquimaux are, as the Boy maintained, the oldest race in the world, a direct survival from the Ice Age, it was certainly time that some one should bring them down into the latitude of fiction and give them a place in romance. It is not an easy task, and though Miss Robins has admirably achieved it in the person of Kaviak, the baby, with the Princess Muckluck and her brother she has succeeded only by dint of giving them a Russian ancestor and a silver heirloom medal with the head of the Empress Catherine upon it. They repay her with a delicate thread of fond but unrequited affection for her boy-hero, which runs through to the end of the book, and with an introduction to the Jesuit Mission, which is most vividly and sympathetically described, and evidently in the writer's mind supplies the background of criticism, the serene sky of eternity against which the struggling and transient figures of the actors are seen for what they are. "Funny thing for an Agnostic, but I'm right glad to see a Christian sign," admitted the Boy to himself when he first saw in the wilderness the great Cross of the Mission, encrusted with frost crystals, and lifting

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gleaming arms out of the gloom high up in the air on the river bank. The Colonel knew more. "We Americans think a good deal o' the Stars and Stripes, but that up yonder—that's the mightier symbol. . . . It's the great Brotherhood Mark. There isn't any other standard that men would follow just to build a hospice in a place like this." Perhaps in the end, after all the adventures and blow-outs, after the long-drawn murderous tragedy of the tramp through the Great White Silence, after the death of his one friend and the fading of his golden dreams, it was to the Mission that the Boy returned when the downward steamer took him from our sight with Kaviak and the Nun. "Father Brachet *said* the little divil 'd be coming back to Howly Cross." And Father Brachet certainly knew more of human nature than the abject Potts, whose final word sums up the mental state of the Klondyk world: "Damfino."

"Nothing will ever induce me to quarrel with genius!" Mr. Birrell said once, thereby expressing a profound difference of opinion between himself and the proverbial "ninety-nine out of every hundred readers" who quarrel with genius whenever they get the chance. **Henry Brocken** (W. J. De la Mare. Murray. 6*s.* net) is, without doubt, a book for the hundredth reader. Ninety will say they do not like it; nine, that they do not understand it; but No. 100 will say that he never read such a thing in his life, and he only wished there were more of them. The book is wild with genius. It is "dark with excess of bright," pressed down and running over with imagination, thought, fantasy, humour, enough to have furnished forth half a dozen volumes at least. Genius, when young, has a way of writing as if it would die the next minute—as if it must crowd into the one work on hand everything it has ever felt or known.

I found that we were ambling languidly on across a green and level moor. Far away, whether of clouds or hills I could not yet tell, rose cold towers and pinnacles into the last darkness of night. Above us in the twilight invisible

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larks climbed among the daybeams, singing as they flew. A thick dew lay in beads on stick and stalk. We were alone with the fresh wind of morning and the clear pillars of the East.

How beautiful this is! Who but a poet—and a poet caught young—could have written it? What are "the clear pillars of the East?" Who cares? But ninety-nine out of every hundred readers will say that they wish to know. "A man must either believe what he sees, or see what he believes," says the author. Ay, there's the rub! for most men—except when they are children or in love—believe what they see, and have not the least idea how much happier they would be if they could only see what they believe. Indeed, the vision of rapture unfolded to us by such a book staggers the ordinary intellect. The joy of the writer is immeasurable. To quote the weighty saying of a poet of a very different order,

> He is one world, and hath
> Another to attend him.

Whatever may be the circumstances of this man, nothing can conquer the inward royalty of happiness bestowed on him. He is neither to bind nor to hold:

> With a heart of furious fancies,
> Whereof I am commander:
> With a burning spear,
> And a horse of air,
> To the wilderness I wander.

To a traveller thus armed and equipped, Fairyland lies all round the room, and in the first book that comes to hand. The first book that comes to hand chances to be "Jane Eyre." With the dreamlike gliding of certain German authors—of our own George Macdonald at the time when he wrote by day what he saw by night—Fairyland shifts and drifts from the odd, familiar house of Mr. and Mrs. Rochester to the arbour where Herrick's ladies dwell embowered; to that wood near Athens where Bottom and Titania live; to the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty; to the dreadful Horse Country ruled by

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Gulliver; to the uncanny, uncomfortable inn (Mr. De la Mare says it was comfortable, but this we *cannot* believe), where Pliable, Obstinate, and the rest take their ease; to the moonlit garden where the Knight wanders ever in quest of the Belle Dame sans Merci; to the churchyard where the two children, Sleep and Death, are playing among the tombs; to the haunted dancing-floor where the Doctor out of *Macbeth* too well remembers; to the seashore where little Annabel Lee begins and begins to build a castle of sand that she may never finish; to the island where Criseyde, the lonely-hearted, still weaves her webs. We may prefer one Fairyland to another, but it is all charged with magic. "You speak like a book" is not thought to be a compliment in ordinary talk; but here the people speak like many books, yet always under the wand of one enchanter. By a subtle change the end of the journey becomes at once dreamier and more intensely personal, more human, and not quite so full of elfin spirit as the pages that go before. So long as the hero was not man alone, but man-and-horse, he had a heroic outline; he was own brother to Childe Roland on the way to the Tower—he moved, moved visibly, among the groups of shadows. But when he loses his horse and puts to sea, we also lose, in part, the sense that we can see him. And this is true to the sea, for to the eye it diminishes and dwarfs the mortal; Mr. De la Mare has rounded off his work with the great circle circling the world, and has no need of any lesser image. In that wider air we may see less, but we feel more, and above all more universally. The man in us vibrates, as it has in every age vibrated, inexplicably, unreasonably, to the silences of Criseyde, to whom our own hearts betray us in a moment of time. For she is but a lovely name for the ever lovely and nameless, "the wraith of life's unquiet dream," and there is no resisting the island of cypress and poplar, where, amid still waters that run deep, she lives and does not love.

She led me into a garden all of faint-hued flowers. There bloomed no scarlet here, nor blue, nor yellow; but white and lavender and purest purple.

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Here, also, like torches of the sun, stood poplars each by each in the windless air, and the impenetrable darkness of cypresses beneath them. Here, too, was a fountain whose waters leapt no more, mossy and time-worn. . . .

"But surely," I said, "this must be very far from Troy."

"Far indeed," she said.

"Far also from the hollow ships."

"Far also from the hollow ships," she replied.

The Northern poplar, the Southern cypress, and underneath them she who haunted the South and the North! No further may we go; the book boldly closes with the shining word that closed the three journeys of Dante:

Only the cold light of the firmament lit thoughts in me restless as the sea on which I tossed, whose moon was dark, yet walked in heaven beneath the distant stars.

On the Distaff Side: Portraits of Four Great Ladies, by Gabrielle Festing (Nisbet, 6*s*.), is a chronicle of the lives of four dames, each interesting on account of her connection with the history of her time, her strange adventures and chequered career.

The first is a well-known Elizabethan dame, "Bess of Hardwick"; very much married, for she had four husbands. Beginning as Elizabeth Hardwick, a portionless dependent, she became in turn Mistress Barlow, Lady Cavendish, Lady St. Lo, and Countess of Shrewsbury. Her first husband was a rich invalid whom she carefully nursed; her second was a widower, also wealthy, with eight children, whom he left to Bess as a legacy together with the domain of Chatsworth; the third husband was Sir William St. Lo, owner of a great estate, fellow prisoner with the Princess Elizabeth in the Tower for supposed complicity in Wyatt's rebellion and afterwards a handsome courtier at the great Queen's Court. With St. Lo Bess of Hardwick lived very happily, busy with building and estate management at Chatsworth. It was at this period of her life that she fell under the displeasure of Bess of England for receiving the confidence of Lady Catherine, a sister of Lady Jane Grey, who had clandestinely married the

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Earl of Hertford, the son of Protector Somerset. The Lieutenant of the Tower received the royal command to

> send for Sentlow (*sic*), and put her in awe of divers matters confessed by the Lady Catherine. . . . And as ye shall see occasion, so ye may keep Sentlow two or three nights more or less.

On the decease of "Sentlow" (leaving her more vast estates), Bess married the Earl of Shrewsbury, and in him she caught a Tartar, "narrow-minded, fretful, hypochondriacal, and physically and mentally unfitted for the heavy responsibilities thrust upon him." These responsibilities consisted in nothing less than the custody of Mary, Queen of Scots, nominally as a guest. It was rightly thought that the Earl would not fall in love with her, with Bess of Hardwick in the background. Bess eventually had a very pretty quarrel with Mary, and we hear of malicious slanders and much "coarse scandal about Queen Elizabeth" retailed by Mary and carefully passed on by Bess. But, before this stage was reached, the ladies had such a good understanding together that a match was arranged and carried out between Elizabeth Cavendish, Bess's youngest daughter, and Darnley's brother, Charles Lennox. The consequence was that the mothers of the parties, Bess and Lady Lennox, were sent to the Tower. Both ladies had previously been incarcerated there, and, indeed, nobody in Elizabeth's time could pretend to *haut ton* without having done a little lodging in that grim fortress. Our heroine's sojourn within its walls, however, was not long. As the result of this affair, Bess became grandmother to the historic Lady Arabella Stuart. Seventeen years of entertaining Mary, Queen of Scots, told upon the purse and temper of her hosts. They fell to quarrelling violently together, had furious scenes, and departures from home with bag and baggage. Bess survived her fourth husband for eighteen years, which she spent at Hardwick, occupied with the care of her grandchild, "the sweet jewel, Arbell." But Bess could not get on better with her sweet jewel than with her late husband. We hear that Arabella "now fled from her

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grandmother's presence in uncontrollable fits of laughter, and now drenched with tears the interminable letters she wrote all day and every day." Finally, the old Countess Dowager passed away, aged 87, "in abundant wealth and splendour, feared by many, beloved by none, flattered by some, and courted by a numerous train of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren." So says a contemporary. We fully agree with Miss Festing that, "when all is said and done, she was a woman of rare abilities and indomitable spirit." There were giants in those days "on the distaff side."

From hard-featured Bess, as represented in the National Portrait Gallery, we turn to Elizabeth Wriothesley, Countess of Northumberland, the mistress of Petworth and pupil of Locke, whose portrait hangs at Hampton Court. Her husband died early in Italy, and the hand of the lovely heiress was then sought by Henry Savile, a witty *roué* of the Restoration, who trespassed into her apartment; by Ralph Montague, the wily diplomatist at the Court of Versailles; and, last but not least, by the Merry Monarch himself. Montague was successful, but the match was not a happy one. Her married fortunes now became merged in those of her daughter, Elizabeth Percy. Elizabeth Percy was not lovely like her mother—Countess Carrots was her nickname—but she was a great heiress. She was "sold to three husbands in succession, and suffered the least from the first of the three, whom she never saw again after their wedding-day." Elizabeth had been married the second time to Thomas Thynne, of Longleat Hall, a worn-out debauchee, but the marriage was concealed for obscure reasons, and was finally repudiated by "Tom of Ten Thousand," as Thynne was known on account of his wealth. Then a nine-days wonder occurred to the delectation of the coffee-houses. Mrs. Thynne disappeared from town. "Tom of Ten Thousand" was assassinated in broad daylight in his coach between Westminster and Holborn. Now appears on the scene Count Konigsmarck, first cousin of Marshal Saxe, and the most fascinating of adventurers.

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Konigsmarck was tried for the murder, as an accessory after the fact, at the Old Bailey in February 1682, and was acquitted. The theory of the prosecution was that Thynne was mistaken for Monmouth, but there is still a mystery about the whole affair, and Konigsmarck's share in it cannot be cleared up. The fashionable world's expectation that Konigsmarck would marry the widow was disappointed, and she was finally married to and ill-treated by Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, the proud duke of Queen Anne's time, whose "whole stupid life," according to Walpole, "was a series of pride and tyranny."

The fourth of Miss Festing's heroines is Amelia Sophia Eleonora, the eldest daughter of George II. and good Queen Caroline. Miss Festing has done her work admirably, and has thrown most interesting sidelights on the times in which the subjects of her portraits lived.

Memoir-writing which presents a new subject without the help of freshly discovered letters or private journals, may savour of book-making; and such memoir-reading is like watching a public function with the common herd from a street, though, if the subject be an eighteenth-century one, there is always the chance, during the chilly process, of a word from Horace Walpole in the spectator's ear to warm him with a glimpse of society behind the scenes. Mr. Wilkins, in his chronicles of crowned or "Uncrowned Queens" lays claim to breaking fresh ground. His new narrative—**A Queen of Tears: Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, Princess of Great Britain** (Longmans. 36*s.* net)—is drawn from many known sources, but supported by the despatches of British Ministers at Copenhagen, 1764–1775, collected in the State Paper Office, and here published for the first time. We may remark in passing that the memoirs of Sir Robert Keith, the Minister who delivered the young Queen from her prison at Kronborg, in Elsinore-on-the-Sound, have always been within reach, and that the personal note of letters and journals is otherwise lacking in Mr. Wilkins' narrative, but

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when this has been said we may praise his volumes, which bring before us a little-known English Princess. The story of Queen Matilda is absolutely typical of the eighteenth-century period which immediately precedes the French Revolution. She was George III.'s youngest sister; at fifteen married by proxy to her first cousin, Christian VII., King of Denmark. Horace Walpole has given us the portrait of Christian in London shortly after his marriage:

> I came to town to see the Danish King. He is as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the fairy tales. He is not ill-made, nor weakly-made, though so small; and, though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly. . . . Still, he has more royalty than folly in his air, and considering he is not twenty, is as well as any one expects any king in a puppet-show to be. . . . He only takes the title of Altesse (an absurd *mezzo-termine*), but acts king exceedingly; struts in the circle, like a cock sparrow, and does the honours of himself very civilly. He has the sublime strut of his grandfather (George II.), and the divine white eyes of all his family on his mother's side . . . the mob adore and huzza him, and so they did at the first instant. They now begin to know why, for he flings money to them out of the window; and by the end of the week I do not doubt they will want to choose him for Middlesex. His Court is extremely well ordered, for they bow as low to him at every word as if his name were Sultan Amurath. You would take his first Minister for only the first of his slaves. . . . There is indeed a pert young gentleman who a little discomposes this august ceremonial; his name is Count Holck, his age three-and-twenty; and his post answers to one that we had formerly in England years ago, called, in our tongue, a royal favourite.

During the first years of her marriage our young English Princess, we are told, won the goodwill of her subjects by her kindliness and attention to maternal duties after giving birth to an heir to the throne, afterwards Frederick VI. But there were two old dowager queens, between whom it is ominous to hear of her settling down "dans une grande intimité et un ennui paisible." Her husband was leading the riotous life of other princes of his time, "exempted by the title of King from the duty of good life." The historian Niebühr compares him to Caligula. This is rather an ambitious comparison for the "cock sparrow" of Horace Walpole; anyhow, at the end of three years he had reduced himself through excesses to a con-

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dition verging on imbecility, and his physician, Struensee, comes upon the scene.

Struensee was the type of the well-educated eighteenth-century adventurer. "Tall, aquiline, and exquisitely dressed and well read," he must have possessed that magnetic vitality which awakes personality in others and makes a man's friends share his ambitions. He exalted himself by working on the Queen, but this influence is what makes him worthy of attention. Suddenly Queen Matilda became a force. From an invalid she grew to be a splendid rider. She caught fire at the example of Catherine II., and dressed like a sportsman and a soldier. Her listless husband obeyed her, and remained at her side at Hirschholm, an island palace, which became the scene of *fêtes* that vied with those of Versailles. Riverdil, a contemporay Danish writer, narrates (not quoted by Mr. Wilkins) that by Struensee's advice Queen Matilda planned an education for her son based on the principles of "Emile," and in this year of giddiest fortune, when Struensee presided at all *fêtes* as Cabinet Minister, and roamed through the woods of Hirschholm in constant *tête-à-tête* with her, the Queen gave birth to a daughter, whom (again under guidance of Struensee) she nursed for many months. It was with her child in her arms that Matilda was suddenly arrested and sent to the prison of Kronborg, near Elsinore. Dowager Queen Juliana Maria had by a counterplot thrown Struensee also into prison. He was tried, and within three months executed for plotting against the King. Meanwhile the infant princess was declared legitimate by the astounding counterplotters, but her mother was kept in prison. We are told that her feelings were embittered by hearing that Struensee, to try and save his life, had confessed their adultery. But there had never been any secrecy about their intimacy, and the King had encouraged it throughout. However this may be, Queen Matilda seems now to have been wholly occupied with the desire for liberty and union with her children. A sensational despatch, which Mr. Wilkins prints for the first time, from the Duke of Suffolk,

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tells us that a squadron of the British fleet was ready in the Downs, under the command of Hardy, to deliver the Princess. "However, two frigates and a sloop of war only were now ordered to Elsinore." Queen Matilda petitioned that she might be allowed to return to England, but George III. did not attempt to stand up against the tempest of Queen Charlotte's virtuous indignation against her royal sister-in-law. George III. thought of sending his sister to Hanover, but Queen Charlotte opposed that too. "Hanover was too gay," she said, "for one who ought to hide her head from all the world." And so it came to pass that Queen Matilda went to spend the remainder of her brief life at Celle, little Celle, twenty miles north of Hanover, cradle of the Guelfs and great landmark of Hanoverian times. Mr. Wilkins is to be thanked for his picture of the pleasant gardens and the daily life of Matilda at Celle, and of the ancient Schloss where William the Pious once made his seven sons draw lots to determine which one of them should marry and continue "the stout race of Guelfs." The Duke George did, and settled in Celle in the year 1617, after visiting the Court of Queen Elizabeth. In the great brick church the remains of Queen Matilda are buried, with all the honest Dukes, whose way of life Thackeray has depicted so vividly for us in the "Four Georges." Queen Matilda's passionately loved children were never restored to her. That she was pretty, pleasing, and intelligent there seems no doubt. We note that the Danish was the much-sought-for Protestant alliance, and Queen Matilda's aunt, George II.'s daughter, the good Queen Louise of Denmark, left St. James's to wed Christian's father, Ferdinand V. But she had long been dead when our little princess arrived in most cruel solitude at her stately palace at Christiansborg, sighing for merry Carlton House, with its "shady gardens stretching along the Mall as far as Marlborough House," and sunny Kew, with its orangeries and fields, where cricket was first introduced and played by that thorough Englishman, Fred, Prince of Wales, her father.

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There was living in 1824 in Florence a woman whose Salon was the connecting link between the celebrities of half a century, and whose income came to her in her last years from George III., because she had been the wife of Charles Edward, the Young Pretender. The Countess of Albany is brought before us once more in two volumes, containing admirable portraits of the Stuarts and their brilliant friends, entitled, **A Court in Exile: By Countess Vitelleschi** (Hutchinson. 24*s.* net). Her famous Salon was an expansion of her dim and forlorn Court in the old Palazzo Muti at Rome, that last Court to be held by an exiled Stuart. Charles Edward took up his abode there after his marriage with Louise von Stolberg, and there she received wits under the style given her in the Palace of "Queen Louise of Great Britain." This merging of a Court into a Salon, where the Countess of Albany ever clung to a piece of furniture called a "throne," and had royal arms on her plate, is sad or gay as we view the dissolution of her marriage with Charles Edward. That he was the victim of the Assommoir—that leveller which deprives even of interest the history of peasant, prince or pretender, as the case may be—would have been in stricter times no reason for his abandonment by his wife; she was given him by Maria Theresa, and he adored her before drink made him a maniac; in sickness or in health he remained the heir, if not of a kingdom, at least of a great name and of a great misfortune. On the other hand, it is certain that he kept her a prisoner in her rooms. However this may be, if at the end of eight years of marriage the Countess of Albany had not gone away with Alfieri to hold Salons in various capitals of Europe, she would not have provided us with the same link with the Stuarts that her person affords. Her Stuart pretensions were aired at all the Courts—at St. James's, where Queen Charlotte gave her "a long, searching gaze," as Horace Walpole describes; and at the Elysée, where Napoleon told her it was a pity Charles Edward and she had no heir, for he would have put him on the throne of England. All this history fills the second volume

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of Countess Vitelleschi's interesting work. The first part of the book narrates very ably the story of the exiled Stuarts, including the "thrice told tale of '45," and we have many pictures of the exiled Court at St. Germain, at the Ducal Palace of Urbino, and that huge one which used to be Palazzo Muti but has changed its name, in the square of the Church of the SS. Apostoli near the Corso in Rome. Also of the cloistered churches where the exiled Queens prayed, Mary of Modena at Chaillot, and Clementina Sobieski in St. Cecilia in the Trastevere. It is pleasant to be taken in thought to Italy, even with mournful "Courts in exile"; but it is the chief pathos of such Courts that their sons must be hybrids, and that Charles Edward, a brave son of the North, was brought up in languid Italy. The Chevalier de St. Georges was brought up at St. Germain with the morals of Versailles. He took to religion in Italy; but it was, we fancy, of a more emasculate kind than that of James II. Always consistent in religion, James II. formed a friendship in old age with the Abbé de Rancé, who was full of Christian stoicism, and both spent much time among the stern monks of La Trappe. The most fragrant memories connected with the last Stuarts are those that cling about Frascati. This was the abode of Henry, Cardinal York, who founded its fine library. He was the well-beloved Bishop of Frascati, and fulfilled all his priestly functions to perfection. In a parenthesis, as it were, to his life of other-worldliness, this mild old man once had a medal struck in which he styled himself "Hen. IX. Mag. Brit. Fr. et Hib. Rex. Fid. Def. Card. Ep. Tusc." On the reverse side this medal presents a draped form clasping a cross with the British lion at her feet, with the inscription: "Non desideriis hominum sed voluntate Dei." The same proud title may be read upon the tomb of James III., Charles III., and Henry IX. in St. Peter's, a fit place to record the memory of princes who gave up everything for the sake of religion.

To return to the Countess of Albany: her *liaison* with Alfieri never imperilled her position as a Stuart, as the morals

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of the time just preceding the French Revolution allowed her to dispense with the form of marriage. She retained the pension of £2500 a year made to her on her marriage with a Stuart by the French king till the Revolution. After that she lived on her allowance from Cardinal York, and finally on the bounty of George III. After Alfieri's death she started a Salon afresh in Florence. We hear no more of a throne in the antechamber, but only of a "great chair," in which the Countess of Albany, "invariably dressed in white," continued till her death to receive everybody that was distinguished in Florence. Her portrait in later life shows us a handsome woman with curls à la Madame Roland. She wrote no letters, but we gather that she was completely in sympathy with the philosophical society of whose theories the French Revolution was the logical consequence. Her manners must have retained the stamp of *noblesse* which she had received at the Court of Maria Theresa, and at the Imperial convent in Austria, where her title of Canoness, given to her as a child, obliged her to live for six months in the year.

Whilst early Georgian Memoirs are poured out on us, additions have not been lacking to the vast stores of Horace Walpole's Letters which afford the best and most unfailing commentary on the time. A few hitherto unpublished letters appeared in vol. i. of Mr. Tovey's "Gray and his Friends" (a charming work about to be completed). Now a number of letters have been collected and published for the first time among **The Letters of Horace Walpole.** Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. (Clarendon Press.) Mrs. Toynbee tells us in her preface that of the newly published Letters some 800 have been, till now, scattered in private Memoirs. A few may have appeared in magazines; but for the most part they were inaccessible to the public. But over and above these, carefully collated with the original manuscripts, 111 letters are now printed for the first time. This new and valuable edition of the whole correspondence will form sixteen volumes. The

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first four are before us. They promise well for the new reading in Horace Walpole. We open on some schoolboy letters which give a charming impression of the fifteen-year-old Horace. The popularity of a name associated with athletics adds to the *intime* charm of these Eton letters. They are addressed to Charles Lyttelton of Hagley, Worcestershire. There was the "triumvirate" of Eton friends, consisting of Walpole, George Montagu, and Charles Lyttelton, brother of the first baron and afterwards Bishop of Norwich. There was also the famous "Quadruple Alliance" of Walpole, Gray, Weston, and Ashton. Horace corresponded with these friends all his life, and the Eton allusions are plentifully sprinkled in their letters. The first letter is facsimiled, and the handwriting is excellent.

I can reflect with great joy [he writes to "dearest Charles"] on the moments we passed at Eton and long to talk 'em over, as I think we c^ld recollect a thousand passages w^ch were something above the common rate of schoolboy diversions. I can remember with no small satisfaction that we did not pass our time in gloriously beating great clowns, who would patiently bear children's thumps for (the sake of) the collections which I think some of our contemporaries were so wise as to make for them afterwards. We had other amusements which I long to call to mind with you: when shall I be so happy?

One of these amusements was confessed to, long after leaving Eton, "tending a visionary flock in an imagined Arcadia," and impersonating a shepherd in the Playing Fields, out of his favourite romance "Clélie," by Mademoiselle de Scudéry. A letter, hitherto unpublished, to the same Charles Lyttelton gives us the touch of nature to make Horace Walpole known to us in a new light, and free, as yet, of all dandified airs, though the above may be a premonition of future languors and graces.

He was twenty and had just lost his mother when he wrote to Charles Lyttelton:

You will not wonder that I have so long deferred answering y^r friendly letter, as you know the fatal cause. You have been often witness to my happiness and by that may partly figure what I feel for losing so fond a mother. If my loss consisted solely in being deprived of one that loved me so much, it would feel lighter to me than it now does, as I doated on her. Y^r goodness

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to me encouraged me to write at large my dismal thoughts; but for y^r sake I will not make use of the liberty I might take, but will stifle what my thoughts run so much on. There is one circumstance of my misfortune w^ch I am sure you will not be unwilling to hear, as no one can that loved her and among the many that did I have reason to flatter myself that you was one. I mean, the surprising calmness, courage w^ch my dear mother showed before her death. I believe few women w^ld behave so well and I am certain no man could behave better. For three or four days before she died, she spoke with less indifference than one speaks of a cold, and while she was sensible, which she was within her two last hours, she discovered no manner of apprehension. This, my dear Charles, was some alleviation to my grief. . . .

We have not room to dwell on the great pleasure we have had in re-reading the letters to "Harry" Conway, Walpole's cousin, the famous soldier. We feel that the man of society is writing and looking up to some one essentially manly. Of the correspondence with women we are promised many new letters. It is known that Horace Walpole did not fall in love *pour tout de bon* till he was seventy, and had time to correspond for twelve years with Miss Berry, the object of his affection. Then there is the correspondence of sixteen years with Madame du Deffand, but these letters were destroyed at his request, for the reason that they were written "in very bad French." We have in these volumes only one hitherto unpublished letter to a woman, Miss Anne Pitt, the sister of Lord Chatham: "Not the sort of person to inform of rounds of assemblies, of empty operas, or even of elections contested with no views."

Perhaps the most popular and certainly the most ambitious book of the last few months is **Venice and its Story**, by Thomas Okey (Dent, 21*s.* net). It attempts the impossible, but in its least impossible form. No one will ever succeed in conveying to those who do not know it the unique and many-sided charm of Venice; but great knowledge, used with great plainness, is the surest method of avoiding complete failure. Mr. Okey has set about his task in the most direct and simple way. Part I. of the book gives a concise and well-told abbreviation of Venetian History in eleven chapters, and in a

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twelfth a still more concise account of Venetian Fine Art. Part II. is headed "The City"; and is an agreeable guide-book in twenty sections, the last three of which go as far oversea as to Torcello, the Lido, and Chioggia. To enforce this comprehensive survey, no less than four kinds of pictures are employed, coloured prints, tinted drawings, half-tone reproductions, and sketches in the text, numbering in all more than a hundred illustrations. If Venice could be described, this would be the way to describe it, leaving it to every man, when his time comes, to see his own magic with his own eyes.

To those who know Venice already, the book is sure of being welcome. To open it is like settling down to a delightful conversation: to talk over the place you love with one who loves it as well and knows it better. You will not always agree; but your differences will be mainly about the colouring of the illustrations, and there you will step very cautiously, remembering that every bit of Venice is capable of a hundred aspects and every stretch of her waters has as many moods as an opal. The pictures which appeal most vividly to our own memory are those of the Piazzetta in rain, with an inky sky reflected on the wet paving-stones; the Isle of San Francesco nel Deserto in sunlight, the arch of the Rialto from beneath, a view of the Salute from the Giudecca, and the dreamy stretch of lagoon beyond the Fondamenta Nuove, with the cypresses and the long waterwall of the cemetery island along which every one has floated silently on the way to Murano. The failures are surprisingly few, and result mainly from the too definite nature of the subjects; for example, the Colleoni statue as shown opposite p. 280, and the Doge's portrait, which forms the frontispiece. In the former the equestrian figure is fatally foreshortened, and dwarfed by the passers below; in the latter the colours have to bear a too severe and immediate comparison with the original in the National Gallery.

There are two views of the city which have a special interest, apart from their artistic merit—those opposite pp. 90 and 320, which give the Venice of to-day without the Campanile.

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This is a view of which, so far as we know, it is not possible for the ordinary traveller to procure a photograph, at any rate in Venice. To ask for it is an indelicacy, which may be better understood in the light of the story told by Mr. Okey on p. 220.

> When the Venetians recovered from the shock and learned how mercifully exempt from toll of human life the disaster had been, and that St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace were unscathed, they remembered their protector, and said: *E stato galant' uomo S. Marco* (St. Mark has been a good fellow). Ten months later, when the King and Queen of Italy, during their visit to Venice, turned to look at the site of the old tower, a lament was heard in the crowd of people: *I varda dove gera el nostro povaro morto* (They are going where our poor dead one lies).

The absence of this huge column is perhaps advantageous to St. Mark's as seen from the piazza; but the view of Venice from the lagoon, the Giardini Pubblici, or the Lido, is deprived of its noblest and most indispensable element.

For every one Venice has over and above its great glories a dozen or so of choice gems, reckoned perhaps by the individual even beyond market value. We are the more pleased with Mr. Okey's beautiful book because he has forgotten so few of our own favourites. The spiral staircase known as Il Bovolo in the old Palazzo Contarini is one of these; another is the little noticed portrait by Catena in the Stanza dei tre Capi del Consiglio in the Ducal Palace, which gives the profile of the Doge Leonardo Loredano, whose full face is so familiar to us in Trafalgar Square; another is the Titian fresco of St. Christopher in the staircase to the Chapel of the Doges. Then there is the sight of Venice from the Campanile of S. Giorgio Maggiore; the Church of Santa Maria Mater Domini, with Catena's Santa Cristina; and the death mask of Alvise Mocenigo in the smallest room of the Scuola di San Rocco. It is odd that this last name is not to be found in the list of Doges given in an Appendix; and still more curious that no mention is made of Vivarini's window glass in S. Zanipolo either in the account of that church or in the half-page allotted to Venetian glass-making as a Fine Art.

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England in the Mediterranean: A Study of the Rise and Influence of British Power within the Straits (1603–1713), by Julian S. Corbett. (Longmans, 24*s.* net.) The two methods of writing history, according to order of time and according to subject, have each their separate advantages. This is a book written on the latter system, with strict regard to unity of subject, and making no attempt to deal with contemporary events, however important, which are outside that subject's range. The author has set himself the task of showing how Great Britain became a great sea-power in the distant Mediterranean, and to that task he holds on with patient tenacity, like one of his own old sea-dogs watching a blockaded port. The period which he has chosen is crowded with other great events—the long agony of the Thirty Years War, the duel between Charles I. and the Long Parliament, the War of the Spanish Succession—but to all these the author, quite rightly, makes only sufficient allusion to enable us to understand their bearing on his main subject. Even the great and, from our present point of view, lamentable wars between England and Holland, though so nearly allied to his present theme, do not move him from his station. We seem to hear the distant roar of the Dutch cannon in the Narrow Seas, and even in the Medway, but us they concern not. We have only to watch the English ships as they gather at Cape St. Vincent or Cadiz, and pass, at first timidly and tentatively, afterwards with assured purpose and some arrogance of demeanour, through "the Straits." Needs not to say *what* Straits; not even on the book's title-page. For the author, in his present mood, there are no other Straits in the world than these which unite the waters of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

The great English sailors of Elizabeth's reign, as the author points out, had confined their operations (almost entirely directed against Spain) to the wide waters of the Atlantic and its newly discovered shores. Rightly was the objective chosen from the point of view of their time, and they wrought there deeds of world-wide and world-lasting importance, such as they could not have achieved in the narrower waters of the

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Midland Sea. But with the transition from Tudor to Stuart, and from the sixteenth to the seventeenth century, a change had come over the work which lay before England's admirals. Great conflicts were going forward on the Continent of Europe, and if England wished to exert any decisive influence upon these it was necessary that her ships should be in the Mediterranean, where the widely-scattered dominions of the House of Hapsburg offered a tempting prey to France, and might advantageously be either attacked or defended by England. Sometimes her interposition, especially under Cromwell and Marlborough, was timely and effectual; sometimes, as under James I. and Charles II., it lamentably failed of its object. We infer from the author's narration that he thinks a resolute employment of the English fleet between 1620 and 1630 might have saved the Palatinate for James's son-in-law, and cut short, if not wholly averted, the misery of the Thirty Years War. But he also holds that the Mediterranean fleet had a large share in bringing Louis XIV. to his knees, and forcing him to sign the Peace of Utrecht.

Mr. Corbett's narration is fresh and vigorous, and carries the reader forward with unflagging interest from act to act of the great drama. If we were to select the chapters which seem to us the most successful, they would be those in the first volume which describe the triumphs of Blake, and those in the second which tell the melancholy story of Tangier. The part played in the latter business by Mr. Secretary Pepys, though an ignoble one, will perhaps come as a surprise to those who have hitherto known him chiefly as the henpecked husband and the small-minded chronicler of the gossip of the Court. Another point of great interest at the present moment is the existence of a "Defence Committee" as early as the reign of Anne: a fact so completely forgotten by history that Mr. Corbett has incurred some criticisn for his use of the phrase. He amply justifies it in the supplementary chapter which we have the pleasure of publishing on a later page of this number of the MONTHLY REVIEW.

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REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN THE TRANSVAAL[1]

THE urgent question of Chinese labour has been disposed of, and now that the scheme is launched, what recently bulked so large appears only as an incident in the landscape of the Transvaal problem: How, above all, on what principles, is this new colony to be governed?

Of Chinese labour and the Government's action in the matter I will only say here, that if the question had been settled by plebiscite, while nearly every Dutch as well as English property-owner desires Chinese labour, yet the last consideration among the people—outside the Rand—would have been the pros and cons of the measure itself, and the first, the chance of making it a handle for political demonstration.

"Representative Government" is the rallying-cry of the Dutch. A little while ago it was also the standard grumble of the British colonist; but of late, since the Bond organised, he has come to the conclusion that he is safer as he is.

To the British Liberal, reared on his traditional principles, representation is the sacred right of man. Even the most doctrinaire politician admits, however, that in matters political a slow and tentative pace has proved preferable to the single

[1] However unwelcome the opinions expressed in this article may be to English feeling, the author has every qualification which could entitle him to a hearing.—Editor.

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stride to freedom. It is only by being opportunist that we have succeeded in avoiding Gallic upheavals. Here we have to face the risk, not merely of the suppression of a minority, but the tussle of Kilkenny cats. To deliver a land, just convalescent from three years exhausting war, over to an equally exhausting political struggle, with an issue doubtful only in so far as it might be affected by the English mood of the moment—to pit two races in a fresh feud against each other while they are still smarting and revengeful—such a risk might give pause to the most ardent devotee of abstract principles.

All parties must admit that it is useless any longer to discuss the justice of conquering the Transvaal (except, of course, to point an historic moral). Having acquired this doubtful blessing, our obvious duty is to govern it for the mutual interests of all inhabitants—present and to come. The question is: Whether representative government in the near future is for the benefit of the community as a whole? And in this inquiry we must not be lured away by the pleasures of magnanimity, by what our friends at home expect or suspect, nor by the dread of unpopularity out here.

Let us examine the present condition of the Transvaal. Every one is repatriated, and the civil machinery is started and working. But instead of the looked-for "boom," an alarming financial depression is affecting every person and industry in the country. Every one finds himself unexpectedly hard-up, out of work, grumbling and disheartened. So long as the Repatriation Department kept open house, showering loans with lavish hand, so long as the land and exploration companies continued to take up options and pay the rentals, so long as the Government maintained large staffs throughout the country to do all the accumulated work of the past three years, and to resettle the people and carry on a vigorous system of public works—so long, money was plentiful, and the people smiled.

The change has come with the rapidity usual in South Africa. The Repatriation Depôts—the poor-law unions of

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the Transvaal—have become past history, and it was high time they did. The tightness of the money-market and the policy of the moneyed capitalists have checked prospecting and dropped all options.

The stress of official work is over, and the Government have justly made their deficit of £500,000 and falling revenue an excuse for cutting down their servants' numbers and pay—reducing their staffs to proportions reasonable to the work they henceforth will have to do.

Moreover, the vast schemes of public works have come to a standstill, and three-fourths of the railway programme has been stopped.

In consequence of all this, the country is flooded with men who have lost their employment, including once well-to-do officials of the S.A.C., P.W.D., Repatriation and Railway Departments. This must necessarily have been the case after the first rush of Government work was over, but in more affluent times most of the men would have been absorbed into private enterprises. As it is, no one wants them; and they remain or go home all clamouring for work, and many denouncing in and out of season a Government which has dispensed with their services.

For the rest of the British element, it consists, in the country towns, chiefly of storekeepers and professional men, with artisans, whose chief care is to avoid bankruptcy and to stand in well with all customers. Behind all looms the uncertain and mysterious mass of the Johannesburg Uitlanders amid their hazy element of "cover," "pennyweights," and "syndicates." These all go to form an uncertain political factor absolutely distinct from, and on nearly all possible questions hostile to the Dutch, or mass of the agricultural community.

On the Boers the effect of the money crisis has been even more serious. Within the last nine months, average land on the high veldt has fallen from £1 to 10*s.* an acre. Such a fall would anywhere be followed by numbers of judgment summonses and foreclosures. Here the result is specially disastrous.

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However tempting the prices, no one has money left to buy. Each month the banks tighten their purse-strings; and now money cannot be raised, even on the best fixed security, for less than 12 per cent. per annum. The stores, tottering on the edge of bankruptcy, cannot sell for credit; and the day of free issues has gone by.

Half the country population is subsisting, and must subsist until the mealie crop is ripe in April, on potatoes and milk. It is a diet that supports an entire people nearer home, but to the Boer—accustomed as he is to kill his sheep without counting them—these straitened times paint the British Government ever blacker and blacker.

The Boer does not grumble. He has the dignified, old-fashioned faith that all things come from on high. Vaguely, yet cunningly, he wonders what his new rulers will be at next. The very ordinances meant to assist him appear to his suspicions as a persecution. His ideals are not those of his town neighbours. He asks only to live easily, amassing the natural returns that the year in its course brings him. Why should the British Government want to meddle with the order of things? Why should the "vet." shoot his cattle because, forsooth, of some new-fangled test?

Why should he be hindered from moving about the few cattle he has left as fancy takes him? Why should he be debarred from the profits of transport-riding, even though there may be infection? It is with a grim satisfaction that he sees this Government pushed ever closer to the wall.

The war in the East is being watched by them with an eagerness which is directly reflected in the frightened faces of the "handsoppers," who can never make their peace. Ask, however, a guerilla Boer if they will rise again, and he will tell you with obvious sincerity: "You will see that those who were faithful to the old Government will be faithful to this." But they talk of 1880 and Amajuba as though Cronje had never surrendered on the anniversary of that surprising finale to a local farmers' rising.

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Go—a Britisher—to a Boer's farm; he will feed you with his best, and hand you over the feather-bed with the best intentions. The young Anglo-Saxon school teacher, fresh from home, may wake the world with lamentations because his salary is reduced from £320 to £280 a year; but the farmer himself will never, and his wife but rarely, utter a word of complaint over the hard times. It is in their history, their religion, and their character: "My fathers trekked into the wilderness—it was the will of God. My cattle all died of the rinderpest—it was the will of God. The khakis burnt my house—it was the will of God. We have nothing left to eat—it is the will of God." These are fatalists to whom nothing is extraordinary and who will believe anything.

But—and the conjunction is ominous—there are educated Boers—men who are a match for the progressive European on his own ground. It is they who have been ousted from power and who are ever seeking ways of returning to it—educated, active, and intensely hostile. These men know European politics from a different light indeed, but as well as our own statesmen. They know exactly what to expect from Sir Edward Grey, exactly what from Mr. Sydney Buxton. They know also how to fight and how to die, if the use of it is clear. And, moreover, they know their own countrymen, and how to play on their credulity in a way we never can. From one farmhouse to another they ride, whispering fresh suspicions to the Boer, perverting every new scheme, and every accident as well, to the discredit of the Government.

Their papers, the *Volkstem*, the *Friend*, the *Transvaler*, are widely read. They go rather beyond the ordinary party paper in abuse of Lord Milner, but the most elusive and irritating thing about them is the tone of injured innocence adopted. They have every confidence, of course, that the Government means to do well, if only it were properly advised; but what can be expected of a nominated Legislative Council? They have every confidence, of course, in the ultimate vision of the British public, when no longer

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blinded by the wicked Lord Milner, but seeing through the clear spectacles of a representative assembly.

And so the word goes round, "We only need representative government. All we have to do is to harass them sufficiently, and, if all goes well and times keep bad, we must get it soon. Chamberlain is done, and the Liberals are coming into power again in England; then Kruger will come back, and the English will go again;" and more things besides they say.

So whisper the leaders, and the Boer is faithful, and will follow his leaders.

What they expect from representative government, if elected under present conditions, may be exemplified by the following conversation which took place recently between an English official and a Dutch fellow townsman, who is so well disposed towards the English as to have incurred the dis pleasure of the irreconcilables. Its *naïveté* adds to its charm.

ENGLISH.—If we do get representative government now, I suppose there will be a Dutch majority?

DUTCH.—Well, yes; I suppose so.

ENGLISH.—How do you think our relations with England will be affected by it?

DUTCH.—Oh, well; no sensible person objected to British suzerainty before the war. I suppose it will be much the same again. I don't think there need be any difficulty about that.

ENGLISH.—But what will they do about all the garrisons in these towns?

DUTCH.—Well, they might keep a few troops at Volksrust, or anywhere on the border, where they won't be quite so much seen.

Perhaps this may serve to illustrate the divergence of moderate Dutch views from those of the English as regards the objects of immediate representation. There is not one man in South Africa who does not know that it is coveted as the first step to independence.

But, then, it may reasonably be asked why we, the colonists who have not spent £250,000,000 on taking the country, should object to independence? Independence might conceivably benefit South Africa as it has benefited America. Why should she not work out, like America, her own salvation?

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The cases, however, are not strictly analogous. America is a homogeneous people, and that people Anglo-Saxon. Other races understand liberty and free government differently from us. We know well what rule we should get with independence at the present time, and we will not submit in the twentieth century to "the insolence of office." We will not be ruled by the Dutch; we even prefer Downing Street.

No sane person who has lived through the last twenty months in the Transvaal can believe that it is the sweets of office which are tempting our rulers to carry on the present *régime* for their own ends. Novelty is gone; the gallery has ceased to be interested or sympathetic. Such honours, glories, and decorations as were to be won have been received long ago, and there is nothing more to be got out of it now, except abuse and the consciousness of duty done. The very names on the list—Lord Milner, Sir Arthur Lawley, Sir Richard Solomon, Sir James Rose-Innes, Mr. Duncan—guarantee all the honesty and intellect that England and South Africa can produce. They and their subordinates have a hard and heart-breaking task here, and all their encouragement from home is the outspoken suspicion that they are swayed by the moneyed classes, and playing deliberately into the hands of the capitalists.

But these English officials here spend their time trying to smooth over dissensions—not in aggravating race differences. Journalists at home may gush of "pacification," and "race feeling subsiding." We know out here that "race feeling" has never been stronger than at this moment, and that at this moment government by representation could only mean rekindling of strife. The recent Municipal and School-Board elections in country districts might have revealed to the most blind the depth of bitterness and rancour that lies under the surface of our decorum and civility. They are a type of what is to be expected on a larger scale, and they have certainly done more moral mischief than they are likely to do practical good.

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Nor is the rancour one-sided. The old British colonial is, as a rule, fully as hostile towards his Dutch neighbours as they towards him—not individually, perhaps, for ties and friendships have often sprung up and survived the war; but he has suffered himself from their rule, from their veldt-cornets, from their contemptuous government. After praise of any Dutch neighbour, the old Britisher invariably winds up with a diatribe against Dutch habits, morals, and peculiarities in general. The colonial's grievance ever since peace has been — that the English from home do not "understand the Dutch"; that the pacification policy is "a mistake"; that the war should have gone on for six months longer, &c. &c. It is only the new English from home who are free from race prejudice, who stand in the middle and keep the balance true between them.

The forthcoming census may have appeared before this article. The figures will presumably be somewhat as follows:

Witwatersrand: Florida to Springs	90,000
Pretoria	25,000
Eight Municipalities: Krugersdorp, Heidelberg, Klerksdorp, Potchefstroom, Pietersberg, Standerton, Middleberg, Barberton	30,000
Twenty Districts	130,000
Whites	275,000

Altogether about 275,000 whites, of whom 180,000 will be Dutch; and of the English, 75,000 will be collected on the Rand. No juggling with the distribution of seats could possibly bring out anything approaching a balance of parties. For many years this country must be overwhelmingly Dutch. Unless we are prepared to use a veto as the Governor's veto never yet has been used in a self-governing colony—never could be used here except combined with preparation for war —unless we are prepared for this extremity, representative government at this moment could only bring us the bitterest humiliation, and end in the "Vereenigde Staaten van Zuid-Afrika." We do not want that at all; but least of all do we want it in Dutch.

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It is not contended that the present state of things is at all perfect. Government of a Crown Colony type can never be satisfactory in South Africa. But there are worse possibilities. An Irish Parliament after '98, with two-thirds Roman Catholics and one-third Orangemen from Belfast, would afford an imaginary parallel. A Crown Colony is bad because the English at home will not see things in the same light in which they appear to people out here. The Englishman cannot understand the political struggle that is going on here, nor can he understand general bankruptcy. The Liberal party at home fancy, to judge from the debates in Parliament, that we want Chinese slaves and object to British workmen because we are all shareholders in mines. The truth is, that we detest the idea of this Chinese indentured immigration as much as they do; but we know there is nothing else to save us. Even the Boers admit it. Ponder General Botha's attitude. When the matter was before the Council here, General Botha forced Mr. Hull to withdraw the assertion that he said the Boers objected to the measure. Directly it was safely through, he organised and wired to England a Boer protest. He had had plenty of time for it here before; but the advantage of having the measure thrown out by the British Parliament was obvious: it would have been an argument for representative government that could not have missed fire on the Rand and among all the propertied classes.

There are other sources of grievance not inherent in Crown Colony government, neither connected with opinion at home. There is too much government, too many officials, too many police, too many grass-captains. Many of the officials still wear shoulder-straps in imagination; and no one likes to be reminded of the reign of terror of the commandant and provost-marshal.

The Dutch, of course, are clamouring for Dutch schools. They want to appoint their own teachers, that their children may not forget their traditions and their duty to their old

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country. The results they aim at can be seen by comparing the hostile tone of the children in any of their numerous private schools with the natural manner of the uninfluenced Boer child. The little Dutch school-book they use, "Kijks in onze Geschiedenis,"[1] would form instructive reading to any one wanting information as to the Hollander attitude. It begins with the taking of Cape Town in 1807, and works on through Slagter's Nek, the Great Trek, the Expulsion from Natal, the Appropriation of the Diamond Fields, Amajuba, and the Jameson Raid. Until reading it no one can appreciate how blackguardly a part England has played through all time.

Another sore is caused by the load of repatriation debts. These are now nearly due. It is always disagreeable to have to pay debts; especially is it so when times are hard, when many of the animals you are paying for are dead, and all were purchased at famine prices. It would be much easier were only the claims paid out. Luckily, the Dutchman has no verbal associations with that word, which he spells "Celeijms," and looks on as the best legal excuse for getting money out of the Government. But the elaborate attempt at accuracy, the waiting, complications and worries, and the disappointing percentage to be paid on the final assessed values have disgusted every one.

It is easy to see now that we had much better have paid every father of a family £200 down, and so secured just as much or as little gratitude, and really exalted the poor bijwoner. It would have been easier, but less creditable. As it was, the Government honourably attempted to subject chaos to mathematics, and proceeded to carry out their scheme with the laborious exactitude and superiority to time of a German philosopher.

Then, again, it is in human nature to accuse the Government when anything goes wrong; and generally it only means that the bank has politely asked for further security. Time alone can show how much of present troubles is due to an over-

[1] "Peeps into our history."

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sanguine Government, and how much to inevitable existing conditions. Time, too, only can do full justice to the splendid courage and single-mindedness of those who have stood firm, and still stand, amidst perpetual cavilling, when all might so easily be loosed "to rush down a steep place into the sea."[1]

Representative government must and ought to come; but give us time. We are a new and sorely-tried colony, divided amongst ourselves. Let us have time to amalgamate and organise before calling on us to re-enter the political arena. Give us a few years to show the Boer that the Uitlander means to live in this country and to make it good to live in, and to show the Johannesburger that the Dutchman can speak the truth and move with the times. Give the English and Dutch children time to grow up together and to make friends of one another, as they are doing, whenever their elders do not interfere. Let the new settlers have time to build, marry, and acquire a stake in the country.

Above all, you must give us a few years to allow the smaller towns to grow fit and large enough for representation. They stand mid-way between Johannesburg and the Boer. They are that Left-centre which is essential to a healthy government. In them English and Dutch will be fairly balanced, and the vote may be divided on other than racial lines. At present, they are villages lost in the veldt, but with railways and returning prosperity they will excellently take the place that the boroughs have filled so usefully in the British Parliament. As yet it is all too soon; the war is too recent, the depression too great, and the population of the little towns is still so insignificant that representation for them would only be a fresh source of grievance to the farmer.

Give us time to develop and to find ourselves; and then, when the nightmare of civil war is gone by, in ten years time —or maybe less—we will claim representation for ourselves as a great and united country.

APOIKOS.

[1] . . . ed avverar sol può il tempo
Me non tyranno ma traditori costoro.

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BRITISH RELATIONS WITH THIBET

WITH the despatch of a Mission into Thibet a long dormant interest in that country appears now to be aroused, and the present seems a good opportunity to look back and see how our intercourse with Thibet first originated, and by what means it has come to pass that the promising commencement made by the first Governor-General of India towards friendly trade-relations with the country beyond our North-East frontier has led, in present times, to little but enmity and suspicion.

Warren Hastings possessed an art in dealing with semi-barbarians which is nowadays but little cultivated, while his tact and judgment in the selection of men to represent him beyond our frontiers was in no less degree remarkable. A hundred years ago the Lamas of Thibet were actuated by feelings of the sincerest friendship towards England and Englishmen, and this good feeling remained undisturbed up to the close of the eighteenth century. This happy state of affairs had been brought about through the personal influence exercised upon an enlightened policy by the great Governor-General himself; he opened a friendly correspondence with the rulers of Thibet, and quickly followed up his initial success by the despatch of no less than four embassies or missions to Thibet and its adjacent frontiers. Directly, however, the personal influence of Warren Hastings was removed, his policy

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was abandoned, and shortly after the beginning of the last century the pleasant relations which had obtained between Calcutta and Llassa had been entirely broken off. A few years later the adventurous Manning entered Thibet through Bhutan and succeeded in visiting Llassa; but from that day to the present time no Englishman has ever penetrated more than a very few miles across our north-eastern frontier into Thibet; and the knowledge we now possess of the geography of that land and of the latter-day manners and customs of its inhabitants is due almost entirely to the plucky efforts of the trained native explorers sent out by the Survey Department of the Government of India.

It was in 1772 that Warren Hastings assumed the government of Bengal, and in the same year he undertook operations against the Bhutanese, whom, at the written intercession of the Teshu Lama of Thibet, the Governor-General treated with marked leniency and forbearance. The first overtures having thus been made by the Thibetans, Warren Hastings made up his mind to send embassies both into Bhutan and Thibet. Probably no one has since made a more exhaustive study than did the Governor-General of all existing works bearing upon the history of these two countries, and as early as 1774 he selected Mr. George Bogle, of the Bengal Civil Service, as envoy to the Court of the Teshu Lama. Bogle travelled by way of Buxa Dooar, entered Thibet at the head of the Chumbi Valley, and passing by the base of Mount Chumulhari, arrived by way of Giantzi at Teshilhumpo and Shigatzi. Bogle seems throughout to have more than justified his selection for the post of envoy; the instructions he had received were carried out to the fullest possible extent; he formed a really close friendship—which survived his departure—with the Teshu Lama, who seems to have been a most liberal-minded man; and he accumulated a vast quantity of most valuable information concerning that land which he was the first of his countrymen to visit. Through Bogle's able negotiations every encouragement was by the Thibetans promised and afforded to

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the free intercourse of traders between Bengal and Thibet by way of Bhutan; while for the convenience of the Bhutanese themselves—who appear to have in some measure acted as carriers and middlemen—an annual fair was established at Rangpur, and continued to exist down to as late as 1832. Before Bogle returned to India in 1775 he had obtained from his friend the Teshu Lama a promise to use what influence he possessed at the Court of Peking to cause to be withdrawn the opposition of the Chinese authorities to the free admission of Europeans into Thibet. When four years afterwards the Teshu Lama journeyed to Peking he had not forgotten the promise made to his English friend, and he spoke at length to the Emperor of China of the power and resources of the Ruler of Bengal. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of all that might have resulted from a friendship of such importance thus happily commenced, but all was frustrated by the death of the Teshu Lama in 1780 and of George Bogle in the following year.

Within nine years of the first embassy a second, under Captain Samuel Turner, was despatched to Thibet. Turner followed exactly the same route as his predecessor, and remained for several months in the country; and although he was unable, owing to the extreme youth of the Teshu Lama, to make himself so *personally* acceptable to the Regency as had the first envoy, still Turner at least succeeded in maintaining the old friendly relations with the Thibetan Government, and at the time when Warren Hastings left India, in 1785, a native of India was established at the Thibetan capital as the properly accredited agent of the Government of India. With the retirement of the great Governor-General all the advantages he had gained were speedily lost or surrendered. In the year 1792 the Nepaulese made their great invasion of Thibet, carrying fire and sword up to Shigatzi, stripping the Lamaseries of everything of value which they contained, and forcing the Teshu Lama to fly precipitately towards Llassa. The Thibetan soldiery of those days appear to have been as

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indifferent warriors as they showed themselves to be in the Sikkim campaign of 1888; they made but the feeblest efforts to resist the invader, and implored both the Indian and Chinese Governments for help in their extremity. By China —the suzerain power—the call received prompt and effectual response; the Indian Government merely offered mediation, and despatched an envoy, armed with mediatory powers, to Nepaul. But our proffers were accepted by neither of the belligerents, while the Chinese general did not scruple to express an opinion—which could not but rankle with the Thibetans—that the Nepaulese had received from us more than a moral support. On all sides a feeling of intense irritation was set up, and the Lamas openly accused of disaffection and treachery many of the Bengalee traders who in happier and more peaceful years had set up in business at Shigatzi.

It is worth noticing that in this war, which occupied the closing years of the eighteenth century, the Chinese do not seem to have been unmindful of the strategical importance of the petty border-state of Seccum or Sikkim, which on the map appears as a wedge thrust between Nepaul and Bhutan. A military post was established in Seccum, and the Rajah of that State would appear to have been offered protection from the turbulent neighbours on his borders on condition of his becoming in a measure subject to or a vassal of China.

For a very long term of years Thibet remained unvisited by any representative of the Government of British India, and it was left for Thomas Manning, an adventurous Englishman, to do that which has never before or since been achieved by any one of his race. Manning had qualified himself to a considerable extent by a three-years residence in China and by a study of the Chinese language, to travel unmolested in countries over which the Manchu holds sway; and six-and-twenty years after Warren Hastings had left India, and when the policy of that great man had long been abandoned, Manning—in September 1811—proceeded by Lukhi Dooar through Bhutan into Thibet, and, travelling by way of Giantzi

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and Lake Palti, arrived in Llassa, where he remained some seven months. This remarkable journey appears to have been accomplished without encouragement or aid — either in inception or execution—from the Indian Government; no official recognition whatever was accorded to Manning; while the results of his observations and researches were actually not collected and published until quite within recent years. His journey seemed to show that the Thibetan Government had itself no objection—no serious objection—to the visits of unofficial foreigners. Manning's return to India was apparently hastened by repeated representations from Peking, and since the year 1820—when Chinese Ambas, or Residents, were first permanently stationed in Llassa — all the opposition to the visits of foreigners seems in almost every recorded instance to have originated with the Chinese, and not with the Thibetans themselves.

Our policy at the time of the Nepaulese invasion of Thibet resulted in difficulties with the Nepaul Durbar, which were not finally adjusted until the year 1816; while our annexation of Assam led to far more active and protracted hostilities with the Government of Bhutan, which were not finally settled until very much later in the last century. In this way, both in Nepaul and in Bhutan, an impassable barrier was set up between India and Thibet, and in Sikkim alone were we able even to so much as approach the passes leading into the country of the Lamas. This paper does not profess to have anything to say of those who have entered Thibet, except when they were Englishmen or were under British auspices, but it is worth noticing that the two French priests, Huc and Gabet, who entered Thibet in 1844, and who resided for some few weeks at Llassa, were also in the end expelled through the machinations of the Chinese authorities at Peking and Llassa. Whatever small amount of trade has existed between Bengal and Thibet has, since the date of our difficulties with Bhutan and Nepaul, been carried on through Sikkim and over the Jalep Pass, and it was hoped that a gradual removal of all restrictions

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on trade would lead to a steady intercourse between India and Thibet. It being found impossible for any Europeans to enter—much less to survey—the country, the officer who was in 1865 at the head of the Survey Department of the Government of India determined to obtain geographical information about the unknown portions of Thibet through the efforts of trained native explorers. By the help of these devoted men, whose identity is invariably and for obvious reasons veiled in their printed reports by initials only, a large portion of Thibet, and especially that part contiguous to our frontier, has been traversed, surveyed and mapped; geographical discoveries of the highest importance have been given to the world; while even the sacred city of Llassa has more than once been described and sketched by those of our surveyors who for varying periods have resided within its gates. The first of these explorers, known as "A," made two most adventurous journeys. In 1865 and 1866 he travelled by way of Shigatzi and Giantzi—whence he followed Manning's route of 1811—to Llassa, returning to India, after a stay of three months, over the Miriam Pass. Eight years later the same explorer crossed from Leh into Western Thibet, reaching Llassa by the Tengrinor; on this occasion he made but a hurried stay in the capital, and turning home again he followed the course of the Bramaputra to Chetang, and eventually reached India *viâ* Assam. In 1879 another explorer, who has achieved great results, and who is known as "A. K.," left Darjeeling and crossed the Jalep Pass to Chumbi, travelling thence by Phari and Giantzi to Llassa, where he remained almost exactly a year; from Llassa he journeyed almost due north to Saitu or Sachu, which lies some 270 miles due east of the Lob-Nor, in Mongolia. Then, after retracing his steps for a considerable distance, he turned south-east, and striking into the track followed by the tea-carriers, he reached Darchendo; east of Darchendo lie the large Chinese tea-gardens which grow nearly all the tea consumed in Eastern Thibet, and whence large quantities reach Llassa, and even Bhutan. On leaving Darchendo, "A. K."

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travelled westwards, intending to re-enter India through Assam, but, when within but thirty miles of British territory, he found his further passage barred by the presence of savage tribes. He then retraced his steps by way of the Tsanpo, which he identified with the Dihang and Bramaputra, and eventually, *viâ* Chetang and Lake Palti, the intrepid explorer arrived again in Darjeeling after an absence of four years. Both in regard to its results and to the distance covered, this journey of "A. K." is one of the most remarkable of all those initiated by the Survey Department of the Government of India.

The important results thus gained and the fillip given to the study of the Thibetan country and language emboldened a Bengalee—one Sarat-Chundra-Dass—to undertake the journey; this native gentleman was, in 1880, in charge of the Darjeeling school, where young Lepchas are trained, at Government expense, in view of their future employment as explorers. Chundra-Dass was already well acquainted with the Thibetan language, and had already once penetrated into the country as far as Shigatzi; in company then with Ugyen Giatshu, a Lama and a tried explorer, Chundra-Dass, early in 1883, made his way through Nepaul to Llassa, remained there two weeks and returned again to Darjeeling after little more than a year's absence. The narrative of his journey has only lately been given to the world, though first published and circulated, confidentially, by the Bengal Government nearly eighteen years ago. The book makes very pleasant reading, and throughout one can plainly see that the explorer fully appreciated the dangers and difficulties by which his journey was beset, but had at the same time an honest determination to carry out that which he had set himself to do. Chundra-Dass is certainly the best educated man who has visited Llassa of late years, and his descriptions of all he saw upon his eventful journey possess unusual interest. It is needless here to mention all the explorers who, in modern times, have mapped for us the land of Thibet, but Ugyen Gyatshu, the companion of Sarat-

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Chundra-Dass, again visited Thibet in the year 1888, and made a long and interesting journey, and was able to complete an exhaustive survey in an incredibly short space of time. Within seven months the Lama travelled from Darjeeling over the Donkia Pass to Shigatzi, thence eastward to Lake Palti, which was then by him, and for the first time, completely mapped; then by a wide southerly detour over absolutely unknown country to Chetang, returning by the northern bank of the Tsanpo to Llassa and thence by Lake Palti and the Chumbi Valley to Darjeeling over the Cho Pass.

The list of explorers might be carried on to the present day, since the work of the Great Survey goes quietly and steadily on, for while native surveyors are constantly going to and fro between India and Thibet, Englishmen like Bower, Deasy and Welby have crossed and mapped the northern portions of the country between the frontiers of China and Ladakh.

I have said above that, ever since our difficulties with Bhutan and Nepaul towards the end of the eighteenth century, almost all intercourse and trade with Thibet was perforce for many years carried on through Sikkim; and it is no doubt for this reason that this otherwise insignificant State acquired an importance due entirely to its geographically strategic position, and in no degree to the sagacity of its rulers or the area of their dominions. It was in 1817 that we first made an engagement or treaty with the ruler of Sikkim, when we gave back to that country much that had been torn from it by the Nepaulese in past years, the Maharajah of Sikkim accepting in return the position of feudatory to the British Government. In 1835 he ceded to us the district of Darjeeling, receiving in lieu a yearly allowance from the Indian Treasury. In 1860 there was serious trouble caused by outrages committed on British subjects by the Sikkim officials, and an expedition, commanded by Colonel Gawler, was undertaken, which was entirely successful, and which paved the way for the adoption of a fresh treaty with the Maharajah in 1861. In this treaty one of the

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provisions, inserted with a view of counteracting the Thibetan influences of the Sikkim Government, laid down that for nine months in the year the Maharajah should reside in Sikkim, and that the headquarters of his Government should be located permanently in that country, and not, as heretofore, at Chumbi, in Thibet. For twenty years or so things went tolerably well; the Bengal Government caused a road to be made from Darjeeling across the Jalep-la into the Chumbi Valley; traders began to make use of it, and trade began fitfully to flourish. But about 1885 the Thibetan influence at the Sikkim Court began again to preponderate; the Maharajah broke his treaty engagements. He left his own country and, proceeding to Chumbi, lived there for two years, and while he became wholly estranged from his Sikkim advisers, it was well known that he had placed himself under the authority both of China and Thibet. What immediately followed is best described by Sir Stewart Bayley in an introduction he contributed some five years ago to a little book about the part taken in the Sikkim Expedition by the 2nd Battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment, written by Major H. A. Iggulden of that regiment, who is now in Thibet as Chief Staff Officer to the mission under General Macdonald:

> It was known that the making of the road to the Jalep had been viewed with some apprehension by Thibet, or at least by the predominating Lama class in Thibet. These latter are great traders, and in their hands lies the monopoly of the trade in China tea—used by every man, woman and child in the country—and anything which facilitates external competition with their very profitable business would naturally be unwelcome. On the top of this came, in 1885-86, the proposal to send a serious commercial mission into Thibet under Mr. Macaulay. This proposal commended itself warmly to Lord Randolph Churchill, the Secretary of State for India, and her Majesty's Government applied for and received the permission of the Chinese (not of the Thibetan) authorities for the mission to go. Considerable preparations were made at Darjeeling and created real alarm among the Thibetans. The nature and scope of the mission was enormously exaggerated; the Thibetans professed to believe that their religion and independence were in danger; at all events, their pronounced hostility so worked on the Chinese authorities that a formal request was made by them to her Majesty's Government that the mission should be withdrawn; and accordingly withdrawn it was. While the

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negotiations for withdrawal were going on in another part of the world, the Thibetan authorities marched three hundred men into Sikkim territory, thirteen miles across the frontier, occupied and roughly fortified a position astride the Darjeeling-Thibet road, stopped all trade, and treated the country as their own. The Maharajah at Chumbi neither remonstrated nor opposed, nor even reported the outrage to the British authorities; in other words, he acquiesced as a feudatory of Thibet. To him and to others it must have appeared as if the Government of India acquiesced likewise. No steps were taken to turn out the Thibetans. At first it was thought, not unnaturally, that the withdrawal of the mission would be followed by the withdrawal of the Thibetans. It was not so; they showed that they intended to yield to nothing but force. Diplomatically, of course, China, as the suzerain of Thibet, is responsible for the actions of its feudatory and negotiates on her behalf; but in practice China, even then, could influence Thibet only to a small extent, and after applying protracted pressure. The Government, however, both in Simla and in London, was at that time, like the rest of the world, impressed with a belief in the reality of the Chinese power, and it was decided to endeavour, through the British Ambassador at Peking, to secure the withdrawal of the armed Thibetans by the order of the Chinese Emperor.

By opening negotiations with and trusting to the co-operation of China, all action was postponed for some eighteen months, during which the Thibetans remained on the top of Lingtu and in occupation of the territory of our vassal, the Maharajah of Sikkim. At length the patience of even the British Government was exhausted, and due notice was given both to the Chinese Government and to the Thibetan authorities that unless Lingtu were evacuated by March 15, 1888, military operations would be undertaken to attain the desired end. In January of that year preparations were made, and the following force was detailed to concentrate at Padong, in British Sikkim, early in March:

4 guns Mountain Artillery (No. 9-1 N.D.R.A.)
200 rifles of the 2nd Battalion Derbyshire Regiment.
400 rifles of the 13th Bengal Infantry.
700 rifles of the 32nd Pioneers.

The force was placed under command of Colonel Graham, R.A., and it was increased in August by the remaining two

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guns of the mountain battery, 800 rifles of the Derbyshire Regiment, and 600 of the 2nd Batt. 1st Gurkhas, and again in October by the arrival of a company of the Bengal Sappers and Miners. The base of the Field Force was established at Silligori, the junction of the Eastern Bengal and Darjeeling Railways, a place some eight miles from the foot of the Himalayas and close to where the River Teesta debouches into the plain; from Silligori all the units composing the force—with the battery which proceeded direct from its barracks near Darjeeling—marched *viâ* the Teesta Valley to Padong, fifty-two miles distant. By March 21, or six days after the term of grace had expired, the object of the expedition had been accomplished; the Thibetans had been expelled from the stone fort they had erected on the summit of Lingtu, 12,600 feet above sea-level, and its defenders had fled headlong back across the Jalep Pass into Thibet. The whole of that summer did the force remain among the hills of the Thibetan frontier; two attacks made upon the British camp were easily repulsed, and great loss was on each occasion inflicted upon the attackers, who finally were pursued into the Chumbi Valley and utterly routed and dispersed by the end of September.

The Chinese now again evinced some anxiety to take negotiations in hand. Early in October the Chinese Amba sent word that he was on his way to make peace, and "after weary weeks of waiting, evasion, excuses and intrigue, he ultimately arrived in the camp at Gnatong on December 21, and negotiations were carried on ineffectually for about a month. Sir Mortimer Durand and Mr. A. W. Paul, who were the representatives of the Indian Government, finally broke off the negotiations at the end of January, on the refusal of the Chinese representative to relinquish, on the part of Thibet, all suzerainty over Sikkim. The Chinese Resident, however, was bidden by his Government to remain where he was; Mr. Hart,[1] of the Chinese Customs Service, was sent by

[1] Brother of Sir Robert Hart.

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that Government to assist him and arrived in March. Negotiations were again begun, but all this delay rendered it necessary to retain British troops for another year in the desolate camp of Gnatong at an elevation of some 12,000 feet above the sea, and only in 1890 was the convention ultimately signed. The agreement provided for the boundary between Thibet and Sikkim being settled in accordance with our contentions; for the recognition of the British Protectorate over Sikkim with *exclusive* control over its internal administration and its foreign relations; and, in the future, for trade facilities, which have, I may add, been systematically evaded."

For a very short time after the conclusion of the operations of 1888 trade showed a tendency to increase, and rose within a year or two to a value of Rs.300,000; but obstructionist tactics on the Thibetan side of the frontier soon prevailed, and of late years the trade between Bengal and Thibet has been practically at a standstill, if, indeed, it has not actually declined. Again and again have representations been made to the Thibetan authorities in regard not only to the restrictions which they have placed upon trade, but in regard also to the petty encroachments which their people have made on Sikkim territory: only last year a Boundary Commission spent months upon the frontier to check such encroachments and realign the boundary. The Commission was accompanied by Mr. Claude White, who was with Colonel Graham in 1888 as Assistant Political Officer, and it was stated that an easier and less exposed route into Thibet than that followed in 1888 had been surveyed, although I see that General Macdonald seems to have followed, as far as Chumbi, in the tracks of the expedition of sixteen years ago.

Thibet, however, has up to now still remained closed alike to the Indian trader and to the British sportsman; the latter, having shot everything in India, hears regretfully of strange varieties of stag and bear which are to be met with on the uplands of Thibet. Native explorers are rarely keen *shikaris*, but "A. K." has brought back with him to India tempting

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tales of the enormous herds of graminivorous animals which roam about the Yangthang—that marvellous plateau of an area of 480,000 square miles covered for more than half the year by abundant grass; the northern portion wholly unoccupied by man, while in almost every part herds of wild yaks can easily be seen and as readily approached. The only cause from which the wild herds of the Yangthang suffer diminution is from unusually severe winters, for they are rarely, if ever, molested by the few travellers in these remote regions. And to think that a happy hunting-ground such as this could be reached in a journey of but a very few weeks from Calcutta, while it would doubtless long ere this have been explored and opened out in every direction had only the wise and consistent policy of Warren Hastings been steadily pursued during the years which have elapsed since that policy was first initiated.

But it is not only as a possible playground for the Anglo-Indian sportsman that the closing of Thibet is so greatly to be deprecated. The Indian trader has much to give in exchange for the produce of Thibet, and the tea-gardens of Darjeeling and of the Dooars should be able to compete successfully with the Chinese gardens beyond Darchendo. In an exceedingly interesting paper on "Trade Routes and the Tea Trade," drawn up some years ago by Mr. J. B. N. Hennessey, Deputy Surveyor-General in India, the question of competition between Indian and Darchendo teas in the Llassa market was exhaustively dealt with. He then computed that the consumption of tea in the area supplied by the gardens east of Darchendo amounted to close upon twelve millions of pounds weight annually! The tea-trade route from Darchendo to Llassa is 1080 miles in length, that from Darjeeling to the sacred city is not much over 800; and yet the carriage from the Chinese gardens only amounts to Rs.5 per maund of 80 lb.—owing to the vast amount of pack transport available on the spot—while the Indian tea cannot be landed in Llassa for much less than Rs.4 as.8 per maund. But if our Indian tea-growers are ever to compete successfully with the Chinese

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in the Thibetan tea-supply, they should remember that it is useless to attempt to force *leaf* tea upon an ancient and conservative race who have always been accustomed to tea in *brick*.

Much is hoped for from the present mission into Thibet, but men with arms in their hands can only enforce the observance of treaties—they cannot create a new trade or revive a dying one. It is the merchants of England who have opened for us most of the countries of the world; and perhaps, where the policy of British statesmen has failed, the self-interest of the British trader may yet succeed, so that the marvellous land, which was once laid open for us through a wise policy and closed again by hesitation and indifference, may yet open its passes to the Englishman and to the trade which follows his flag.

H. C. Wylly.

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QUEEN ANNE'S DEFENCE COMMITTEE

"THE Committee of the Council which sits at the War Office is in a declining state, and will, I believe, soon expire." So wrote St. John two hundred years ago to Marlborough in Flanders. It was on June 11, 1711, when the War of the Spanish Succession was beginning to smoulder out. The Great Duke was sinking to his fall, and the Queen's Government was about to open negotiations for peace with France behind the back of her exasperating allies. What the Committee was no one knows. All we can tell is that it was one which the reinstated Secretary of State ought to have been attending, for he goes on to say: "This account I hear from thence, for I have not been there myself a considerable time." Beyond this all is darkness. The very existence of the Committee is only known by St. John's allusion.

This obscurity is much to be deplored. The War of the Spanish Succession was the first we ever waged by sea and land with substantial and permanent success, and any Committee that sat at the War Office during its progress must have a peculiar interest for us now. Yet in all British constitutional history there is no more difficult problem than these Committees of the Privy Council, in which our great Departments of State for the most part had their origin. All record of them has perished, and almost all we know of them is from chance notices like the above occurring in the correspondence of

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Ministers. We know there were two Committees akin to our Foreign Office and Home Office, and another to our Board of Trade and Colonial Office. But none of these three sat at the War Office. Mr. John Morley, in his admirable pages on the subject in his "Life of Walpole," tells us enough of them for this, and so does Sir William Anson in his lucid "Law and Custom of the Constitution," and it is to this latter work that I am indebted for St. John's mention of this mysterious fourth Committee. But neither Mr. Morley nor Sir William Anson were able to help us to an understanding of what St. John meant. Where a knot has baffled two such authorities we may be sure it is scarcely to be unravelled, and if the venture is tried here it is only with a full consciousness of the possibility of only increasing the tangle.

Still, the attempt may be made, for the peculiar interest of the question just now; and a means to the end is not wanting. It is to be found amongst the Hatton-Finch Papers in the British Museum, which contain a number of letters and other documents once belonging to Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham. In Anne's first Government, it will be remembered, he was appointed one of the two Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, his colleague being Sir Charles Hedges, and the immediate concern of the new administration was to work the Grand Alliance and carry on the war that were William's chief legacies to his sister-in-law. One volume of these manuscripts consists entirely of papers relating to the first years of the war, most of them of a highly confidential character, and amongst them is a series of rough minutes of what is called "The Secret Committee." Nearly all of them are written in that slovenly uncouth hand of Nottingham's, which sorts so well with what we know of his personal appearance and dress. He apparently never cleaned his pen, was fond of abbreviations, and the notes are consequently not always easy to read with certainty. The rest of the documents are orders to soldiers, but mostly to sailors, which arose out of the decisions of the Committee, and amongst them is a full collec-

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tion of the orders which were given for the interception of the galleons which Rooke finally ran to earth at Vigo, and also notes of an inquiry into the miscarriage at Cadiz. All these have their significance in solving the problem; but first let us examine the minutes.

The first recorded meeting took place on May 26, 1702, a week after Marlborough had sailed to take up his command in the Low Countries. It is possible, however, and even probable that one or two had been held previously, but of this there is no evidence. There were present Godolphin, the new Lord Treasurer, and Rochester, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Then comes a hieroglyphic, which constantly recurs in subsequent minutes in the same order of precedence, and seems to represent Nottingham himself. Then come the names of Sir George Rooke and Sir David Mitchell, the two senior Naval Commissioners who had just been appointed by Prince George of Denmark, the Lord High Admiral, "to be of his council." The other two Naval Commissioners were Richard Hill, who in the previous reign had been a Lord of the Treasury and British representative both at the Hague and Turin, and "Colonel" George Churchill, who was a captain in the Navy, and had served as a Commissioner of the Admiralty. He represented his brother's interest as against Rooke, and being a favourite with the Prince Consort was soon to make himself the master spirit of the Navy. Finally, there was William Blathwayt, Secretary-at-War. He had held the office since 1688, and, a typical bureaucrat of the period, had succeeded in combining with it at different times the office of Clerk of the Council in Ordinary, Clerk of the Privy Council, and Commissioner for Trade. It was during his long tenure of the post of Secretary-at-War that its nature changed, and a civilian became for the first time the recognised head of the War Office. Under James II. his influence had already been considerable, and under William its growth had only been checked by the King's finding him indispensable as an acting Secretary of State at the seat of war. Under Anne, however,

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the Secretary-at-War for the first time ceased to accompany the army in the field, and Blathwayt's power rapidly increased till, as Lord Palmerston says in his Memorandum on the duties of the office, he succeeded in regulating almost the whole of the business connected with the Army, and becoming in fact Minister of War. The military head was, of course, the Master of the Ordnance, an office at that time held by Marlborough, and whenever he was in England he, too, sat on the Secret Committee, taking the second place after the Lord Treasurer. Subsequent minutes of the Committee show that it also included the other Secretary of State, Sir Charles Hedges, all four members of the Lord Admiral's Council, and Mr. George Clarke. In virtue of what office this well-known Oxford worthy sat is not clear, for he was another of those many-sided officials who are so curious a characteristic of the time. The son of Cromwell's and Charles II.'s old Secretary-at-War and a fellow of All Souls, he appears to have combined in his own person the offices of Judge Advocate General and Joint Secretary to the Admiralty (with Josiah Burchett), while at the same time he was acting as Deputy Secretary-at-War for Blathwayt, and Secretary to the Prince Consort. As, however, his name does not occur till January 26, 1703, the last meeting which the Finch-Hatton Papers record, and as it appears separately in the list of those present, it is possible he was brought in as Secretary. The previous minutes are all drawn up either by Nottingham or Godolphin, or by both of them; no name occurs of any one who could have been present as Secretary, and the minutes of the meeting at which Clarke makes his appearance are for the first time drawn up in proper form, and in a neat, clerkly hand. He could not, however, have held the post for long, because in May 1705, having been returned a Member for East Looe, he injudiciously voted against the Whigs in the election of the Speaker, and was promptly deprived of all his offices.

We are now in a position to understand the composition of this Secret Committee, and we see that it was, what in modern

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phraseology we should describe as a true Committee of Defence, which was under the Presidency of the Prime Minister, and upon which were represented all the great departments of State concerned, that is to say the Treasury, the Foreign Office, the War Office and the Admiralty, and each by its principal officers. Trade and the Colonies were also to some extent represented in the persons of Blathwayt and Hills, and the Irish Office by Rochester, its chief. This last feature will at first sight appear a matter of surprise, but when it is remembered how critical a part Ireland had played in the last war it will be seen that a National Defence Committee could not have been regarded as complete without the presence of the Lord Lieutenant, and as a matter of fact Rochester was one of the most regular attendants. It is also noteworthy that the naval members greatly outnumbered the military. The explanation of this is probably that the main military efforts were being made in the Netherlands and Central Europe, where they were under the direct control of Marlborough. The minutes of the Committee show that it was entirely concerned in co-ordinating the other theatres of the war, in the Mediterranean, the Peninsula, the West Indies, and the Atlantic, where everything depended on a nice adjustment of diplomatic and military action with the all-important operations of the fleet. It was in this way—that is mainly on a naval basis—that Nottingham thought the war ought to be conducted. So long as he remained in power the Committee was the engine with which he sought to shape the war in accordance with his own views; though from the first it was never free from the influence of Marlborough, whose larger idea was to use the Navy for the furtherance of the general military situation.

The business conducted at the first meeting gives a very fair idea of the Committee's range of action. It was resolved, firstly, that Benbow, who had gone to the West Indies, was to send home ten sail, coming with them or not as he liked, "to do the service at Newfoundland," that is the intended destruc-

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tion of the French settlements and fishing fleet, which was eventually executed by Sir John Leake. Secondly, Rooke, who was about to sail on his expedition to seize Cadiz, or some other Spanish port, was to detach a squadron of his sheathed ships to Barbadoes, after his object was achieved, to secure the situation in the West Indies. Thirdly, some measures were to be taken to intercept Château-Rénault, who with the Brest squadron had sailed to New Spain to bring home the Plate Fleet, and this was to be done by the combined English and Dutch "Home squadron," then under Sir Cloudesley Shovell. Finally, Codrington, Captain-General of the Leeward Islands, was immediately to attempt to secure St. Christopher's. These resolutions are followed in the volume by draft letters, in Nottingham's name, to the various officers concerned, which were intended to cover their official orders. Drafts of these orders also appear, those for Codrington being for the Queen's sign manual and those for the Admirals in the name of Prince George. Three meetings held in June are next recorded, and at all these similar business was done, followed by the drafting of orders to both soldiers and sailors.

After this there is a gap, and although plenty of business appears to have been done, judging from the draft orders, no regular entry of minutes occurs again till November 2. This entry, however, is of special value as indicating the extensive powers of the Committee. It was resolved "to destroy Martinico," and also that the Committee of Trade was to consider inducements to privateers, and the Attorney-General to report "what legally can be done." Here, therefore, we seem to have the "Secret Committee" exercising authority over other departments of State. But this is not all. For from this meeting we learn that it was the practice of the Committee to summon to their counsels high officers whom they wished to instruct or consult. On this occasion the Earl of Peterborough was present. His business is not recorded, but it must have had to do with the laconic entry "to destroy Martinico;" for we know that at this time it was the intention

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to send him out to the West Indies with an Anglo-Dutch fleet as "Captain-General and Governor of Jamaica and Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the ships of war employed on that station."

In another direction the structure of the Committee was equally elastic. That is to say, not only could it summon outsiders to its meetings, but it was in the habit of occasionally despatching some of its members abroad, where specially important or specially secret arrangements had to be made. Thus in August 1702 Admiral Mitchell was over in Holland and in close communication with Marlborough, negotiating with the Dutch for certain joint naval movements that were in contemplation. And again, in 1704, Hills was despatched to Turin to arrange with Savoy for the great combined attack on Toulon, that was to be the real and most secret object of Rooke's campaign that year in the Mediterranean. On this occasion it is worth noting that the secret was so well preserved that to this day the French think Rooke's feint on Barcelona was his main attack.

Another remarkable feature in the plastic constitution of the Committee was that it seems to have contained an inner circle, which dimly discloses itself on the occasion when Marlborough's attendance is first recorded. It was on December 8, 1702, about a week after he had returned from his first campaign, with the whole situation at his fingers' ends. The only other members present were Godolphin, Rochester, Nottingham, and Rooke. The minutes were written by Godolphin himself and annotated by Nottingham; and at this and at a similar close meeting a fortnight later, the lines of the next year's campaign were considered, so far that is as they depended on naval action. This practice of not summoning the junior members of the Committee when very secret business was in hand seems to have continued. Later on, in the beginning of 1704, when it had been decided to send Rooke his secret orders for the surprise of Toulon, which no one in the fleet but himself was to know, there is a memo-

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randum in Godolphin's hand, in which he notes for consideration how much of the plan of campaign may be communicated to the Lord Admiral's Council with a view to issuing the Admiral's orders, and how much must be conveyed to Rooke in secret by a Secretary of State. All orders of the Secret Committee that were communicated to the Admiralty in the usual way, appear in the entry books at the Record Office, in the series known as "Home Office, Admiralty," which is the ordinary resting-place of all communications between Secretaries of State and the Admiralty, and between Secretaries of State and Commanders-in-Chief abroad. Certain orders, however, of the Secret Committee to Commanders-in-Chief abroad are not recorded in these entry books; and as we know they were acted on, they must have been communicated direct to the Admiral concerned without the knowledge of the Admiralty.

The flexibility and absence of red-tape in the Committee's methods is further illustrated by its relations with flag-officers afloat. Exalted members of it were in the habit of writing to Admirals they trusted for their private opinions. Thus, in 1702, Nottingham was receiving information from Shovell about the proper strength of the Home Fleet, and in 1703 Godolphin frankly asks Sir Stafford Fairborne, Shovell's Vice-Admiral, for his advice as to how the whole complex objects of the naval campaign, both from a military and diplomatic point of view, can be best attained, and the lucid opinion that Fairborne sends up is immediately acted upon.

The last meeting of the Committee which the Hatton-Finch papers record, was a full-dress one, held in the afternoon of January 26, 1708, at which the plan of naval campaign for that year was finally settled, all the members being present except Hedges and the Secretary-at-War. But as Marlborough himself attended, Blathwayt's presence was not necessary. For the first time all four members of the Lord Admiral's Council were present. George Clarke, too, appears for the first time, and what is specially remarkable is that the meeting was attended by Van Almonde, the Dutch naval Commander-in-

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Chief, and by a "Mons. Craen," whom I cannot identify. Narcissus Luttrell chronicles this, or some similar occasion, under January 16, saying, "the same day Admiral Allemonde attended the Council to concert matters in relation to the maritime affairs of both nations," not knowing apparently that it was the Secret Committee he attended. The advantage of this elastic constitution need hardly be dwelt upon. Combined with the freedom of access to officers on active service it must have given the Committee a power of cutting through red tape and getting at the heart of things which on occasions is so essential to the successful conduct of a war. It is, in all probability, the invigorating influence of this Committee that we see in the rapidity and thoroughness with which plans were shifted and combinations rearranged to fit the kaleidoscopic changes of the situation during the first years of the war. It is a favourite commonplace to allege that Boards cannot conduct a war. If commonplaces are not immortal Anne's Secret Committee should kill this one. A great European war, which was so complex and unstable a tangle of naval, military, and diplomatic threads as that of the Spanish Succession, could not possibly have been conducted as it was without some such Board as this. Without it it would have been impossible to co-ordinate the action of the soldiers, the sailors, and the diplomats, or to balance the necessities of each. Marlborough, with his phenomenal combination of military and diplomatic talent and his sagacious grasp of naval problems, might possibly have done it, if he had remained at home as the chief of a great general staff. But he was wanted abroad at the main seat of the war, as such a man, when we have him, will always be wanted, and the only alternative at home is such a Board as that with which he so successfully worked.

How long the Secret Committee continued to sit after the Finch-Hatton minutes come to an end we cannot tell. There is no direct evidence that the War Office Committee to which St. John referred in his letter to Marlborough was the

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same thing, though it is difficult to see what else it can have been. All, however, that we know about it for certain is that it was at death's door in June 1711. Now, if it was the same thing as the Secret Committee, this is just what we should expect. The Secret Committee had been formed to carry on the war, and the war was now practically at an end. The new Tory politicians, who would naturally have supplied the places of the fallen Ministers on the Committee, were all bent on peace, and, like St. John, probably took little interest in its proceedings. As for the Service members, the new men at the Admiralty were nearly all fighting Admirals, who had made their reputations during the war, and the only old hand amongst them was George Clarke, who had come in again with the Tories. As for the Secretary-at-War, he was George Granville, the first Lord Lansdowne, a minor poet and *dilettante* man of letters, whose only qualification for the post seems to have been that he had elegantly translated some of the "Olynthian Orations" with the intention, so Dr. Johnson said, of "turning the thunder of Demosthenes upon the head of Lewis." With such new men in the old seats there was little except the fighting Admirals to nourish a Committee of Defence, and as the fighting men like Leake and Byng, Drake and Wishart, had no political influence, it was bound to be "in a declining state," as St. John had said.

More than this we cannot affirm. Still, whether or not it survived till the end of the war, the abiding interest of this forgotten Secret Committee remains. For the glimpse of it which the Finch-Hatton Papers have preserved makes it certain that one of our most successful wars was designed and conducted, at all events in its early years, and in some of its most successful years, by an elastic Board closely resembling our new conception of a Committee of Defence, and that its special concern, its real *raison d'être*, was not the old cockpit where Marlborough wrought single-handed, but that world-wide arena where success depended wholly and primarily on the handling of sea power, and its sagacious co-ordination with

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the military and political factors of the strife. Then for the first time the vastness of the arena was realised, and this is what Marlborough and his colleagues devised to meet the case. We too have re-awakened to its vastness and complexity, and we may well ask ourselves: "Can we do better than begin where the men of Queen Anne left off?"

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

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THE REDUCTION AND SURRENDER OF LICENCES

"A VESTED interest increasingly difficult to deal with and established, it would seem, directly athwart the path of social progress." In these words does Mr. Charles Booth define the great drink monopoly which casts its shadow over the nation—a monopoly the danger of which was first recognised in 1816, and which since then has been steadily gaining ground and occupying every stronghold and point of vantage that may help to make its position impregnable.

The nation, long struggling in the grip of this giant opponent, feels it is held in the grasp of a foe too powerful to be shaken off, and, like a sinking man with no real aid at hand, it clutches first at one expedient, and then at another, inwardly conscious of the futility of each effort, but impelled to action if only to keep alive a hope that may blind it to the really desperate nature of the situation in which it is placed. The investigation of the liquor licensing-system laws by Lord Peel's Commission was merely one among the series of vain and foredoomed efforts by which the country, at the instigation of a helpless Government, has thrown dust into its own eyes. It was meant honestly, and we hailed it enthusiastically as the sure precursor of a new era of temperance reform, but in what chastened colours does it stand out as we look back through the perspective of the past? In what a ludicrous light does

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our *naïve* faith in the vigour and impartiality of the inquiry now appear—a faith that has been so cleverly jockeyed by the interests involved!

When questions of licensing are considered by a bench of magistrates, any justices who are personally interested in the drink traffic are under obligation to quit the Bench. Their interests, if need be, can always be protected by witness and by counsel. When, however, a Royal Commission is nominated by a trade-controlled Government, although its function is to conduct an impartial inquiry into the Licensing question, and to arrive at unbiased and equitable opinion, we find a third of the members deliberately chosen from the ranks of the brewers themselves! The very few recommendations on which this Commission arrived at any degree of unanimity form nothing more than an emasculated compromise of the opinion of a number of commissioners holding different views, and were agreed to at the dictation of the solid phalanx of interested men, who, knowing their own mind and knowing how to make it prevail, held the fate of the Commission in their hands.

Looking back, it is difficult to realise how we can ever have expected unanimity in such a body; how we can ever have thought it could give us a vigorous and impartial verdict or a broad and far-reaching solution capable of dealing with the gigantic evil which threatens the national destiny. It could do no more than thread the narrow path of compromise, than suggest a thin and transparent palliative—a sop which the brewers saw fit to concede to an eager public crying aloud for the sound meat of reform.

The reduction of licences was the only recommendation worth remembering on which Lord Peel's Commission could be got to agree. The brewers themselves recognised the expediency of making some concession to public opinion, and perceived that reduction was a plausible and safe siding into which to shunt the energies of reform. There was no serious attempt made at a reasoned examination of the palliative. The Commission collected a vast mass of evidence bearing on

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the subject, which, though much of it was contradictory and confusing, seemed to point on the one hand to there being localities where, without doubt, the licensed houses are numerically in excess of requirements; while, on the other, it pointed to the undoubted fact that, where licences are reduced below a certain minimum, drinking clubs and an unregulated trade in drink spring up. There was no weight of evidence to show directly that by reducing licences you will reduce drinking. All that can be said for "Reduction" is that, if not carried to excess, it will tend in congested districts to make police supervision easier and more effective. This, indeed, is something—perhaps something considerable—to the good, and failing any comprehensive scheme of reform to satisfy the legitimate hopes of the nation, let us welcome "Reduction," meagre and partial as this remedy may be, but let us not for a moment think that in it we have found salvation, or that we have discovered the means by which to loosen in the smallest degree the hold which the Tied-house Monopoly has established over the country.

Spurred by the report of the Royal Commission, the justices, who had long been waiting for some mandate on which to frame a uniform and consistent policy of action, set to work to give practical effect to the recommendation to reduce licences. They, however, found themselves face to face with a great practical difficulty, owing to there being no means of giving compensation to those licensees whose houses were chosen for extinction. Any fair-minded man—and the justices, as a class, are eminently fair-minded men—would find himself very much perplexed had he to choose among a long list of licences for the unlucky numbers whose licences are to be extinguished, and this perplexity would be all the more harassing in the knowledge that the misfortune of him on whom the lot might fall would in many cases benefit his neighbour, who would annex much of the trade of the closed house. The stakes in such a lottery are altogether too heavy to commend so drastic a plan of action to the average bench

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of English justices. There is something in it that is jarring to the bed-rock rules of fair play, however much the absolutely terminable and discretionary nature of the annual renewal of a licence may be insisted upon.

In this dilemma a happy thought occurred to some one of the worthy and conscientious men on whom the duty fell of considering the problem; and, whoever he may be, let all praise be given to him for the motive of the suggestion and all excuse for the shortness of vision which, as we now perceive, overshadowed its conception. This ingenious expedient for reducing licences and at the same time for giving compensation to the dispossessed licensee has now been widely adopted, much as a new patent would be, by the Benches all over the country. It is effected by making those new licences, which have to be created in districts where the needs of the population have grown, serve as a means of giving compensation in kind; these new licences being granted as gifts to compensate those from whom unnecessary and superfluous licences are taken. The practice, however, has grown to be this: that when a new licence has to be created it is given, as a rule, only to the brewer, who can surrender two, three, or sometimes four old licences. A system which, at its inception, took the form of an expedient of a purely compensatory nature, has assumed the character rather of a purchase by a brewer, who practically buys a new licence with counters in the form of old houses of smaller value. Moreover, where there are several applicants for the new licences the Bench often lets it go to the highest bidder, the proceedings taking practically the form of a sale by auction, the bids being made in old licences.

There can be no doubt that a certain number of small and little-frequented houses have in this way received their quietus; but, on the other hand, many ill-paying houses, struggling for existence, have been kept going purely on account of their value as possible counters in the purchase of some prospective new licence. The best-laid schemes of mice and J.P.s "gang aft a-gley," and here we find a well-meant and ingenious scheme

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for reducing the number of licences actually giving a new lease of life to many a decaying and useless house.

All might be well if this were the extent of the evil resulting from the present policy, but unfortunately the plan of exacting surrenders in exchange—we may say *in payment*—for new licences entails far graver consequences. In the deplorable *impasse* in which we now find ourselves in face of the postponement session after session of any measure of compensation, there are two large and obvious expedients of precautionary policy to which the great mass of the reasoning public clings as bulwarks against the growing power of the "trade." The one is that, however much opinions may differ as to the right of the trade to claim compensation, as to the equitable amount of such compensation, and as to the sources from which the funds should come, one fact is quite clear and stands unchallenged as the rallying-ground for all shades of Temperance opinion—namely, the absolute duty of the nation to see that nothing whatever is allowed that may in any way or tittle strengthen the claim for compensation which the brewers are pressing. The other—a proposal of more recent origin, but one which has so strongly appealed to the sense of justice of the country that it has won well-nigh universal approval—is that, without disturbing the brewers in the vast possessions they have secured, we should, at any rate, draw a "ring-fence" round the Tied-house Monopoly, and see that no new licences in the future be allowed to fall within that fence.

Now let us consider how these two fundamental safeguards of future independence are affected by the surrender policy now in fashion. The strength of the trade claim to compensation has hitherto been limited to such considerations as the sanction given by custom to fixity of tenure, of the recognition of some sort of vested right by the taxation of licensed-house values, or by the payment of death duties on licensed property, but no foothold has ever yet been given for a claim to compensation on the ground that payment in cash or in kind was exacted for the licences granted by the justices.

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The ruling of the High Courts has, indeed, been adverse to the validity of any such transaction. In one case the gift of a public park, and in another the contribution to some public charity which had been on different occasions exacted by the Bench as a *quid pro quo* for a new licence, was declared illegal. But in the recent instances where the justices have insisted on the surrender of two, three, or sometimes four licences in exchange for the gift of a new licence, is the case any different? Have we here a transaction which is anything else but the sale of a licence for value in kind? The transaction may be one obviously to the advantage of the public, but not more obviously so than the offer of a park or the gift to a hospital which has been declared illegal. There can be no doubt that the fact that a new licence has been granted for the price of two or more old licences gives a vested interest to the newly licensed house, and also a future claim to compensation of a kind which constitutes a new feature in our licensing problem. The claim is all the stronger in those numerous cases where brewers have actually bought up old licences to serve as counters for the purchase of new ones, and in any case we must regard all those licences that have recently been acquired in this manner as being in every way as inalienable as the ante-1869 beerhouses, whose favoured position constitutes the great obstacle that everywhere thwarts the activity of our licensing magistrates.

The surrender policy seems then to be materially strengthening the position of the brewers in respect of compensation. Does it likewise give them new wealth, new territory, new possessions, a larger monopoly? Most certainly it does. The Tied-house Monopoly must first be impounded before any attempt to draw its teeth can be attempted. We must ring-fence it. We must give it no more licences, but must see that in future all new licences are placed under the closer magisterial and public control offered by the agency of the trust companies, or, wherever this is not possible, at any rate their free management in the hands of independent holders must be guaranteed. Is this possible under the custom of exacting

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surrenders which prevails on most Benches? What happens when a new licence is being granted and the applicants for it come before the Bench? Let us assume a typical case where each of the three classes of applicant is represented. First, the County Public House Trust Company asks that it may be entrusted with the licence on the ground of disinterested management, of public control for the protection of the public, of saving to the public the great value attaching to the licence which otherwise would fall into private hands. Generally an independent and substantial man of known respectability comes forward and urges that if he gets the licence it will have all the advantages which a free house can offer to the public in the selection of the best liquors, and that in his hands the house would constitute an oasis in the midst of the vast Tied-house Monopoly that overspreads the district. Lastly, the local brewer comes before the Bench and offers to surrender two or three of his smaller houses if the new house is given to him, well knowing that, under present conditions of restricted licensing, a new house is worth many of the old and decaying licences in over-licensed districts.

The Bench asks the two first applicants if they can offer surrenders. Their reply can only be in the negative, for all surrounding houses are in brewers' hands. This reply at once puts them out of court, and the licence goes to the brewer. Truly to him that hath shall be given! The surrender policy simply means the double tying of the Tied-house Monopoly.

Where, indeed, can we turn for succour in this deplorable situation? Not to a Government that at the bidding of the trade is threatening the justices with a cynical indignity; nor to the extreme section of the Temperance party, whose fanaticism gives an ever-ready pretext for the cry of injustice raised by the brewers. It is to the nation itself that we must look, for, as Lord Rosebery has well said, the nation must gather together its strength and master the "trade," or the "trade" will in a few decades have succeeded in mastering the nation.

H. J. Craufurd.

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MY GOLDEN SISTERS

A MACEDONIAN PICTURE

THEY are stumpy, they are stout, they are heavily built and clumsy, they have faces like Dutch cheeses; they wear their hair in two draggly, skimpy pigtails which they prolong with wool and string and ornament with a bunch of brass buttons, the handle of a broken pair of scissors, a bunch of steel chain, or some obsolete Austrian coins; they tie their heads up in black handkerchiefs which cover mouth and chin in Mohammedan manner, and their costume is the most unlovely ever yet devised; they call me their "golden sister"; the yard is full of them, and they are all unutterably filthy.

"Give, give," they cry from morning till night. They seize me as I pass, and I keep my hands in my pockets to save them from unwashen kisses.

"I have received nothing;" cries the first, "nothing, nothing. Oh, my golden sister, tell them to give to me."

"Is thy village burnt?"

"All burnt, all burnt."

"Then thou hast received flour?" (This sternly.)

"I receive flour," she admits reluctantly.

"Give me thy ticket." A glance at this shows that she has also had a blanket. This, too, she admits. And a mintan (wadded coat). All these she has had some days ago, "but to-day nothing, nothing." "Go, there is no more for thee. Thou hast received enough."

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She is indignant. Another woman, she says, has received linen for a shirt. It is useless to point out that her own shirt is in good condition, whereas the other lady is in rags. She knows that the depôt possesses linen, and linen she has made up her mind to have. I pay no further attention to her—there are a hundred others to interview—but she remains for hours. She is still there when I return from visiting the sick, and her cry is continually, "I have received nothing." She expects a gift every time she visits the depôt, and she will return again and again to the charge.

The funds of the society do not permit of our giving a garment to every member of a family, and the most able-bodied usually takes possession of the coveted article. A stout and comfortable woman, warmly clad in the multitude of wadded upper garments in which they like to wrap themselves even in warm weather, prayed eloquently for a mintan for her daughter. "She is very cold, very cold; she has nothing; all night and all day she is cold."

"But we gave you a mintan." She points complacently to the one she has on. We laugh, and tell her to lend it her daughter, and the mere idea makes her very indignant.

Orphans are known to be the recipients of special relief. "I have no father," says an elderly married woman as a reason why she should receive another gift; and a man of fifty thinks he would like to go to the proposed American Orphanage. An anxious woman with a child of five years comes forward and begs for some physic to make it speak. It is a deaf-mute, and we cannot make her believe that we are powerless to assist.

Peasants that are obviously in want, lean and ragged, we assist, even though their village be not burnt. These receive a gift of flour and depart with thanks. They are, as a rule, much more grateful than those who are on the list, and have been receiving a regular grant for weeks. One poor old lady threw up her hands to heaven and crossed herself before taking up her little sack. Some burst into tears, and one old widow to whom I gave money wished me as many blessings as she

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had hairs on her head, and all that my heart desired. The last she emphasised by patting her abdomen. Others, I regret to say, remark cheerfully, "Now I want a blanket, a mintan, linen for a shirt, and stockings." Not so the two brides, dumpy and shapeless maidens, overpowered with exceeding shyness, whose marriage coffers, filled with the work of years, have been plundered by the Turks. They pray only for a piece of stuff to make a garment, and are so overcome by the gift of a good length of cloth apiece that one weeps tears of joy, and both overwhelm us with thanks.

One woman put in a blood-curdling claim for help the other day. She admitted at once that her village had neither been burnt nor plundered, but she said that the Turks had roasted her husband to death in an oven, and that she was quite destitute. She stated the fact crudely and without adornment, and her manner inclined me to belief. Gruesome things have been done in this land before now, and of excessive flogging, when a search is made for arms, there is plenty of evidence. I gave her privately a gift of money, as a sack of flour to one from a village hitherto unaided is apt to bring down the whole village for relief the very next day. This is the only case of the sort that has come to me.

This was all written yesterday. Now the yard is full of more golden sisters from elsewhere, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow there will be yet more. And all alike, so that I can hardly tell "t'other from which," and all bound round the abdomen with some fifteen yards of black woollen cord, knotted up the front so that it projects hideously and forms a sort of shelf, upon which they rest their arms. They tell me that when the cord is off they feel as if they "had lost their souls." They wonder at my cordlessness and I at them. Nevertheless, they have no doubt that I am their sister. For my part, I wonder if they belong to the same genus as I do—let alone species, and a certain nigger song, adapted, flits through my head, "Oh, those golden sisters; oh, those golden sisters; oh, those golden sisters, oh!"

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Another woman appears. She declares vehemently, "I have had nothing." She is from a burnt village, and should have received much. Her ticket proves that she has had some of all that we supply. But she persists in her denial. It was another "Madama" who gave her all these things; this one (myself) has given her nothing. She expects a second outfit from me and is left talking. It is astonishing how slow-witted my golden sisters are, and how impossible it is to drive a new idea into them. Animal-like, they have learnt that food is to be found in a certain spot, and they return again and again. They pursue me in the street; they say they have a ticket for flour, and that my servant has refused to give them any. They cry, they shout, they all talk at once. I return to the depôt and ask an explanation. A week ago, it appears, they received rations for a month, and were told not to come again till the month was up. This has all been already explained to them. We explain it again. They begin again, "My golden sister, I have come for flour, and your servant will not give it to me." Renewed explanations; the ticket is shown, read aloud, the day of the month stated, &c. The incident appears closed. But no; as soon as they can get a word in, and rather before, they begin, "Listen, my golden sister; I have come for flour. Your servant, &c. &c." After the fourth or fifth explanation we vainly order them to leave the depôt; they all squat in a row and we leave them, and on our return later the chorus again arises. They admit that they have plenty of flour still at home, but until it is time to retire thither they persist in their demand.

Some are extraordinarily persevering. We have hired rooms for sick people from time to time. There is a woman in the town who had a wounded man staying in her house before the British Relief Fund was started. She turns up regularly and demands to be paid. She admits that she made the arrangement herself, with no thought of payment at the time, but now, as other women have been paid for rooms, she ought to be paid also. She waylays me at the door and

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waits for me on the stairs; she comes into the hospital with the out-patients; I fly when I see her coming down the street. I have even been reduced to taking her by the shoulders and turning her out, but when I leave the place for good I believe that one of the last things I shall see will be her dirty mauve plush dress and her turn-up nose as she cries, "The other women have been paid for rooms," &c.

The gratitude of my golden sisters can occasionally be more alarming than their indignation. They embrace me in a hug of dirty rags, and they kiss me on both cheeks. One poor old lady told me, after this ceremony, that she had been mourning the death of her son for eight years to such an extent that during all of that period she had never washed her head! "No soap," she cried, "will ever touch it again. I mourn always!"

I started from her embrace. "That is not clean," I cried crudely.

"No, my golden sister," she said, "it is not clean. I mourn always." I felt thankful for the custom that caused her to tie her head up in a handkerchief, and concluded our transactions rather hastily. I fear she was disappointed that her revelations did not produce extra rations.

There are also delicate attentions which I could dispense with. A dog jumped up and made a muddy paw-mark on my jacket, whereupon a woman very kindly rushed to my assistance, spat copiously on the spot, and was about to scour it with her elbow. I shied promptly and thrust out a defensive arm. She was surprised, and I fear hurt in her feelings. So was another woman who told her little boy to kiss my hand. He had diphtheria, and the kiss was to be as thanks for the injection of serum he had just received. As, in spite of my efforts, many people insist on kissing my hand daily, I felt it my duty to keep it as free from infection as circumstances permit, and I refused his homage. My golden sisters have not the smallest thought about infection, either with regard to diphtheria or small-pox. In one village I was asked to give an extra "tip" for the cooking of my supper, because the priest's wife had

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cooked it for me at her own house, and she was only just recovering from small-pox, and her two children were still ill.

On the other hand, every one is afraid of pulmonary consumption, and it is difficult to get any one even to wash a patient's linen. It is hardly necessary to say that no sanitary precautions of any kind are ever taken. Every description of filth is thrown into the streets on a rainy day to be washed into the lake. There is no other way of disposing of sewage. After rain people drink water that is thick and yellow, "la soupe dysenterique," as the doctor pleasantly calls it. The death-rate is, of course, high, as, in addition to all the usual diseases, gunshot wounds have to be reckoned also. The "coup-de-fusil" is chronic here throughout the year, and becomes epidemic during the summer. When it is raging, it may even be called infectious and contagious, for it is possible to develop a bullet while on the way home from visiting a patient.

Outwardly, of course, my golden sisters have a very great horror of water, and if the doctor order a cold compress, are much alarmed. They seldom take their medicines properly, for there are many difficulties in the way. To begin with, there is nothing with which to measure a dose. You cannot prescribe a tea- or a table-spoonful in a land where the articles don't exist, and the pharmacy does not possess measured bottles. The tiny cups from which black coffee is taken are the only things at all of a standard size, but in the villages only a few families possess them. Moreover, every one believes that the more medicine they take the sooner they will recover, and they come back triumphantly four days after they have received medicine for a week, to say they have finished it and want more. When they have received a prescription, and I have signed it, much trouble often begins. Nothing will make some women understand that they are to take it to the pharmacy and receive the physic there. "I am a poor woman, I have come for physic, and you have given me nothing." The letter, she is told, will obtain medicine. She

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is to go to the pharmacy, &c. She does not know where the pharmacy is. It is in the bazar where she goes for business on market-days. If she will go to the bazar, any one will show her the pharmacy. She begins again, "My golden brother (this to the doctor), I am a poor woman: I came here for physic," &c. All she has to do, we say, is to go to the bazar. The situation of the pharmacy is elaborately described, and she is sent downstairs. We finish the out-patients. We dress the in-patients and we return to the depôt. There we find the woman with the paper in her hand. She has not been to the bazar; she has made no attempt to find the pharmacy; she has come straight to the depôt. "Listen, my golden sister. I am a poor woman. I have come for physic," &c. The bazar is probably full of the folk of her own village, and she will have to go there on her way home, but to the depôt she persists in coming, and she begins again, "My golden sister," &c.

Were it not for their extreme poverty and misery, my golden sisters would be intolerable. But they are the wretched and ignorant victims of international jealousies and political hatreds, and one cannot but pity them. Their male folk, who possess only a fraction more intellect, joined a "band," and are now houseless, workless, penniless, and may be wounded also. No member of the band had ever had a gun before; there was not a good shot in it; it was led by the village schoolmaster, who was as ignorant of things military as are my golden sisters of things in general. It made a futile, hopeless attempt foredoomed to failure, and allowed itself to be caught in a narrow valley. It was routed and its village burnt to the ground. Nor did the Committee which urged these men to rise expect more of them than that this blood and suffering should excite the sympathy of Europe. Therefore the more deaths the better.

"We expected to lose half the population in the insurrection," said one who is "behind the scenes" to me, "and we have lost scarcely a quarter." And he seemed disappointed.

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And as long as Turkish rule continues, so long will the peasantry arise and make hopeless efforts against it, and the tale will be written in blood and more blood till the end. The peasant fears to rise, for he is not "a fighting man," and he knows the probable consequences of failure; but his lot is so intolerable that, as he says himself, he may as well die as live. The tale of excessive taxation, and of the way in which even double or treble the amount due is forced from the defenceless Christian villager, has been told too often to need recapitulation. In addition to this, he is liable to robbery and brigandage in the wilder parts, for the Turkish Government seldom or never makes any attempt to restrain the lawlessness of a large part of the Mohammedan population. There is no appeal and no redress for the Christian, even when his children are stolen and put up to ransom for such a heavy sum that he has to sell all his flocks and borrow money, to rescue them from the death that would be their fate, should he fail to pay.

The peasant knows nothing at all of the outside world nor of the organisers of the movement that bids him rise. He knows only that the Turks make his life a burden and the Committee will have him shot if he refuses to join a "band." If he join it there is the off chance of freedom and living happily ever after. This, he believes, means licence to carry a gun and treat the Turks as they have treated him. He rises now to the call of Bulgaria, financed by Panslavonic funds, and he dances to a Bulgarian air. He would have risen equally to the call of Greece or Servia had either of those nations been able to afford to pay the pipes so handsomely, and unless Europe intervenes to save him from his "friends" and foes he will continue to rise as long as there is anything left of him. And Europe says when he rises, "Those that ask shan't have," and when he is quiet, "Those that don't ask don't want."

I cannot pretend that this peasantry is in any way lovable or admirable. As far as I have seen it, it is a peasantry of the lowest type, dull-witted and of poor physique, inferior to any

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of the other Balkan races with which I am acquainted, and under the present government it can never by any possibility become any better. The Turkish system of administration is corrupt beyond all cure. No Austro-Russian quack medicines can hurt it. All efforts at patching and mending the rotten structure are foredoomed to failure. They may enable the Turk to reign a little longer in Europe, but they will produce no improvement in the state of the people. Europe is largely responsible for the fact that the Turk is still here and that the subject Christians are corrupt, degraded, and semi-savage. I use the term "savage" advisedly, for I know a man who boasts of having poisoned fifteen Turkish soldiers, and we have been asked at this depôt to supply poison for traitors, it being unsafe to shoot them. The Turks took this land five centuries ago. It is one of the fairest corners of Europe, and they have made it a disgrace to humanity. In point of civilisation it has in many ways advanced very little beyond the point it had reached when Mohammedan rule began here, and it will never advance while that rule continues. A Christian ruler under the supervision of the Powers and not of the Sultan is the only cure for existing evils, and even then progress will be effected but slowly.

Here we wait from day to day, and there is no news of the promised reforms. We begin to doubt whether they were ever intended for anything but a topic of conversation for the Sultan and various envoys. All hope of help is fast dying away and the human shooting season has begun. The disease is only chronic at present, but the number of cases is increasing. Europe appears to demand another bath of blood before she is convinced that decided action is necessary; and there is, as far as I can see, no room for doubt that, should she elect to wait a little longer, her desire will be amply and fully satisfied. Europe still clings to the belief that the Sultan can be taught to govern justly, and, alas, it is almost as hard to drive a new idea into Europe as into my golden sisters.

Ochrida, March 7th, 1904. M. EDITH DURHAM.

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PLAGUE IN INDIA

AN EXPERIENCE

PLAGUE is raging. It is a feeble and inadequate description, equally applicable to a thunderstorm of a few hours' duration, or the momentary outburst of a naughty child in the nursery.

It will be nearer the mark, perhaps, to say that the plague is throttling us; it is as though some huge boa-constrictor had enveloped the place in its deadly coils and were squeezing out the life by inches. Out of a population, reduced now to some twenty-five thousand, or less, over five thousand have already died within the last two months, and more than one hundred and fifty are dying daily.

India is a land of short memories; in two years' time those of us who are left will probably have forgotten all about it, as we have already almost forgotten about the famine of four years ago. It may be as well to crystallise a few impressions while they are fresh.

And foremost of all, overshadowing all others, darkening the whole picture, an ineradicable memory—as it seems to us at the moment—is the leaden sky with the incessant downpour of rain. It is now the beginning of September, and we have hardly seen the sun since the last week of June, and then only for an occasional few minutes at a time, just a watery glimmer, with no heat in it, or comfort. The meteorological report shows that we have already had, up to date, eighteen

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inches of rain above our average. In many other districts of India the rainfall this year is deficient, but in this place of all places, in this year of all years, when a fortnight's break in the monsoon might have meant so much, we are registering a rainfall that surpasses the records of a quarter of a century.

It is the rain that paralyses us. When the disease first visited us in April it was comparatively easy to deal with. The plague germ is no exception to the ruck of evil-doers; it loves darkness rather than light. Given a hot sun and a free circulation of air, the conditions are such that, in the open, the microbe is practically powerless; the danger lies in the dark ill-ventilated houses. The majority of the houses occupied by the poorer classes of people in an average native city are built largely of mud. Even if sun-dried bricks are used—and these are a luxury not always to be afforded—they are set, not in mortar, but in mud. The floors are of mud, plastered over with a solution of cowdung and water, a preparation of peculiar purity in the eyes of the cow-worshipping Hindu, but regarded by the medical faculty as a forcing-bed of great fecundity for microbes. In nine cases out of ten the only light that is admitted comes through the doorway, when open, and the same may be said of air. The free circulation of the latter is much impeded at the best of times by the thrift of the native, which regards as wasted any plot of ground that does not pay its way. If a Buniah has an open space at the back of his house large enough to carry a mud hut, and the mud hut, when built, can be let for a rupee a month, the Buniah is not likely to let so much good money escape him, the neglect would be criminal. So the hut is built and occupied by a family of half a dozen persons, and the supply of oxygen, not over abundant before, must now be proportionately subdivided.

The obvious method, then, of dealing with an epidemic of plague, when the season renders it possible, is to turn the people out of their houses into the open country.

From the beginning of March to the middle of June on

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the Central Plateau of India, given a shelter from the sun, a grass roof, or the shade of a thick tree, out-of-door life for a native leaves nothing to be desired. The ground is hard and dry, the air is pure, and the problem of living involves no struggle. You have only to exist.

Accordingly, when the plague broke out in April, the population of the city dissolved into the open country, and enjoyed immunity under the trees. The microbe was baulked of his victims for the moment, but, like a cunning beast of prey, crept into covert, under the cowdung floors, and waited.

A liberal use of disinfectants when the houses were empty might have stopped the mischief, but it is impossible to make the native look forward or take even the most obvious precautions until he is panic-striken. "*Go hoga, so hoga*": "What is written upon the forehead, that will be," "If it is the will of God," and so on. These are his confidence.

With the advent of the rains at the end of June the al-fresco life under the trees came to an end. After the first burst of the monsoon the ground, which in these parts is deep black soil, becomes a veritable quagmire: the grass thatch, which afforded ample protection against the sun, cannot resist the rain for more than a day, and the shelter of a tree is, of course, no shelter at all; the whole atmosphere reeks with damp, and out-door life becomes an impossibility.

The people huddled back into their houses; they shut the doors to keep out the rain, excluding at the same time light and air. The damp rose through the mud floors, and the microbe knew that the time of waiting was over. Like Death in "Paradise Lost," he knew that presently his maw should be filled.

The houses had not been occupied a fortnight before the epidemic broke out again with a virulence that defied all attempts to combat it.

There is practically no power of dealing with plague at all among the people of India, when it has established itself under conditions which herd them together like rabbits in a warren.

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For the disease itself, when it has once attacked its victim, there is no cure; like enteric, it must run its course; a great deal can be done by nursing and keeping up the strength of the patient, but actual remedy there is none. All that doctors can possibly do is, by sanitary precautions, inoculation, and prophylactic measures generally, to limit the incidence of the disease. And in this direction, where they can really be of use, they are met at the outset by a blank wall of ignorance, prejudice, and apathy. What are you to do with a people who imagine that, if you try to let a little light into their houses, you are insidiously aiming at the destruction of domestic privacy, and if you ask to inoculate them, that you are an agent of Government to keep down the population by poisoning the superfluous thousands?

And it is not merely their ignorance and prejudice that you have to wrestle with: there is also that curious attitude of mind, irresponsible and inconsequential, which is incapable of referring effects to their causes, and holds the "will of God" answerable for every undesirable consequence that attends man's silliest actions.

Incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the father of a family, with wife and children dependent upon him, will go to visit a brother or cousin suffering with plague, and will even get into bed with him, and embrace him, by way of cheering him up, and then go straight home, as he is, to his wife and children, shut himself up in the house with them for the night, and ascribe it to Kismet, or to the "will of God" when plague breaks out in the family two days after.

This, I believe, is how the disease, in spite of all precautions, found its way into my own compound. The bungalows of English residents are situated some way outside the Bazar, my own farthest of all, quite in the open country, where it seemed, if anywhere, that immunity from contagion might be expected. For some time past the servants had been strictly forbidden to go into any house in the Bazar, or permit any one from outside to enter theirs, and arrangements had been made for supplying

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them with the necessaries of life; but one of the syces, it afterwards appeared, had been unable to resist the temptation of slipping away to a funeral feast, and two or three mornings later came the news that one of his children had died of high fever in the night, that another was suffering, and that the *chowkidar*, or domestic policeman, who lived in the adjoining house, had fever also. A hospital assistant, hastily summoned, pronounced the case of the dead child suspicious, and the *chowkidar* to be undoubtedly suffering from plague. The body of the child was carried outside and burnt, and the *chowkidar* removed at once to the plague hospital; but the mischief was done, the disease had established a footing. Servants' houses in India are built in one block, each so-called house being really a single room, or compartment, separated from the rest by a partition-wall, which, in some cases, does not reach as high as the roof. It will be readily understood that, under such conditions, it was practically impossible to stop infection, which had gained two or three days' start. The rooms on either side were vacated, but the rats, of which there are always a certain number in servants' houses, were still free to travel over the whole building and scatter germs broadcast. There is no agent so active in distributing plague as the rat, which is peculiarly susceptible to the disease itself, and dying in holes under the floors and elsewhere, is as mischievous in death as in life. However, disinfectants were pumped over the walls, bonfires were lighted on the floors, every rag, blanket, bed, every bit of clothing, every article, in short, that could harbour a germ was consigned to the flames; the roofs of the vacated houses were uncovered, and a few tiles, for the sake of ventilation, removed from those which were still occupied; but it was impossible to do this to any great extent, for the rain came through, making puddles on the floors, and the native, till he reaches the stage of panic, prefers to face the off chance of disease to the present certainty of discomfort, so they probably replaced the tiles under cover of darkness, and made themselves snug for the night, themselves, their wives and

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their children, not omitting the microbe; and night is the microbe's opportunity. Every day brought its fresh case or cases, and the end was never in sight, for an average establishment of servants in India, with their wives and children, and sometimes an old father or mother who lurks in the background when the Sahib is about, amounts to quite forty souls, and as many bodies, and the bodies are the trouble.

How one dreaded the early morning with its revelation of what the night had brought forth! To have waked up to bright sunshine would have been some fortification for the day's troubles, but the first glance out of doors reveals the same uncompromising sky, the same downpour of rain. It is past six o'clock; why does not Lal Khan bring the tea? He is always punctual: perhaps the cows have not been milked, perhaps—but conjecture withers away under the blighting touch of conviction. There can be only one answer. The door opens and the dressing-boy comes in with the tray which it is not his function to bring. "Where is Lal Khan?" It is hoping against hope. The answer is written in his face. "Lal Khan," he says, "has fever; his health is a little bad." "Any one else?" He does not know, he has been making the tea. You get out of bed and dress, trying hard to look cheerful for example's sake.

The sweeper is waiting on the verandah. His wife's health is not perfect, fever came to her in the night. It does not seem to trouble him much. Women do not count for a great deal among the lower classes in India, but it means for me another case to be dealt with, and another risk of spreading infection, for the sweeper's work brings him into the house.

It is quite a relief when my horse comes round in charge of his own syce, an old servant who has been with me many years. He, at least, is all right so far. I get into the saddle, and return with the promise of an early visit from the doctor, who arrives soon after. Yes, Lal Khan is a clear case of plague, and the sweeper's wife is suspicious: they must both be isolated, or sent to the plague hospital. The plague

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hospital is a temporary erection of sheds, hastily run up, and enlarged from time to time, as opportunity offers, to meet the ever-increasing necessity for accommodation. The roofs are not in all cases watertight, and the ground is a sea of mud. The hospital assistants do their best, but the staff is necessarily inadequate, and anything like nursing is altogether out of the question. It is the best that can be looked for under the circumstances, but it is not attractive, and servants, who at any time have a rooted prejudice against going to hospital, will not stay there if they can help it. If they are not too ill to move, they will steal away at night, with the disease upon them, to some relation in the Bazar, or even find their way back to your compound, and sleep in the very houses which have just been disinfected. The other alternative is isolation, but present weather conditions make this a matter of increasing difficulty. I have got four small tents, but nowhere to pitch them. The compound is ankle-deep in water, a veritable bog. Eventually I put them on the carriage-drive. The roadway is under water, but it is drier than the grass, and the water will run under the beds there instead of over them. And the evening and the morning are the sixth day.

The evenings are bad enough, but the mornings are worse. In the evening there is a vague hope that the morning may usher in a change of weather, but morning after morning brings the deferring of hope that makes the heart sick: the same cheerless sky, the same constant rain, the same tale of fresh cases, and the growing impossibility of dealing with them.

It is not an uncommon sight to see a man staggering about as if he were drunk. There was a syce, for instance, this morning: he came round the corner of the building supporting himself with one hand against the wall, and eventually collapsed on to the ground in a state of coma. The resources of isolation being exhausted, he must go to the hospital, so a messenger was sent into the Bazar for a bullock cart. After three hours he returned to say that the Bazar was deserted,

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and there was no bullock cart to be had, so a stretcher had to be improvised, and two of the garden coolies, their clothes liberally sprinkled with disinfectants, carried the patient away to the hospital. In the comatose state he will not find his way back. It is difficult under the circumstances to avoid growing callous: perhaps, after all, it is best that one should.

As I said just now, the Bazar is a desert. The people from the surrounding villages no longer come in to buy and sell. There is no one to buy from or sell to. Every one who can afford to flee has fled. Government, which in the early days of plague organised strict measures of medical inspection and quarantine along the line of the railroads for all persons coming from infected districts, has now, in deference to popular discontent, abandoned all restrictions, and the population of a plague-stricken area is free to spread itself all over the country, the measure of the distance of their flight being the possession of means to pay for a railway ticket. The first to escape from here were the Buniahs and Borahs, these being the Hindu and Mussulman traders of the town—the grocers, the chandlers, and general dealers of the community. As a consequence of this exodus, all trade has come to a standstill. There is one Buniah who, from his retreat in a neighbouring village, comes in one day a week, for two hours or so, to sell grain, but it is doubtful how long he will continue to do this, and when he fails the food problem may become acute.

When once the native has abandoned the fatalist attitude, the transition from apathy to panic is rapid and not altogether undesirable. They are beginning now to realise that sanitary precautions may possibly be of some value; that it may perhaps not be running counter to the decrees of Providence to observe the elementary rules of hygiene, that fresh air is wholesome, and that persons who have been inoculated are less liable to the scourge than those who have not. In fact, this latter method of obtaining immunity has become so popular that at the present time the doctors have as many applicants as they can attend to.

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The foregoing pages, which up to this point have been something in the nature of a diary, written with a running commentary, under the stress of daily difficulties, deal with the period when the plague first became acute. These last few lines are a postscript, and bear date some four weeks later, the interval having been spent by the writer in making personal acquaintance with the disease. Englishmen, as a rule, for some reason or other, appear to enjoy comparative immunity. Even those who, though handling patients and directing disinfecting operations, have been most exposed to it, have escaped, but there are occasional exceptions.

The plague in the Bazar has now practically come to an end, there being hardly any one left to have it; but in the native city it is still raging. There is no power of dealing with it; there is grave difficulty even in disposing of the dead bodies, but it will work itself out eventually, we hope, like all epidemics, and in the meantime the sun has reappeared to cheer us.

In writing of a time of exceptional stress there is often a tendency to exaggerate, and the writer's personal troubles have perhaps unwittingly been made to loom larger than they will do, in retrospect, some years hence, when they have found their proper perspective; but the power, the deadliness, and the virulence of a plague epidemic under the climatic conditions which I have attempted to describe it is impossible to exaggerate. Among all the agencies of death and destruction, plague towers a giant, grim, untiring, malignant, a giant whose grip is destruction, whose lightest touch dangles you over the brink of the Inferno.

E. C. CHOLMONDELEY.

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A COLONIST IN HIS GARDEN

He Reads a Letter.

"DIM grows your face, and in my ears,
Filled with the tramp of hurrying years,
Your voice dies, far apart.
Our shortening day draws in, alack!
Old Friend, ere darkness falls, turn back
To England, life and art.

"Write not that you content can be,
Pent by that drear and shipless sea
Round lonely islands rolled,
Isles nigh as empty as their deep,
Where men but talk of gold and sheep
And think of sheep and gold.'

"A land without a past; a race
Set in the rut of commonplace;
Where Demos overfed
Allows no gulf, permits no height;
And grace and colour, music, light,
From sturdy scorn are fled.

"I'll draw you home. Lo! As I write
A flash—a swallow's arrow-flight!
O'erhead the skylark's wings

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Quiver with joy at winter's rout:
A gust of April from without
Scents of the garden brings.

"The quickening turf is starred with gold;
The orchard wall, rust-red and old,
Glows in the sunlight long.
The very yew-tree warms to-day,
As the sundial, mossed and gray,
Marks with a shadow strong.

"Tired of the bold aggressive New,
Say, will your eyes not joy to view,
In a sedater clime,
How mellowing tones at leisure steal,
And age hath virtue scars to heal,
And beauty weds gray Time?"

He Speaks.

Good wizard! Thus he weaves his spell.
Yet, charm he twenty times as well,
Me shall he never spur,
To seek again the old, green land,
That seems from far to stretch a hand
To sons who dream of her.

For is my England there? Ah, no.
Gone is my England, long ago,
Leaving me tender joys,
Sweet, fragrant happy-breathing names
Of wrinkled men and grey-haired dames,
To me still girls and boys.

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With these in youth let memory stray
In pleasance green, where stern to-day
Works Fancy no mischance.
Dear pleasance—let no light invade
Revealing ravage Time hath made
Amid thy dim romance!

Here am I rooted. Firm and fast
We men take root who face the blast,
When, to the desert come,
We stand were none before have stood
And braving tempest, drought and flood,
Fight Nature for a home.

Now, when the fight is o'er, what man
What wrestler, who in manhood's span
Hath won so stern a fall,
Who, matched against the desert's power,
Hath made the wilderness to flower,
Can turn, forsaking all?

Yet that my heart to England cleaves
This garden tells with blooms and leaves
In old familiar throng,
And smells, sweet English, every one,
And English turf to tread upon,
And English blackbird's song.

"No art!" Who serve an art more great
Than we, rough architects of State
With the old Earth at strife!
"No colour?" On the silent waste
In pigments not to be effaced,
We paint the hues of life.

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"A land without a past!" Nay, nay.
I saw it, forty years this day,
—Nor man, nor beast, nor tree,
Wide, empty plains where shadows pass
Blown by the wind o'er whispering grass
Whose sigh crept after me.

Now when at midnight round my doors
The gale through sheltering branches roars,
What is it to the might
Of the mad gorge-wind that o'erthrew
My camp,—the first I pitched—and blew
Our tents into the night?

Mine is the vista where the blue
And white-capped mountains close the view.
Each tapering cypress there
At planting in these hands was borne,
Small, shivering seedlings and forlorn,
When all the plain was bare!

Skies without music, mute through time,
Now hear the skylark's rippling climb
Challenge their loftier dome.
And hark! A song of gardens floats,
Rills, gushes clear,—the self-same notes
Your thrushes flute at Home.

See, I have poured o'er plain and hill
Gold open-handed, wealth that will
Win children's children's smiles,
—Autumnal glories, glowing leaves,
And aureate flowers, and warmth of sheaves,
Mid weary pastoral miles.

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Yonder my poplars, burning gold,
Flare in tall rows of torches bold,
Spire beyond kindling spire.
Then raining gold round silver stem
Soft birches gleam. Outflaming them
My oaks take ruddier fire.

And with my flowers about her spread
(None brighter than her shining head),
The lady of my close,
My daughter, walks in girlhood fair.
Friend, could I rear in England's air
A sweeter English rose?

W. P. Reeves.

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LITERATURE AND HISTORY

THE school of English historians has suffered many serious losses in recent years. Death has dealt heavily both with the actual writers of history and with the leaders of historical learning. Ten years ago Froude and Lecky, Stubbs and Creighton, Gardiner and Acton were alive and working, and at the zenith of their reputations, if not in all cases of their powers. Setting aside the first-named, their removal was sudden and almost simultaneous. Four of them died almost within the same twelve months. It is obvious that no department of study could suffer such serious losses without being sensibly weakened; and it is not too much to say that historical learning in the three kingdoms has been left for the present without a head.

It is never legitimate to compare the performances of living writers with those of the dead. Apart from all personal objections, there is the grand difficulty that the comparison must be between finished and unfinished work, between acknowledged fame and reputation still in the making. Yet it will not be taken for disparagement of the immense activity which is now being displayed in the realm of historical inquiry if it is asserted that none of the great names just referred to can be matched among the existing school of writers and workers. Neither Froude, for his perfection of style and instinctive grasp of the essential; Lecky, for the massive dignity of his work and his genius for historical vignettes;

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Stubbs, for his singular mastery over his materials, and the skill with which he could extract the pith and marrow of the most unpromising materials; Creighton, for his judiciousness and the freshness of his ideas; Gardiner, for the orderly march of his sober narrative, maintained at a singularly even level through a life's task; nor Lord Acton, for the encyclopædic range of his colossal learning, has any rival in his kind among contemporary historians. No doubt we shall not have long to wait for successors to these eminent men whom all will acknowledge to be worthy. There are some that could be named whose general historical equipment is ample, varied and profound, and many whose special intimacy with particular periods is marvellously minute. But for the moment history in this country appears to be in the hands of professors of history rather than of historians. There is a considerable difference between the two classes, and already there are indications that this accident may have results which cannot be entirely satisfactory. Inasmuch as with the great names just cited, the honourable succession of English historians of the nineteenth century may fairly be said to have closed, the occasion seems appropriate for a brief survey of the present trend of historical learning in Great Britain, and an estimate of the nature of the developments which appear likely to flow from it in the near future.

The objects which the existing directors of historical study in England have set before themselves can hardly find clearer or more deliberate expression than they have recently received at the hands of one who, alike in virtue of his indisputable learning and of his official position, speaks at once with authority and responsibility. In his inaugural lecture on "The Science of History," the Regius Professor of History at Cambridge was at pains to emphasise the full extent of the transformation which has latterly been effected in the nature, objects and methods of historical study. "History is a science, no less and no more." Such is the doctrine which the successor of Lord Acton in the Chair of

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History expounded last year before the University. It is true that the doctrine is not entirely new. From the same pulpit Lord Acton had himself preached, some seven or eight years earlier, from the same text. In one of the very few fragments of historical literature which remains to attest the possibilities which were paralysed by the weight of its author's encyclopædic information, the projector of the Cambridge history unfolded his ideal of his office in an address which marked an epoch in historical study in England. But the disciple has outrun the master. Whereas Lord Acton was content to enforce the teaching of Ranke, to insist that "history must be critical, must be colourless, must be new," and to expatiate on "the dogma of impartiality," Professor Bury is by no means satisfied to stop there. "The transformation of the idea of history, which is being gradually accomplished," has, in his view, been greatly accelerated in the last seven years. So much so, that he has deemed it incumbent upon him, at his entrance on his important functions, to define his attitude towards the process. Let us see how he does it, and note the extravagant enthusiasm with which he records the progress which has been made towards that emancipation of history from historians, that development of learning at the expense of writing, which his predecessor predicted, it is to be feared quite accurately, must be the outcome of the present documentary age. That no injustice may be done to the professor's argument it will be stated, as far as possible, in the professor's own words.

Dr. Bury begins by deploring the fact that the view of history for which he contends is not yet universally or unreservedly acknowledged. It is only within three short generations that history has begun to forsake her old irresponsible ways, and to enter into her kingdom. Students of history are still confused, embarrassed and diverted by her old traditions and associations. Much has indeed been accomplished. The revolution is slowly and silently progressing. History has really been enthroned and ensphered among the

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sciences. But the particular nature of her influence, her time-honoured association with literature, and other circumstances, have acted as a sort of vague cloud, half concealing from men's eyes her new position in the heavens. All this leads up to the statement which, though stated only to be interpolated as a parenthesis not yet superfluous, is really one of the main propositions of the lecture, that "history is not a branch of literature." Professor Bury admits, indeed, though with an accent of scarce concealed regret, that the facts of history can supply material for literary art. "But," he urges, in a similitude surely a little on the hither side of eulogy of the work of his distinguished Cambridge colleague and compatriot, Sir Robert Ball, "to clothe the story of a human society in a literary dress is no more the business of a historian as a historian than it is the part of an astronomer as an astronomer to present in an artistic shape the story of the stars." Such is the doctrine expounded to the university of Macaulay by the editor of Gibbon.

But there is a positive as well as a negative side to the professor's philosophy of history. Having demolished the claims of history to be regarded in any wise as literature or as an art, and having denounced the mistaken conception which all the pre-nineteenth century historians, both ancient and modern, have had of their functions, Professor Bury proceeded to the constructive portion of his task, and enumerated for the benefit of his audience some of the fundamental formulæ of the science of history. They come, of course, like some other unlovely things, from Germany. The massive historians of the eighteenth century in France and Italy did indeed, it is admitted, produce works of permanent value. But theirs was the criticism of sheer learning. "Erudition has now been supplemented by scientific methods, and we owe the change to Germany." More especially we owe it to the author of the "Prolegomena to Homer," a work which gave the historians that idea of a systematic and minute method of analysing their sources, which soon developed into "the microscopic criticism now recognised as indispensable."

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But microscopic criticism would not have sufficed of itself. "A right notion of the bearing of history on affairs could not be formed or formulated until men had grasped the great transforming conception which enables history to define her scope, the idea of human development." It is this which has brought history into line with other sciences, and, potentially at least, has delivered her from the political and ethical encumbrances which continued to impede her, even after the introduction of scientific methods. That is why, according to Professor Bury, the last century is as important in the annals of historical studies as the fifth century B.C. It marks a "stage in the growth of man's self-consciousness. More than two thousand years after the birth of Herodotus the 'sons of flesh' have grasped the notion of their upward development through immense cycles of time. This idea has recreated history." The clear realisation of the fact that our conception of the past is itself a distinct factor in guiding and moulding our evolution, and must become a factor of greater and increasing potency, marks a new stage in the growth of the human mind. "And it supplies us with the true theory of the practical importance of history."

Finally, Professor Bury concludes what is anything but a fairy tale of science by bidding us contemplate the long results of time. It follows from the adoption of the theory of evolution as the basis of historical teaching, that a science of history "cannot safely be controlled or guided by a subjective interest." Its concern is with the future as much as with the past. We must think more of "the question of œcumenical history" than of those centuries of development which we have got into the bad habit of thinking as of unique and predominant importance. We are bidden not to regard "the series of what *we* call ancient and mediæval history as leading up to the modern age and the twentieth century, but to consider the whole sequence up to the present moment as probably no more than the beginning of a social and psychical development, whereof the end is withdrawn from our view by

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countless millenniums to come." It is in the idea of the future development of man that we are to find not only a controlling idea for determining our historical perspective, but the justification of much of the laborious work that is being done to-day. The historical labours of man for many a century to come must be regarded as "the ministrations of a novitiate." "For a long time to come one of the chief services that research can perform is to help to build, firm and solid, some of the countless stairs by which men of distant ages may mount to a height unattainable by us, and have a vision of history which we cannot win standing on the lower slopes." But the novice is bidden to seek consolation in his apparently abortive ministrations in the faith that "a complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history will tell in the end."

This summary of Professor Bury's lecture is no travesty of his opinions. It is a literal reproduction of the most salient passages in his argument. What are we to say to it all? Is this really the ideal—if the professor will allow that science can have anything to do with ideals—which ought to be formed for history, and should guide the studies of the new school of historical inquiry which has been formed at Cambridge? May we no longer place History, in Landor's words, "on her rightful throne, and at the sides of her Eloquence and War"; and must we depose her at the bidding of this scientific iconoclast who was but lately—it is odd to remember—a Regius Professor of Greek? Has the Muse of History become so wanton a wench that all commerce with her must henceforth be broken off? Or, if we may still keep a bowing acquaintance with her, may Clio only be flirted with in the guise of a blue-stocking? Are we really to admit that history lies as often as she charms, and that the methods of Gibbon or of Macaulay, to travel no further back, are obsolete for the purposes of history in the present and all future centuries? It is time that these questions were asked, and time that they were answered, before that ideal of history that has been formed and held for above two thousand years is buried beneath the

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masses of amorphous learning which are being accumulated by the busy navvies of research.

For Professor Bury is not alone in his opinions. No one, in England at least, has carried out to their conclusion with such rigid logic as he the principles for which he contends, and no one, therefore, has so quickly reached the *reductio ad absurdum* of scientific history involved in the pæan of historical evolution cited a moment ago. But it has to be admitted that his doctrine has received countenance from some among the eminent men already referred to. Lord Acton before him had declared from the same chair that "the law of continuous growth has transformed history from a chronicle of casual occurrences." He had announced, as we have seen, that the advent of the documentary age has made history independent of historians; a doctrine he has expressed in another form, in his Letters to Miss Mary Gladstone, in the saying that it is puerile to write modern history from printed books. But Lord Acton, though perhaps the greatest historical scholar of the nineteenth century, unfortunately carried his dread of what has been stigmatised as the danger of sacrificing truth to accomplishment to the point of accomplishing nothing, and enforced his proposition that learning is being developed at the expense of writing by becoming the first historian who has written no history. Never was there a more melancholy memorial to a man of great attainment than the bibliography of Lord Acton's writings lately published by the Royal Historical Society. It fills twenty octavo pages, and enumerates some hundreds of contributions to historical discussion. But it contains no single item of greater dimensions than a lecture or a review.

It is therefore of more importance, with all deference to the memory of a great name, and the inspiration of a great example, to consider the precepts of less fastidious, if less learned, authorities. And it has to be admitted, in Professor Bury's favour, that Bishop Creighton, whose performance was greater than Lord Acton's in about the proportion in

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which both his learning and his leisure were less, not only considered that the historian is in danger of being transformed from a man of letters into a compiler of an encyclopædia, but committed himself to the aphorism that "in proportion as history is picturesque it is not really history." Nobody has yet announced that history is only history when nobody but an historical specialist will read it, and the dogma of impartiality has not yet been followed by the express promulgation on pontifical authority of the dogma of necessary dulness. But when the announcement of that doctrine is made as a fundamental postulate of the science of history no one will have any right to be surprised.

No student who has sought to till the smallest corner of the vast field of history is likely to be ungrateful for the services which have been rendered to his favourite study by the pioneers of modern research. Our gratitude may not take quite the form given to the thanksgiving of the Christchurch man, of whom Bolingbroke reports that he was overheard in his closet "acknowledging the divine goodness in furnishing the world with makers of dictionaries." But we are, none of us, unmindful of the blessings we owe to Sir Leslie Stephen, Mr. Sidney Lee, and the laborious compilers of the "Dictionary of National Biography." No one who attempts the smallest historical task can fail to make perpetual use of this and similar monuments of co-operative industry. The immense accumulation of fresh knowledge, the impossibility of keeping abreast of the additions to learning in more than one department, the multifarious requirements, as Bishop Creighton put it, with which the historian has to struggle as best he may—these difficulties of the documentary age are the abundant justification of such an exercise in co-operative history as the great storehouse of information which Lord Acton planned, and which his disciples are building in the new "Cambridge History." It is precisely because "a complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history" is impossible of attainment even in the narrowest fields of research, that colossal

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undertakings of this sort—they are not to be called books—are greedily welcomed by students. But of what service are such works, designed to guide, relieve and shorten the labour of investigation, if every student is to be regarded as no more than an insect laboriously adding his atom of fresh fact to some coral reef of knowledge which has yet to emerge above the level of the vast ocean of unserviceable learning? If history is to be of any present use in the world, if it is really to enlarge men's views of man and of society, if it is to aid us to discover and to estimate the ideas upon which the continuity of national life is founded, and the principles on which that life can be best developed, it is impossible that it should be effectively or fruitfully pursued in this way. It is futile, no doubt, to cite the views of an historian who was also a man of letters to the zealots of research, yet the votaries of "the microscopic criticism which is now recognised as indispensable" will be none the worse for being reminded that "a history in which every particular incident may be true may yet on the whole be false." Nor is the statement that, if history were written on the microscopic principle, "the Bodleian library would not contain the occurrences of a week," a peculiarly glaring instance of Macaulay's tendency to rhetorical exaggeration.

To say this is not to disparage the value of research or to deny that in a large measure the old ideal of history was narrow and needed to be transformed. Not merely was the older view of history what Professor Bury calls "the politico-ethical theory" narrow in its range, it was liable to be grossly mistaken in its teaching. The school which conceived of history as a guide for conduct, a collection of precepts and maxims derived from actual historical experience, necessarily bestowed an altogether disproportionate degree of their attention on merely political history, on treaties and battles and personages, on the outward symbols of great movements and currents of opinion, the inner significance of which they scarcely sought to understand. It is perfectly true that they

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were apt to concern themselves too much with the characters of individuals and too little with the life of communities. In the eighteenth century it was still possible for the author of the definition of history as philosophy teaching by examples—a man of letters who had been a statesman—to conceive a plan for a general history of modern Europe in which the Reformation was omitted from the catalogue of events by which he illustrated the importance of the sixteenth century. Yet Bolingbroke had got hold of the root of the matter when he justified the importance of the space assigned to individuals in history on the ground that "man is the subject of every history." And for the historian who is apt to lose himself in the maze of facts and the mass of documents this metaphor, employed by the same writer, is not without its warning. "When works of importance are pressing, generals themselves may take up the pick-axe and spade; but in the ordinary course of things, when that present necessity is over, such tools are left in the hands destined to use them, the hands of common soldiers and peasants." To say this is not by any means to minimise the illuminating value of what Lord Acton called "implacable research," or to forget that, as Bishop Stubbs so admirably put it, "to a certain extent every one who would do anything must be his own dryasdust."

If so much must be urged by way of caution against the dangers of too continuous immersion in research, it is not less necessary to observe that even the great dogma of impartiality is not always correctly interpreted by the faithful. It is true, and no one is likely to deny it, that the elder school were apt to be the slaves of their individual prejudices; that, in Lord Acton's phrase, the strongest and most impressive personalities project their own broad shadow on their pages; that they were too much taken up with the bearing of politics upon history or of history upon politics; and that, as has lately been remarked of Macaulay, "he wrote too much as though the whole history of England was a preface to the Act

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of Catholic Emancipation and the first Reform Act." Even so it remains equally true that "a great man may be worth several immaculate historians." And has not the impersonal method its own sufficiently serious dangers? The functions of a historian are certainly not limited to the exact ascertainment of historical facts, any more than they are limited to the registering of the crimes, the follies, and the misfortunes of mankind. It is equally his business to guide the opinions of those who read history, and so to write it that it may be read. In doing so a tireless industry in ascertaining facts, a scrupulous accuracy in stating them, and a balanced judgment in weighing their importance are indeed the first essentials. But is there any reason why the results of industry and zeal should be largely wasted for want of attractiveness in their presentation? Why is the writer of history to be warned against the attempt to give a literary form, according to the measure of his abilities, to the outcome of his inquiries? If the whole workshop of historical research is not to become a vast lumber-room, it is time that some at least among the leaders of English historical learning should recognise the saving grace of style as the great antiseptic not only of literature but of history. In the vast competition and multiplication of modern books, and especially in dealing with a tangled, obscure and, for the most part, unpopular subject like history, it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the transcendent importance of giving form and colour to the representation of history so far as the subject and the truth permits. The art of condensation, of omitting mere conventional phraseology, of selecting appropriate epithets for striking incidents, and of arranging skilfully the sequence of a narrative, is indeed only acquired slowly by great pains and assiduous study of the best models. As often as not even such pains and such study may be in vain. But their importance in making a book readable and in giving it a character of permanence cannot be exaggerated. History which cannot be made readable had better not be written. Of course there are dangers in this direction, which have been illustrated by some

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of the greatest masters of style. When Macaulay embarked upon his great work with the determination to "produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies," it can hardly be contended that he was inspired by a sufficiently lofty conception of the dignity of history. Yet it may be doubted whether it was not more animating, as it was certainly more intelligible, than the modern Cambridge ideal of providing a vision of history for the edification of the world's inhabitants after the lapse of "countless millenniums."

But style, though it is the great antiseptic, is not the only one. There is another which every student who has the wish to be fair, may hope to train himself to use. It is the quality of intellectual detachment, the faculty of discarding native prepossessions, of trying innate prejudices by the touchstone of principle, and of submitting every historical problem to the same test. In this sense every student will accept the dogma of impartiality. But if the dogma of impartiality means that a historian is not to have, or at least is not to indicate, an opinion of his own, it is time to renounce it. The true analogy to the functions of a historian is the charge of a judge to a jury. It is his business to sift and weigh the evidence, to disentangle complexities, to represent in clear sequence all the essential facts from the point of view of both sides. But it is not less his function to give, without imposing, his own view of the facts. The jury which has all the facts, and is the ultimate arbiter, may accept or reject his view. But without it the jejune recital of pros and cons becomes wearisome and gives no guidance. One cannot but recognise a measure of truth in a judicial dictum which may be commended to Mr. Justice Darling for the next edition of "Scintillæ Juris": "Nothing is so misleading as a 'fair' charge."

It may be urged perhaps that these considerations are beside the mark; that the teaching which is demurred to here is a method of historical study intended to apply

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only to the obscure researches of humble students, and is not intended to limit the working of genius, or the greater enterprises of competent historians. But the objection is not valid. The new teaching is a bed of Procrustes in which the tallest must conform to the stature of the shortest. It recognises no genius save a genius for taking pains. The historian with a marked faculty for picturesque description must be as prosaic as the dullest member of his craft. For if he should indulge his talent by attempting to tell a story, he is in peril of being branded a story-teller in another sense. The very attempt to achieve tasks of the magnitude of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," not to speak of so magnificent an enterprise as Gibbon's, is deprecated on the ground that the multiplicity of topics which ought to be embraced is too great for the compass of a single mind. The steady piling up of the complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history must be the sole business alike of the great and the small.

What is to be the outcome of the teaching which is thus being persistently and pragmatically preached? When we have attained to the great desideratum of history without historians who will be the better for it? by how much will the world be the wiser? History will not, of course, be a more effective guide of conduct, a richer school of experience, a more excellent exemplar of practical lessons, since that old conception of it is entirely exploded. But will it be anything better? Will some Walpole of Professor Bury's ultimate millennium, impressed by the assemblage of the smallest facts of human history, retract the famous epigram, "Anything but history, history must be false?" Or will this conversion of history from literature to a blue-book rebut the libel that it is no better than an old almanac?

C. Litton Falkiner.

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FONTENELLE

"HABENT sua fata libelli." Why is it that so many really good books, far better worth reading than most of what issues daily from the press, are so neglected, and answer to the caustic definition of a standard work—one that stands upon the shelf? It is not merely that there are tides in literature, that tastes alter, and the fashion of one age is not the fashion of another; nor is it only because the essence of former productions has passed into later knowledge, has become a part of modern thought, and supersedes the necessity for the study of originals. In historical and scientific studies such a plea may be valid. Few authors, indeed, are sufficiently monumental to escape that process. Is it not rather owing to the deliberate preference for what is new simply because it is new, apart from any other merit? We need not go so far as to say with Samuel Rogers, "Whenever a new book comes out I read an old one." The flooding of the book market in one particular direction has aggravated this tendency. It is to be feared there is some truth in the remark that has been made that, to very many people in London, Literature is now synonymous with Fiction—a class of writing the annual circulation of which, if regard be had only to the most popular volumes, must be reckoned by millions, while the gross total is far larger. This devotion to novel-reading to the exclusion of everything else must have a debilitating influence. One solid or more serious author and

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one piece of light reading we should always have on hand. The late Master of Balliol, the last person in the world to confine the range of study to one or two subjects, used to declare that "there is time enough to read all the books worth reading, if you can only get the *mind* for it."

The great masterpieces of literature, whether in our own or in a foreign language, are in danger of being crowded out by the prevailing habit of unsystematic, indiscriminate reading, which treats one book as if it were as good as another, and surrenders itself helplessly to what is vapid and ephemeral, if not positively objectionable and injurious. How pathetic is the undisturbed repose in our libraries of the good old French classics of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and from what a storehouse of delight do we debar ourselves! How many persons are there who read Molière, Racine, Corneille, Pascal, Madame de Sévigné, though they may read *about* them?

And if this be the case with those brilliant luminaries of the Augustan age of Louis XIV., much more will it be true of such an author as the subject of this paper. For it may be admitted at once that in that galaxy of men of letters Fontenelle is a star of the second magnitude. Many of his works are no doubt now unreadable and obsolete. In our own country he has hardly received the attention he deserves in the way of editing or translation; but we believe that a very readable and attractive volume could be formed containing, with his "Life of Corneille," some of his best and most characteristic pieces. Voltaire does not overpraise him when he compares the variety and universality of Fontenelle's knowledge to countries so happily situated as to produce every kind of fruit.

In none of the many subjects that he dealt with did he reach the highest rank. As a poet, in his tragedies, his operas, and his pastorals, he is too artificial, and shows neither *verve* nor imagination, though it is only doing justice to him to remember that his appearance in this character was brief and

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was mainly confined to his youth. As a critic he is ingenious and subtle, but cold, and in his earlier writings somewhat open to the charge of affectation and extravagance; as when, in his "Discourse on the Tragedians," he denies the existence of either subject or plot to "Prometheus," and speaks of Æschylus as a kind of madman—language which made it impossible for Diderot to include that treatise in the Encyclopædia.

In the region of Science, which he did so much to disseminate and expound, he contributed nothing original, though he stands, as Voltaire said, without question above all the *savants* who have not had the gift of invention. Nevertheless, he may claim to be regarded as the best representative of French literature in his day, as the typical example of the writer of *belles lettres*, and that at a period when the standard of literary excellence was very high, a standard which Fontenelle himself did much to raise. His "Éloges des Académiciens de l'Académie Royale des Sciences" has been called one of the best books in the language. He was the first to deliver the *éloges* in French instead of in Latin. They are models of simplicity, impartiality, and discrimination. In all they amount to sixty-nine, and they include such great names as Leibnitz, Newton, Malebranche, Vauban, Peter the Czar, and they fill two volumes of Fontenelle's works. The following comparison between Descartes and Newton, in the *éloge* on the latter, is a good illustration both of Fontenelle's style and of this felicitous blending of memoirs and criticism:

> Les deux grands hommes qui se trouvent dans une si grande opposition ont eu de grands rapports. Tous deux ont été des génies du premier ordre, nés pour dominer sur les autres esprits et pour fonder des empires. Tous deux, géomètres excellents, ont vu la nécessité de transporter la géométrie dans la physique. Tous deux ont fondé leur physique sur une géométrie qu'ils ne tenaient presque que de leurs propres lumières. Mais l'un, prenant un vol hardi, a voulu se placer à la source de tout, se rendre maître des premiers principes par quelques idées claires et fondamentales, pour n'avoir plus qu'à descendre aux phénomènes de la nature comme à des conséquences néces-

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saires; l'autre, plus timide ou plus modeste, a commencé sa marche par s'appuyer sur les phénomènes pour remonter aux principes inconnus, résolu de les admettre, quels que les pût donner l'enchaînement des conséquences. L'un part de ce qu'il entend nettement pour trouver la cause de ce qu'il voit. L'autre part de ce qu'il voit pour en trouver la cause, soit claire, soit obscure. Les principes évidents de l'un ne le conduisent pas toujours aux phénomènes tels qu'ils sont; les phénomènes ne conduisent pas toujours l'autre à des principes assez évidents. Les bornes qui, dans ces deux routes contraires, ont pu arrêter deux hommes de cette espèce, ce ne sont pas les bornes de leur esprit, mais celles de l'esprit humain.

Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle at his birth at Rouen, February 11, 1657, was so delicate a child that he was not expected to live. In spite of this weakness he saw fifty-eight years of the reign of Louis XIV. and forty-two of that of his successor, surviving through the war of the Austrian Succession to the commencement of the Seven Years War. Or perhaps we may realise better what such a life means by reflecting that, begun while Cromwell was still alive, it extended through the reigns of six English sovereigns, closing only three years before the accession of George III. He thus belonged to and formed a link between two epochs of French literature, the meridian splendour of the early Louis XIV. period, and the latter half of that monarch's reign, which witnessed a great falling off; while under Louis XV. the cultivation of literature was wholly neglected. It has been said of Fontenelle that there were two men in him—the *bel esprit* of the seventeenth and the philosopher of the eighteenth century.

Little in the way of incident is recorded of his personal life. Educated at the Jesuits' College at his native city, after a brief and unsuccessful nominal study of the law, when he was really amassing a store of knowledge in languages, in poetry, history, and philosophy, he soon devoted himself to a literary career. On his mother's side he was a nephew of Corneille, with whose younger brother Thomas he made his first home in Paris. It is of Fontenelle at this stage of his life, marked by affectation, bad taste, and an almost total want of soul, that La Bruyère has drawn an unfavourable picture.

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We have a far more pleasing description of him at the age of seventy-six, when he had built up a solid reputation, calm and dignified, weighing his words carefully, and a good listener, with his keen piercing eyes, and a general air of distinction. In 1697 he became Secretary to the Academy of Sciences, founded by Colbert in 1666, and an honorary member of that of Berlin, as well as of our own Royal Society. This was his principal occupation, a most congenial one to a man of his tastes, and he held the post for almost forty-three years. His appointment to it was due to the proofs given of his talents in his "Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds," and his conception of the qualities demanded in a secretary is well shown in his *éloge* on his predecessor, M. du Hamel—"to throw light on thorny and abstract subjects, to clear up difficulties in conflicting theories, to interpret science to the public." It was a high ideal, and one that he kept ever before him.

The importance of these academies for research, "Les États généraux de la Philosophie," as he calls them, and their intimate connection with the growth of science, he describes in a striking passage which concludes as follows:

> Ici l'on voulut que tout fût simple, tranquille, sans ostentation d'esprit ni de science, que personne ne se crût engagé à avoir raison, et que l'on fût toujours en état de céder sans honte, surtout qu'aucun système ne dominât dans l'Académie à l'exclusion des autres, et qu'on laissât toujours toutes les portes ouvertes à la verité.[1]

He felt scarcely any of the infirmities or maladies of age till he was past ninety, when his eyesight somewhat failed, and he became rather deaf. If he had the gout, he would not admit that it caused him pain. His foot simply became cotton, he rested it on a chair, *et voilà tout*. This extraordinary longevity and vitality was due in large measure to a serene and tranquil temperament.

Eight small octavo volumes, averaging 500 pages each, may not seem a very large output for this Nestor of literature. But Fontenelle was not obliged to write for his livelihood;

[1] "Préface de l'Histoire de l'Académie des Sciences," année 1666.

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indeed during his last years he possessed considerable wealth. But all that he published bears the mark of most careful polish, refinement, and delicacy of touch. His style never fails to give us that easy reading which is the outcome of care and painstaking in composition. Good sense, lucidity, precision, united to a liveliness that seems as if it would be impossible to be dull had he tried to be so—these are the chief characteristics of this versatile writer. He set before himself the golden rule, so often neglected or ignored: "When employed in composition my first concern is that I myself understand what I am to say." Another admirable charm possessed by Fontenelle, apart from graces of style, is his power of arousing the curiosity and interest of his readers in any subject or individual with whom he is dealing. Nowhere is this more evident than in his "Dialogues of the Dead," his first work in prose, published in 1683, when he was but twenty-six years old. From the humorous dedication to Lucian (with whom he obviously has so much in common) to the amusing extravagances of the Judgment of Pluto, there is hardly a page that has not some unexpected but pleasing analogy, some dexterous balancing between two opposite ideas or two contradictory characters, some clever juxtaposition of the sublime and the ridiculous.[1] Antithesis is his favourite figure. The technicalities of formal logic he had detested when studying as a youth under the Jesuits but the logical connection of ideas he always scrupulously observes, though it must be confessed that he is not always guiltless of sophistry.

How ingenious are the colloquies between Apicius and Galileo, between Paracelsus and Molière, between Fausta and Brutus, the former of whom defends her infidelities to M. Aurelius on the ground of the principles held by the latter, comparing her courage with his. "Je suis Romaine, et j'ai des sentimens Romains sur la liberté." How entertaining is the contempt of

[1] "Le magnifique et le ridicule sont si voisin, qu'ils se touchent." *Senèque, Scarron.* Is not this the origin of the *mot* "There is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous?"

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Erasistratus for Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, and his boast of having healed Antiochus of a quartan fever in entire ignorance of that theory by finding out that he was in love with Stratonice, from the fact that in her presence the Prince's pulse always beat higher in his desire to conceal his passion! Pluto, in his judgment on this case, after Harvey has made his protest, brusquely cuts short the defence that Erasistratus was about to make—"Qu'Erasistrate, quoiqu'il eût guéri Antiochus, seroit obligé de respecter la circulation du sang." Many such sly hits occur at obstinate disbelievers in the discoveries of the time. Each of these sprightly sketches is a complete little gem in itself. The ghosts always speak in character and in keeping with their environment, and in this respect Fontenelle has no equal apart from his prototype, Lucian. No comparison is possible between his light touch and the stately periods of the author of the "Imaginary Conversations." The late Mr. Henry Traill in "The New Lucian," and the late George Steevens in his "Monologues of the Dead," come nearest to him; the latter of whom, had his life been prolonged, might have furbished up his classical armour and produced something more lasting in this species of composition.

In what has been said above on his "Éloges" we have already touched on Fontenelle's attitude towards the scientific movement of his day. But no account of him would be complete which did not emphasise his influence in this department. He has been called the last of the Cartesians. He was to Descartes what Voltaire was afterwards to Newton. But he freely criticised his master. He expounded the whole of his system, his metaphysics as well as his physics. In his "Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds," published in 1686 when he was but twenty-nine, he adopted the hypothesis of the Vortices, which Descartes imagined, to account for the phenomena of planetary motion; a hypothesis long since obsolete, and disproved by the fact of the free passage of comets through the spaces that the vortices were supposed to occupy. But in his *éloge* on Newton, in 1723, he recog-

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nised the profound gulf that separated him from Descartes, and finally, in 1752, in his "Théorie des Tourbillons avec reflexions sur l'attraction," the Vortices are given up. This shows that he had an open mind, and was a genuine lover of truth. He insisted from the first on the vital difference between the ancient and the modern philosophy, the former being a philosophy of *words* the latter of *things*. Experience he describes as the sovereign mistress of all physical science, and the only safeguard through the labyrinth of the Plurality of Causes. Further, he was the first to express philosophical doctrines and methods in clear and graceful terms. He may have erred on some particular points, and he can lay no claim to original discovery, but his distinctive merit, and it is a great one, consists in having made the sciences speak in the plain language of ordinary life, and bringing their results within the comprehension of ordinary readers. He was thus instrumental in forming public opinion; and by the signal good fortune which cast his lot in an age of brilliant *savants*, the work of Fontenelle as a diffuser and populariser of their discoveries forms an important epoch in the philosophical as well as the literary history of France.

Something similar we have seen in the creation of a public sentiment on the great scientific movement of our times. We might instance such works as those of Stebbing and Hutchison, of Clodd and Grant Allen. Useful, however, as these are, they do not produce quite the same effect. We miss for one thing the transparent lucidity of the French language; while the problems of evolution raised by Darwinism are too serious, too complex, and too far-reaching to lend themselves easily to a style of exposition at once popular and exact.

Another instance of the gift that Fontenelle possessed of presenting a subject in an entertaining form is his "Histoire des Oracles." The question of the sources of the ancient oracles and their cessation had been discussed by a Dutch physician, Van Dale. His learned but dull treatise was transfused by the facile pen of Fontenelle into a lively and attractive

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volume, exactly suited to the taste of the Parisians. His explanation of the oracles by reference to human imposture roused the opposition of the Jesuits, who held that they were inspired by the Devil and silenced at the coming of Christ. Fontenelle declined to be drawn into a theological controversy. He recognised as Voltaire says: "Combien il est dangereux d'avoir raison dans des choses ou des hommes accrédités ont tort," and closed the debate, at the expense of his consistency, by the following reply: "Je laisserais mon censeur jouir en paix de son triomphe; Je consens que le Diable ait été prophète, puisque le Jesuit le veut, et qu'il croit cela plus orthodoxe."

Fontenelle and Landor are notable instances of a prolonged literary career. But while the author of "Imaginary Conversations" revelled in quarrels, the French writer made few enemies. It is true that he underwent two persecutions, if that is not too strong a term, one literary, the other theological; neither of them, however, was very severe. In the controversy as to the relative merits of the Ancients and the Moderns, Fontenelle was on the side of Perrault, the champion of the moderns, and in consequence he incurred the enmity of Boileau and Racine. A war of epigrams ensued, and through the influence of the two poets the doors of the Academy were for a long time closed against Fontenelle. The other occasion was the attack mentioned above, which was made on his History of the Oracles.

From this sketch of his literary career we can see what were the chief limitations that prevent our placing Fontenelle in the highest rank. We note with regret a certain amount of coldness and apathy in him, both mentally and morally.[1] His philosophy was mild and benevolent, rather than ardent and courageous, too much inclined, in the early part of his career, to paradox, and encyclopædic rather than profound. Equable

[1] Diderot, on one occasion, was talking of sentiment, when Fontenelle replied, "Monsieur, il y a quatre-vingt ans que j'a relégué le sentiment dans l'églogue."

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in temper, he shows his tolerance and gentle disposition in the following words: "Men are foolish and wicked, but such as they are I must live with them, and this I settled with myself very early in life." "I hate war because it spoils conversation." With scarce an exception his distinguished contemporaries, Voltaire, Malebranche, Condorcet, d'Alembert, speak of him in one aspect or another in terms of the highest praise and respect. Sainte-Beuve, in view of his many-sided character, and the way in which his qualities were modified and harmonised as the years went on, places him in a class by himself, and regards him as unique in French literature.

Madame Geoffrin asked him one day whether he had ever laughed.[1] "'Non,' répondit-il, 'je n'ai jamais fait Ah! ah! ah!' voilà l'idée qu'il avait du rire," to which Sainte-Beuve adds, "s'il n'avait jamais fait ah! ah! il n'avait jamais fait non plus oh! oh! oh! c'est-à-dire qu'il n'avait jamais admiré." Once and once only, on the death of M. Brunel, the friend of his childhood, he is known to have shed tears. When the ice was broken he was a staunch friend—"difficile à acquèrir, mais plus difficile à perdre." But the heart of one who could say "A man should be sparing of superfluities to himself, that he may supply necessaries to others," must have been in the right place; and we know that he carried out the sentiment in practice, and often "did good by stealth." He expired on January 9, 1757. Had he lived one month and two days longer he would have completed his hundredth year. His last words breathe a spirit of habitual cheerfulness and equanimity: "My friends! I am not suffering, but I feel a certain difficulty in existing."

FRANCIS ST. JOHN THACKERAY.

[1] A curious story is told in the 23rd of the "Dialogues of the Dead," of one Parmenisius, who consults the Oracle at Delphi on his inability to laugh.

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A GARDENER'S VIEW OF SCIENCE, OLD AND NEW

THE division of labour in everyday life enables us at once to see the common sense, the use, the necessity of a corresponding division of labour in science. And as within each trade or craft or profession there are many subdivisions, and within these often subdivisions again, familiar to those who practise them, so in every department of science. In every gardener, every florist, these two divisions of labour meet, for one is devoted to chrysanthemums and another to orchids, a third to roses, and so on, each finding in this or that alliance ample occupation and study, without time or inclination to trespass upon the other's field. That this division is necessary and its result fruitful is obvious; hence it commonly seems that the old days of general knowledge and of productivity in many fields of action are past and gone. Botany and zoology seem clearly and increasingly separated from physical science on the one hand, from the humanities on the other; and so for each department of these.

We must do justice to both lines of scientific evolution, and use our brains as we use our eyes, at one time focusing them upon the foreground detail with closer and minuter observation, and aiding them by increasing microscopic power, and at another seeking to take in a unified impression, a general landscape. To many specialists this seems impossible—or if not hopeless, at best premature; and perhaps particularly in

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the natural sciences it is undeniably difficult. The map-maker, however, has long ago anticipated our difficulty, and furnished us with maps of both kinds—those in which the greatest city is a mere point, yet others in which its minutest topographic details are given. May we not do the same in other studies, and even profit by these methods of graphic clearness? Let us start then with a map, the largest possible to the geographer, though a small one to the astronomer, that in which their respective fields unite. Let us draw the orbit of the earth, and define upon its all but circular ellipse the position of the earth throughout the four seasons, the twelve months; or, if we make our scale large enough, the 365¼ days. Next let us set out around this the position of the signs of the zodiac. Now return to the starry vault itself, and map out upon its curve the twelve signs, six above the horizon and six below, thus equal to two seasons above and two below. Now these fantastic signs, these ancient names, indicated, as astronomers have again and again pointed out, the seasonal facts. They corresponded to the phases of nature, the corresponding activities of labour upon the earth. Our circle of the zodiac thus includes within it a smaller, but to us all-important, cycle of nature-changes inexorably determined on the earth by its annual journey round the sun; and since the occupational activities obviously follow the course of nature, the ancient correlation of astronomy with climate and vegetation, and through these with animal life, with human occupation, is thus for us as fundamental as for primitive science. That many a modern graduate in science has never given an hour's thought or study to this simple subject is no doubt true; but this need not prevent our seeing that the reinvestigation of this co-relation, of this seasonal astronomy, seasonal biology, seasonal agriculture, is as legitimate a specialism as any other, and that this may be none the less rigorous and exact because it cuts across a number of special subjects usually treated separately. If our fields of study—astronomical, biological, social—may still be isolated as clearly and sharply as the

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successive coats of an onion, then, for that very reason it is a cross-section which best displays the structure of the whole. Above us, then, rolls the zodiac, with its seasonal signs. Around us grows the vegetable world in obedient response to these mighty influences, and within all we lead our human lives—of old obviously thus conditioned, nowadays less obviously; still, far more than we commonly realise. Division of labour has gone on till many occupations have forgotten their origins altogether, and even kindred ones no longer meet; hence the same has taken place in our science, our education. But the astronomer is again recalling us to the all-determining importance of his science. Witness, for recent example, Sir Norman Lockyer's "Farmer's Year" in *Nature*, 1902, with his clear insistence on the utilitarian common sense of the sun temples of Egypt, or the stone circles of our own forefathers.

Here then is the central point of an almost organised re-interpretation of custom and folklore, of anthropology, archæology, nay, even of mythology and of literature, which is in simultaneous progress in many schools of apparently specialist thought. Egyptologist and Celticist, Sir Norman reminds us, thus thoroughly meet; and to explain to a child its homely Christmas tree, or its spring or autumn bonfire, we must now traverse sciences, histories, literatures, religions. As yet, no doubt, this advancing tide of research has had little importance in education. The three R's of the popular school, the Latin and Greek of the secondary one, the mathematical and physical curriculum predominating in one university, or the classical and philosophical in favour at another—all as yet seem to remain unaffected. But, notwithstanding, the change is beginning, and first of all in popular education. Hence the importance of such an organised curriculum in nature-study as that which distinguishes the Education Faculty of Cornell or of Chicago; a system of which, for instance, the nature-study syllabus lately issued by the Scots Education Department shows some recognition, which may be confidently expected to

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increase from year to year as teacher and administrator progress towards more vitally educational methods. Here, in fact, is going on in the elementary schools of Europe, and also in the training colleges of most American cities, a substantial and definite renewal of the earliest syntheses, of the ancient initiations—scientific, philosophical, and religious in one.

For science is no mere labyrinth of specialisms, however delightful as her votaries know; philosophy no mere discussion of abstractions and generalities apart from nature and human life; religion no mere tradition of this Church or of that. Once more all these are becoming seen and felt as one. Through all the infinitudes of science we may increasingly trace the enchainment of cause and effect—the physical conditioning the organic, these the social, yet each reacting in turn. Such a conception, too, is truly philosophical. It is no longer finished, static, but kinetic, evolutionist. All is unity, order, simplicity, yet all a moving equilibrium, no mechanical orrery merely, but an unending drama—the perpetual remanifestation of the protean modes and moods of the universal energy.

That such a viewpoint is at the same time religious is surely manifest without argument. With this correlation of astronomic, organic, and human evolution we have practically recovered the standpoint of the 148th Psalm, *Benedicite omnia opera;* the sun and moon, the world of life and labour, of duties and emotions, all becoming unified, as of old, within a single education, a single initiation in which cosmic unity and human ideal unite. We have too long lost the ancient tradition of science, and so have tended to undervalue this. Proud of our modern physics, our modern microscopy and the rest, we tend to think there was practically no ancient science at all; and even historians too often speak as if science almost begins with the nineteenth century, or, at any rate, with the Renaissance. But we do not speak thus contemptuously of the philosophies of the ancient past. In Plato, in Aristotle, all men recognise the very culminations of grasp and range of thought, of comprehensiveness and subtlety, of truth and

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beauty. But we know these thinkers as not wholly initiators; we see them as the repositories, the organisers, the continuators of a great philosophic tradition, amid which stand clearest the sages of Elea and of Ionia, with the sublime figures of Pythagoras, even of Orpheus and Hermes, more dim and distant in the earlier past; clearest of all, as the common consent of mankind has recognised, the towering genius of the great religious founders. Hence Moses for our Western world; hence Rama and Krishna for that of India, stand forth masters, leaders of the human spirit beyond the later children of men. We see that these great religions, these great philosophies, were agreed in the essentially common conception of the universal order—astronomic, organic, and human. Their differences are but secondary; and we have thus reached the paradox that the simplest prehistoric worshipper at old Karnak or on Ben Ledi had a comprehensive and a unified idea of the general scheme of things. But that is to grant them a more comprehensive grasp of science than our modern specialists with all their discoveries—discoveries which are assuredly often, and doubtless oftener than we know, rediscoveries. For illustration of this in physical science we need hardly go beyond our current recovery and re-unification of "nature-studies." Yet in one special science after another, in medicine, in psychology, even in philology, rediscoveries are also plain. Take, for a single obvious instance, the case of what we know as Grimm's (or Rask's) Law—for most people an obvious discovery of one or other of these esteemed savants. But leaving for a moment this view of their discovery of the interchangeableness of specific letters, or rather the sounds they express, let us ask a yet simpler question. What is the explanation of the order of our present alphabet—a, b, c, d, &c.? What possible explanation have we of this apparently irrational and purely empiric succession, yet one long ago fixed by tradition and common to many languages? Well, it has been pointed out, we have merely to put down our letters in rows as follows:

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a	b	c	d			
e	f	g	h			
i	j	k		l	m, n	
o	p	q		r		s, t
u	v	w, x				s

so that the vowels follow in the first vertical line. This done, note the fairly corresponding vertical association of kindred and therefore interchangeable sounds, gutturals, labials, dentals, &c. The subject might be followed further; but enough if we see that our a, b, c is but the empirical survival of an orderly table which expressed our essential and central modern generalisation of philologic science. Our modern phonetics, as a whole, is thus but a rediscovery, in principle, whatever be its elaboration in detail. In a word, we see that our alphabetical order has only become irrational because of an early scribe's mistake, just as English spelling has embalmed its early printers' blunders. The change from vertical to horizontal writing has in this respect cost us dear. May there not be more of this in current education?

Take now an example from biology. There are text-books of science which ascribe the discovery of the sexes of plants to this modern botanist or to that. In the popular mind this is mostly associated with Linnæus; while some of our botanical historians gravely vindicate the claim of a certain Sir Thomas Millington, of Oxford, in the century before. But the whole desert East has been living upon dates from time immemorial. How did it annually fertilise its date-trees if the sexes of plants were not as familiar as now? And what pilgrim or crusader did not learn this?

Taking up the whole question of sex, as modern biology begins nowadays to do, the progress of our studies and interpretations throws more and more light upon the early, if not as some think the earliest, forms of religion; and we find that the vulgar and debased elements so obvious in this regard, not only in our own civilisation but in earlier ones, are still secondary. They are outcomes of the degeneration and distortion of ideas originally profound, the foolishness of

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practices originally wise, the ugliness of things naturally beautiful, the decay of the old poetry and philosophy and idealism which ever centres around the flowering of life, and ever must arise from this anew so long as poetry and philosophy, nay, so long as altruism and religion, exist. The political economist and his direct derivative, the natural selectionist, have insisted long enough upon the nutritive functions with their self-regarding struggle; but the sociologist and biologist of a younger generation are alike beginning to insist in more adequate measure upon the vast and predominant importance of the reproductive functions in nature, of the species-regarding, that is, the altruistic impulse in the origin of species, and in the origin and progress of civilisation also. But this the oldest, earliest science of the world's childhood assuredly knew. It is by help of considerations of this kind that we may seek to interpret that earliest rite of Judaism, which is the initiative one of Mohammedanism also, as of simpler and earlier cults. Thus, too, we may understand at once those idealisations, on the one side of chastity and on the other of wedlock, which have respectively or associatedly inspired the noblest lives, and which have given us the saint, the knight, the poet, and to each his lady.

Once more to read all this afresh from nature, from the pairing and nesting birds, from the opening flowers, is the truest way to insure against that prurient curiosity over needless mystery which otherwise ever plagues and coarsens the young. To follow this process into its deeper psychology is not only to interpret and to guide the storm and stress of adolescence, or to interpret the song of the poet, but even to direct the private meditation and develop the personal influence of the saint. Biology, then, is no new science. Darwin and his followers, in investigating the mysterious processes, yet simple methods, of breeding and selection, have been but recovering fragments of an ancient art; and with art is ever necessarily associated a corresponding measure of science. What is the proof of this? it may be asked. Do you seriously believe,

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much less expect to maintain, the idea that prehistoric man knew more about such things than Darwin and Weismann, or than the breeders of to-day? Precisely so! This is the point, and one which it only needs a little reflection to make clear. Within our century we have actually developed, and are now in every decade and lustrum more often developing, new forms and breeds of beautiful and useful plants, and sometimes also animals, from common and familiar varieties and species. But we have not as yet succeeded, either in our own day or within the historic period, in developing any important new food-plant or any new domesticated animal. That is to say, each and all of these are prehistoric. We are proud, and deservedly so, in our day of our advance in agricultural as in physical science; but what in both of them put together corresponds to the importance of raising our present cereals from wild grasses, our noble fruits, like the apple, olive, and vine, from worthless crabs? And when we go to the essential plants of other civilisations, to the rice of the East or the potatoes and maize of the West, we find the same origins lost in antiquity. The scholar when he finds written records, the archæologist when he finds a hoard of noble art-workmanship, is perfectly clear that the people who made and used these things were proportionally civilised; and must not we selectionists, who find these obvious evidences of prehistoric skill, with practical results incomparably greater and more important than are our own as yet—must not we similarly recognise these as evidence of past civilisation? Do we not see that the ancient garden, in which these goodly fruits and herbs were grown, was no mere transient Eden, still less a theologic parable, but a long-enduring place of labour and happiness, of wealth and peace? For to achieve such successes can have been only the result and the reward of peaceful generations, the product and the condition of a true Golden Age.

It has been calculated, from the labour obviously needed to build and plant the ancient cultivated terraces of the Mediterranean, of which we find the survivals everywhere from Spain to

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Syria, that there was probably as much capital value in permanent form in this region in prehistoric times as there is now, or even more. And though such a calculation is necessarily difficult and cannot be made strictly precise, the general idea is a thoroughly reasonable one. And when we remember that we can see these ruined cultivation-terraces, not only in the Mediterranean but all the way from Arthur's Seat to Korea, we say the evidence of a wide diffusion of this past civilisation becomes surely sufficiently strong; indeed, that people's blindness to it is mainly because we cannot put a terrace into a museum as we do a flint implement; and so they think of their forefathers as warriors or hunters only, and not as the literal *Bauern* they really were, peasants and builders in one. As for the pacific nature of old civilisation, a moment's reflection upon the temperament of the agricultural peoples from China to Peru, upon the agricultural elements even in militant civilisations from the Spartan or Red Indian to the modern European one, may also elucidate this. The scholar, too, may remind us that the olive could only become the ancient symbol of peace in virtue of a long immunity against destruction in war. For be it clearly noted that the modern European practice in wars, especially against simpler peoples, which cuts down their fruit-trees is a practice which ancient civilisation, Greek, Roman, and Jewish alike, condemned. In origin it is an Assyrian barbarity alone, and now a reversion of the most evil sort; not truly a policy, only a barbarism which will hand on its perpetrators throughout history to stand beside the destroying Assyrian himself.

Returning, then, to our civilised prehistoric agriculturists and their sun-circles, we begin to understand them better and respect them more. What their whole doctrine was we shall probably never fully know, yet its best elements we may gradually rediscover, for to deduce is to divine. Speculation, point by point, is here legitimate and necessary; and observation and interpretation may still go hand in hand. While the scholar excavates the temple ruins of Eleusis, the botanist may

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also see his own clue towards the elucidation of their ancient mysteries in a spring morning's walk from Athens; for when in Attica the corn is but sprouting, in the more sheltered and fertile vale of Eleusis it is already half knee-deep. This, then, as the earlier and better region for the peasant, was also obviously the fitter site for his festival of agriculture. And when we seek for the hidden and symbolic meaning of that Revelation of the Light which was the culminating element in this great celebration, we may not be far wrong if we suspect that the all-sustaining action of sunlight on vegetation, though for us the discovery of little more than a hundred years ago, was here at least one of the fundamental elements of the symbol—as it is also one fitly underlying its higher and more subjective meanings. Here, of course, we are entering upon dubious and controversial ground; enough for the present if we have seen the anticipation of modern by ancient culture to be a field worthy of fuller opening, and the rehabilitation of the Golden Age to be a tenable thesis of archæology, a needed element of the doctrine of human evolution. Such a restatement of the pre-history of civilisation is surely no unsubstantial example of the recovery of ancient albeit long discredited truth by current science. There is much to be learned both in past and present as we complement the urban by the rustic view.

PATRICK GEDDES.

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PICTORIAL RELICS OF THIRD-CENTURY CHRISTIANITY

S. MARIA MAGGIORE, ROME

THE visitor who enters S. Maria Maggiore through Fuga's portico will first be struck by its vastness, its swept and garnished vastness, the wide spaces of its patterned floor, and the greatness of the columns which spring from it. But soon his eye will be drawn down the marble avenue to the High Altar, a splendid eighteenth-century structure of great dimensions. Its invaluable antique porphyry columns, garlanded with gilt laurel, are silhouetted against the misty light-spangled spaces of the Apse, glittering with Torriti's incomparable mosaics (1292); but the dove-like angels—who have alighted among the scutcheons, tiaras, palms, and other Papal trophies of its verde-antique baldacchino—gleam, very whitely, against the storied spandrels of the Arch, and almost touch Giuliano di S. Gallo's golden ceiling. Through their wings shine glimpses of the Florentine's gold and white frieze, of which the Borgia Bull is the central theme, a consummate arrangement of decorative line, inspired by so dainty and elf-like a joy in life that it grates on one's nerves as the gift of His Vicar to the Temple of the Crucified.

To eyes accustomed to the hieratic twilight the dim arch, soberly patterned with gold and colour, which frames this High Altar, yields pictures, and an inscription—XYSTUS

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EPISCOPUS PLEBI DEI. These pictures and this inscription are the special object of our studies.

Above the forty-two antique Ionic columns which guard the Nave, and were *in situ* sixteen hundred years ago, runs a cursive vine in mosaic, probably executed in the Middle Ages, but now stamped with the hall-mark of its modern restorer.

Above it again, hiding the lower part of some forty ancient pictures, projects a heavy white and gold cornice, decorated with the Aldobrandini Stars (Clement VIII., 1592–1605), and the pine-cones of Cardinal Pinelli, the great seventeenth-century benefactor of the Basilica, who lies beneath the pavement below.

These much-injured classic pictures in mosaic, which "tell" as patches of dirty purple on a most unbecoming background of white and gilt seventeenth-century stucco, are the somewhat unpromising further objects of our study.

Above them originally ran an unbroken row of open arches, possibly glazed with thin sheets of alabaster set in ebony: its alternate spaces were walled up in the Middle Ages, and are at present decorated with eighteenth-century frescoes of a gay drawing-room character, representing scenes from the life of the Virgin.

"Alas!" cries the Purist, "what a confusion of incompatible things and styles—the Baroque, the Antique, and the Pseudo-Antique, the art of the Renaissance, and of the Middle Ages, mixed together in a heterogeneous pot-pourri!"

Alas! for the Purist, what do he and his neat standards in Rome, in the midst of walls corroded with the fever of upwards of two thousand seven hundred years of life?

Rome is not for the pedantic, but for the catholic; she demands large points of view, and wide sympathies. Times change; tastes vary; but the human heart and its dominant needs are constant, and it is to these that they who would understand her speech must attune their ears.

Until recently archæologists have ascribed the mosaics of the Arch and Nave of S. Maria Maggiore to the fifth century;

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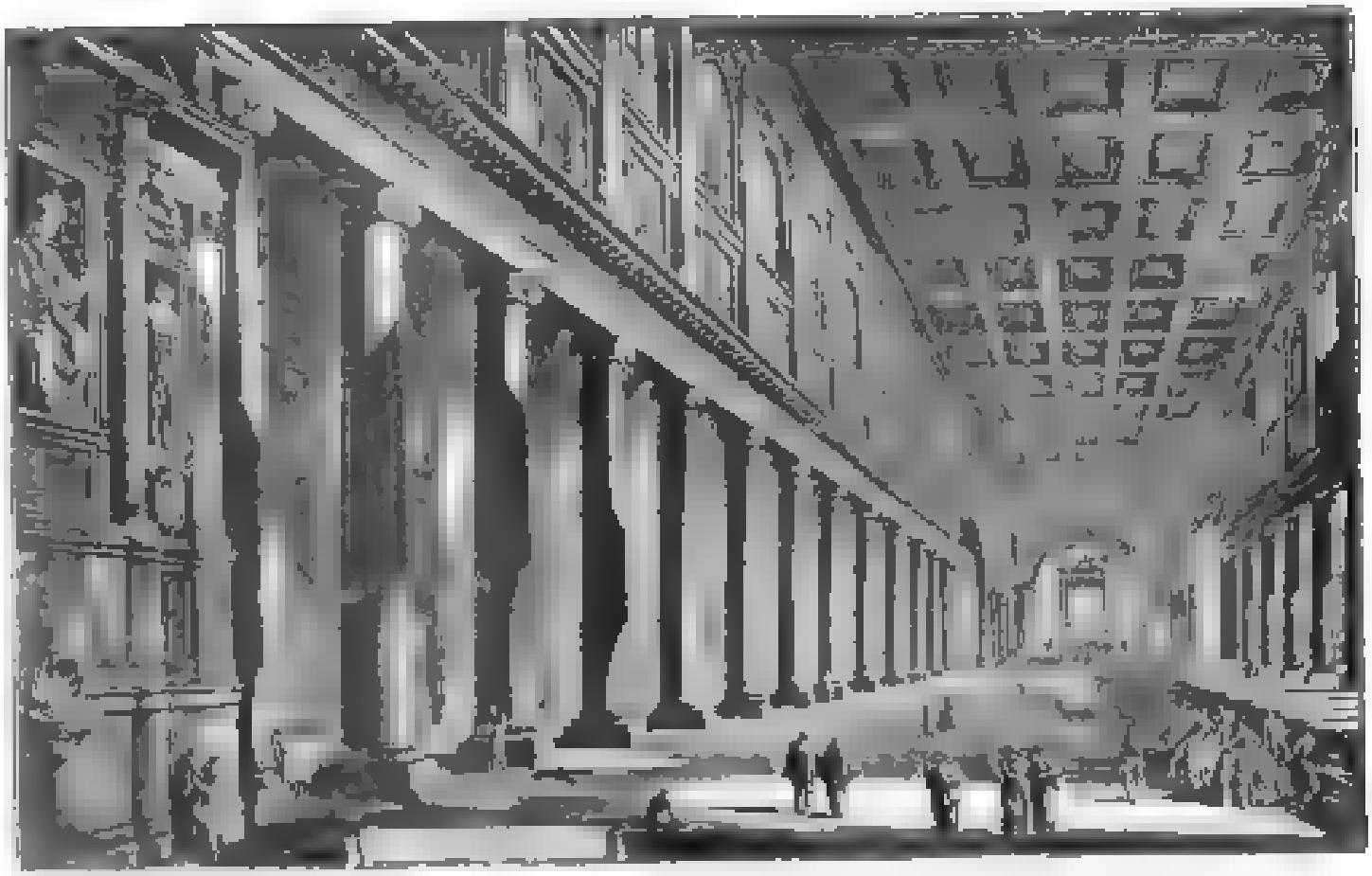

...nterior of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, Rome (showing position of mosaics on the frieze)

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there is, however, a tendency among modern critics to attribute those of the Nave to an earlier date; and this for reasons of style. At present they are associated respectively with the names of Xystus (432–440), and of Liberius (352–366).

The evidence in favour of the former attribution is very strong: for Xystus seems to claim its decorations as his in the dedicatory inscriptions on the Arch itself—XYSTUS EPISCOPUS PLEBI DEI.

A second inscription (of which the last remaining vestiges were destroyed by order of Cardinal Pinelli (1600), but of which absolutely reliable records are preserved) placed by Xystus over the entrance doorway states that he re-named the Basilica after the Virgin, and decorated it with pictures designed in her honour as THEOTOKOS—Bearer of God.

This title and the body of doctrine it represents—of which the modern dogma of the Immaculate Conception is the legitimate offspring—was a by-product of the discussion of the precise relation of the human and divine natures of Christ, the clear definition of which was the *raison d'être* of the Council of Ephesus (431).

Though not present at this council, Xystus was a strong advocate of the views on which it placed the seal of orthodoxy, and an ardent promoter of the cult of the Virgin. The opinion that in the pictures of the Arch he expressed this devotion, together with his adherence to the dogma promulgated at Ephesus, is recorded in a monumental inscription placed on the back of the Arch:

SIXTUS III P. M.

RELATÆ DE NESTORIO
IN CONSIGLIO EPHESINO
VICTORIÆ MONUMENTUM
CUIUS MEMINIT CONTRA ICONOM̃
SCRIBENS AD CAROLUM MAGNUM.[1]
HADRIANUS I. P. M.

[1] On this point see "Classic Christian Art," a monograph in which I had the honour to collaborate with my master, Dr. J. P. Richter.

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Nor does the ascription of this decorative series to the time of Xystus rest on the evidence of contemporary inscriptions only, strong as that is, but on that of the pictures themselves, which seem historical in form; and in which the Virgin herself is represented, an innovation commonly ascribed to the current of feeling of which the THEOTOKOS dogma was a symptom.

Moreover, the chief persons pictured wear dresses which occur in Byzantine art, and which therefore seem to be Post-Constantinian.

Further, whereas gold was not admitted into the colour-gamut of classic art, here dresses, background, and architectonic accessories glitter with it.

It must be admitted that the case is a strong one, and yet it falls to pieces on examination.

The opening words of the rhythmic inscription destroyed by Cardinal Pinelli—VIRGO MARIA TIBI XYSTUS NOVA TECTA DICAVIT—were followed by lines in which praise of the Virgin is combined with the description of a THEOTOKOS of the ordinary hieratic type (*i.e.*, an enthroned Virgin represented, *en face*, the Child on her knees, also absolutely *en face*), towards whom martyrs advance from either side, the symbols of their passion at their feet, and crowns in their hands.

> Ferram, flamma, feræ, fluvium sævumque venenum
> Tot tamen has mortes una corona manet.[1]

The pictorial image these words evoke is one with which the student of Christian art is familiar. A similar composition in good conservation is preserved in the Church of S. Apolonnare Nuovo, in which a procession of virgins moves towards an enthroned Madonna.

In this inscription, in which Xystus enumerates his benefactions to the Church, he claims to have offered the Virgin only the "nova tecta," (*i.e.*, the building,) and a picture of a well-known type, of strikingly dissimilar character to the com-

[1] Steel, fire, wild beasts, rivers, poison; all these forms of death lead to one crown.

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positions decorating the Arch and Nave; which picture has perished. It sheds no light consequently on the subject of our research—namely, the authorship of the pictures of the Arch and Nave. We are constrained, therefore, to turn to the pictures themselves, in the hope that the character of their features may reveal their lineage.

It is an indisputable fact that Xystus professed an especial devotion to the Virgin, to which he gave drastic expression in the lost picture he describes, in which martyrs offer their crowns not to the Infant Christ, but to His Mother.

We approach the eight pictures of the Arch, said to be designed in her honour as Mother of God, in the expectation, therefore, that the *rôle* she plays will be a regal one; and, as far as clothes are concerned, our expectations are not belied, for her dress is that of a Byzantine empress; but how seldom she is pictured,[1] only three times in a series of eight pictures, in none of which is her figure indisputably dominant; even in the *Annunciation*—a scene in which it requires some ingenuity to make her other than pre-eminent—separate revelation is made to Joseph also, who is thus granted a position of unusual equality.

It is difficult to believe that, had her glorification been the object of these eight pictures, the artist would have excluded her from five! Still more incomprehensible is it, that Xystus should have ignored her in his dedicatory inscription. "XYSTUS EPISCOPUS PLEBI DEI," he writes. Why not Matri Dei? as is very pertinently asked in the monograph to which I have already referred. Because, as detailed examination of the subject-matter represented proves, the thought of the Virgin was not the inspiration of this cycle, the theme of which Xystus has admirably synthesised in his inscription; it is the reception of the Incarnate Redeemer by the People of God; the *plebs dei*.

[1] In the "Adoration of the Magi" her figure is a stucco interpolation. The subjects pictured: Annunciation, Presentation, Adoration of the Magi, The Philosopher, Massacre of the Innocents, the Magi and Herod, Jerusalem, Bethlehem.

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The legendary connection of the Council of Ephesus and the Theotokos dogma with the decorations of the Arch falls therefore to the ground.

Another consideration militates against the ascription of these pictures to the fifth century. Their subject-matter is largely drawn from the apocryphal writings. The Virgin, for instance, is represented as spinning, a detail common to several apocryphal gospels, but absent from canonical records; the subject of the fourth picture again, the Meeting of a Hellenistic Prince with the Christ Child during the Flight into Egypt, is an incident known only from apocryphal sources.

It is most improbable that the monumental decoration of a Roman Basilica, associated with the name of a fifth-century Pope, should have been drawn from apocryphal sources, for one of the most urgent spiritual needs of the Church of the fourth and fifth centuries found expression in a movement initiated still earlier, of which the purpose was the formation of a literary and theological canon of books which were to be accepted as authoritative in matters of religious history and faith.

Indeed, caustic measures had become a vital necessity.

The "Memoirs"[1] of Christ (also known as "Gospels"), written by the Apostles, or by persons of their immediate *entourage*, and their authenticated letters enjoyed undisputed authority from the earliest times; beside them, however, sprang up an immense literature of "harmonies," legends, heretical gospels, traditions, "tendenz" histories, sayings, and forgeries, an official verdict on which was essential to the unity of Christian thought. Council after council was called for this purpose, lists of prohibited books were published, and a general crusade against the offending writings proclaimed.

Foremost among the defenders of Christian orthodoxy were the great Fathers of the Church, Augustine, Jerome, and the Popes of the day; Liberius (352–366); Damasus (366–384), whose private secretary was Jerome; Coelestinus (422–432); Xystus (432–440); Leo the Great (440–461).

[1] So called by Justin Martyr; see his First Apology, ch. 66.

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The present rarity of these once widely-diffused writings proves the disastrous efficiency (from the point of view of the modern student of history) with which this war was waged. How deeply rooted, on the other hand, and how persistent was their life, is shown by the permanency of their reflex in art, the favourite subject-matter of the *minor arts* of the time, especially of the workers in ivory, continuing to be drawn from these condemned sources.

Nor is this all; these prohibited subjects *reappear* in Mediæval and Italo-Byzantine art; for, centuries later, after the Canon had been established, and the struggle about its cradle had been forgotten, the Church was strong enough to adopt the children of her repudiated relatives, the apocryphal gospels.[1]

Is it probable that a Pope, who, like Xystus, recognised these writings as a danger to Christianity, and put all his energy into their suppression, would have used them in preference to canonical Gospels as the literary source of the decorations of his newly-named church?

It may be replied that, though *à priori* most improbable, it is impossible, in the face of his inscription, to deny that he did so. The authenticity of this inscription is therefore a matter of moment.

Inscriptions attached to pictures are usually either placed in framed tablets below or above the picture they comment, or they are woven into its architectonic framework.

But here the four words—XYSTUS EPISCOPUS PLEBI DEI—are thrust so rudely into the composition that they cut off the right and left legs of Peter and Paul respectively, a mutilation which can hardly have been devised by their designer. But such an expedient, clumsy as it is, might well have been forced on to

[1] As an accessible example we would point to a fourteenth-century picture in Siena, published in the July 1903 number of this REVIEW, *Peter Enthroned*. The representation of the birth of Christ in a cave, and the incident of Salome, are derived from the apocryphal Protevangelium Jacobi; and the *Fall of Simon Magus* from the Acts of Peter and Paul.

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an unskilled restorer anxious to associate his patron's name with renovated pictures. Nor in making this hypothesis do we cast any slur on Xystus' probity: his action was perfectly straightforward; in his inscription over the entrance doorway he makes a statement of his gifts to the Church, and lays no claim to the decoration of the Arch. If he either restored its injured mosaics, or translated pre-existing frescoes into a more costly and durable material, he had every right to associate his name with his work. The more so that in his own day, when the congregation were perfectly familiar with the pictures before they were renewed, there could have been no suspicion of plagiarism. This inscription, therefore, cannot be appealed to as unimpeachable evidence as to the date of the pictures with which it is associated.

Having now a *tabula rasa*, we are free to listen to the evidence of the pictures themselves, unhampered by preconceived opinions based on the doubtful interpretation of equivocal inscriptions.

This evidence should be studied from two points of view —from that of subject matter, and from that of style; or, in other words, from the literary and historical, and from the artistic standpoints.

These should be kept apart scrupulously: for if, as we have seen is possible, Xystus remodelled earlier work, and in doing so used the art-language of his own times (as he naturally would have done in days characterised by the absence of anything like historical sense), then the thing said, and the language used, would certainly not synchronise.

We will therefore devote ourselves exclusively to the literary material of the pictures of the Arch and Nave, with the object of discovering the phase of Christian thought they reflect.

Pre-Constantinian and Post-Constantinian Christianity are so markedly different, and represent types of thought, which are the fruit of environment of so especial and evanescent a character, that they cannot be mistaken for each other.

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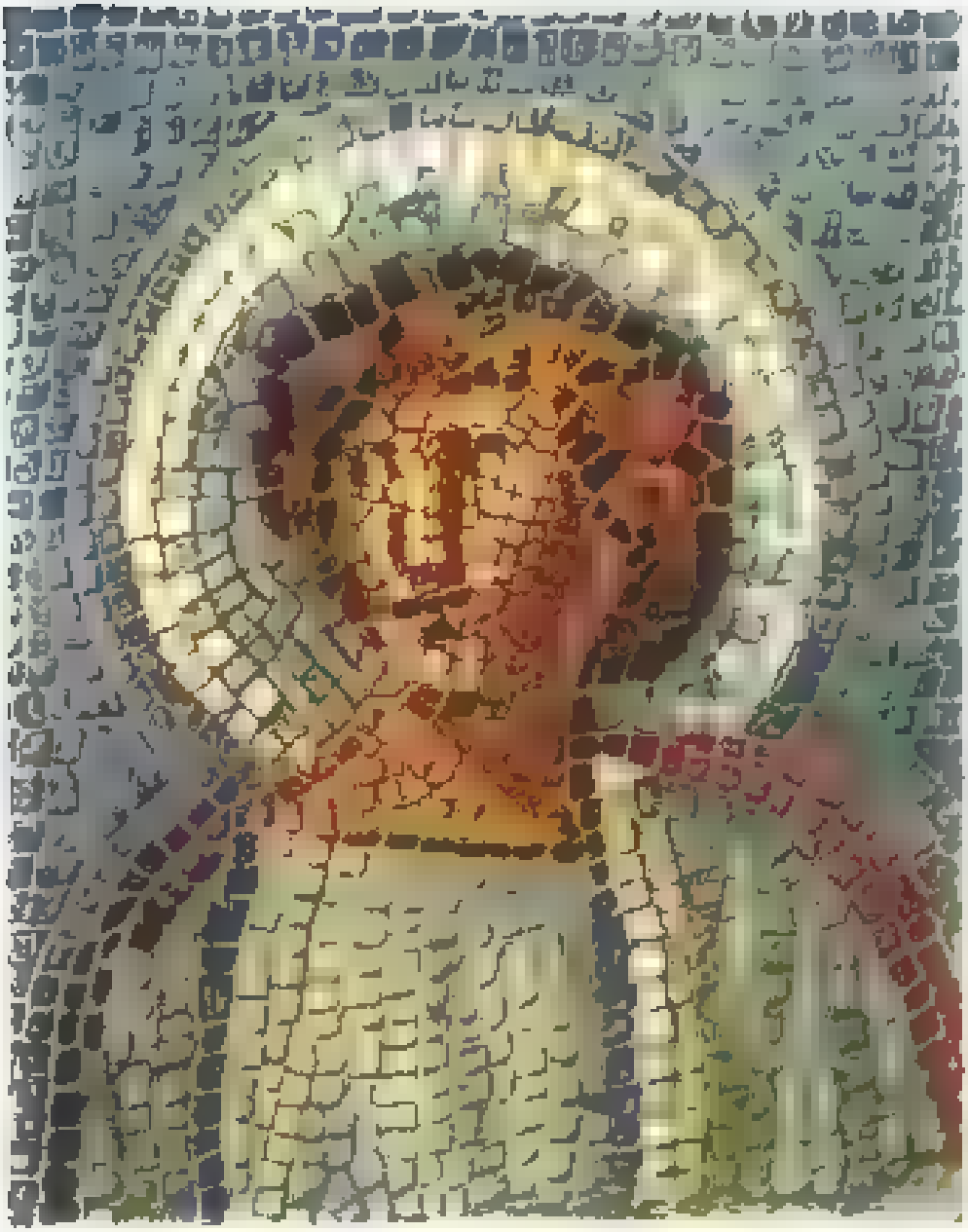

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Pre-Constantinian Christianity was the religion of persons whose intellectual and moral being was the result of pagan education and environment; their prejudices, moral needs, and modes of thought the outcome of classic culture. The Christianity they could accept had to be remodelled, and was insensibly remodelled, to meet these necessities.

Its members moreover were constantly on the defensive against the assaults of cultured Hellenists and of Jews; they might moreover be called on at any moment to lay down their lives as a witness to the sincerity of their beliefs. A religion flourishing under such conditions could not be otherwise than large, sincere, occupied with vital points rather than with subtleties, catholic, and tolerant, except on such points as it deemed essential.

Post-Constantinian Christianity, on the other hand, was the creed of the comfortable members of an established Church, who were engaged in organising a rich possession; their enemies were of their own household; the subjects claiming their attention were theological and metaphysical, rather than religious and ethical.

The corrupt and moribund, the not wholly unattractive social life which represented the classic civilisation of the first centuries of our era, was leavened by two classes of fine persons: the first consisted of those who loved righteousness, and did good, untroubled by thought for the general scheme of existence; Christianity came like a breath of their native air to these "little children" of the Kingdom; the second class was composed of those who also loved righteousness, but to whom right thinking was a need, and the general scheme of existence of paramount importance; such men, if Christian, were Princes and Teachers of the Church.

It is in these intellectual Christians that we are now interested, for thought bears the stamp of its day, whereas the character of goodness is eternal.

Justin Martyr is a classic representative of this type of Christian. A young man of birth, means, breeding, and

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culture, like some of Plato's charming youths, he spent the heyday of his life in the arduous search for wisdom, going from one master to another, to Stoics, Peripatetics, Pythagoreans, Platonists, and leaving all, dissatisfied; for he "asked to look on God," the beatific vision being, he deemed, the "goal of philosophy."[1]

He had heard of Christians, but the popular description of their tenets could not have been attractive to a young man of culture. Indeed, the worship of a crucified man must have seemed a singularly unintelligent superstition to one who believed in the God of popular Platonism, the First Cause, the only Absolute, Unknowable, Inconceivable, without predicates, body, parts, or passions.

Thus dissatisfied, wistful, searching for that which like a will-of-the-wisp always eluded him, he seems to have witnessed the trial and death of some Christian martyrs. Their joyous fortitude and constancy was a revelation. Surely that which lifted them above the sufferings of the body, before which the glamour of the gifts of this world paled, must be the great thing for which he sought to give stability and dignity to his life! This, and a chance meeting with a noble Christian, decided his fate. He studied and embraced the faith of the Nazarene, and dressed in the philosopher's *pallium*, publicly taught Christianity as the last word of wisdom in the chief cities of the Empire.

Remembering the part played in his own conversion by the courageous witness of martyrs he kept the thought of a similar death before him as a last and precious argument, not seeking it wilfully, but dying willingly when the time came, as he knew it inevitably must. Thus consistently, after a few gallant years of fearless testimony, he sealed his teaching with his blood, probably in the reign of the philosopher, Marcus Aurelius.

His message is to his own class; to thinkers and rulers exclusively. It is as "philosophers" and "lovers of learning"

[1] "Philosophy" [he says] "is in fact the greatest possession, and most honourable before God, to whom it leads, and alone commends us."

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that he addresses the Emperor Antoninus Pius and his adopted sons Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus; and this really not so much "on behalf of those among all nations who are unjustly hated, and wantonly abused, myself being one of them," though he uses this expression, as for their own sakes, that they as good rulers may be saved from the shame of committing or sanctioning injustice. "For as to us" he adds in his fine manner, "we reckon that no evil can befall us, except we be convicted as evil-doers, for you can kill (our bodies), but you cannot hurt us!"

This proud and intrepid propagandist was eminently suited to proselytise among the great of the earth; his intellectual position was theirs, their requirements and difficulties his. That the Christians should worship a crucified man struck educated pagans as eminently ridiculous; how ridiculous is shown by the grafito of the Palatine,[1] designed to annoy a Christian page of the Imperial Court by his fellow pages. Its centre is a cross, and on it a figure with an ass's head, before which a boy stands with his hands raised in the antique gesture of adoration; the rudely scratched words "Alexamenos adores his God," explain the point of the schoolboy insult.

The thought the lads parodied, however, was one which occupied their elders. The first attribute of a god is power, (so they argued), and power is evidenced by success; but this Christ failed dramatically; he was crucified, young, after a few years of public teaching! He may have been good, his teaching may have been exalted, but in what sense could he be called God? That a god should die a shameful death was an idea rejected as illogical by classic paganism.

The Cross was doubtless a stone of stumbling to Christian proselytes.

Justin Martyr and his contemporaries accept it proudly as the glorious and peculiar trophy of their faith.

Justin Martyr's argument is characteristic of his times.

God, he says, through the prophets, foretold many things

[1] Second century. The first known representation of the *Crucifixion*.

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of the coming Redeemer, which were plagiarised by pagans, and attributed to their gods. For instance, it is written that the Saviour should be the "desire of the Gentiles," and that he should "wash his robes in the blood of the grape." Devils he says, parodied these words in the mysteries of Bacchus. Again it is written that he should be born of a Virgin, and this mystery also was parodied in the fabulous birth of Perseus; that he should heal the sick and raise the dead, and pagans point to Æsculapius; that he should be strong as a giant to run his course, and they point to Hercules; but no one, he observes, noted his most remarkable credential, given by God himself in order that he might be recognised when he came, the Crucifixion; and yet "the Cross is the greatest symbol of his rule and power."

Go where ye will, he cries, ye cannot escape from it. What would you do? Would you cross the sea? you erect a Cross in your boat (mast and spars). Would you plough? you hold a Cross in your hands. Would you lead your people to war? you carry a Cross before them (vexilla). Nay, even your own bodies, in what do they differ from those of the animals. Is it not that their form is that of a Cross?

It is not for nothing, he cries, that this sign is woven into the very texture of life, but that *seeing we should understand.*[1] He further meets the pagan reluctance to accept a crucified God with a statement which sounds strangely to modern ears, but is intelligible enough in the mouth of one accustomed to the idea of a large divine hierarchy. Christ, he says, was not God, but divine.

He is very explicit on this point.

How could the Creator Unbegotten, Inconceivable, Unchangeable "talk with any one, or be seen by any one?" he asks. And elsewhere, he says, "he who has the smallest intelligence will not venture to assert that the Maker and Father of all Things having left all supercelestial matters was visible on a little portion of the earth."

[1] *See* First Apology, chaps. 54 and 55.

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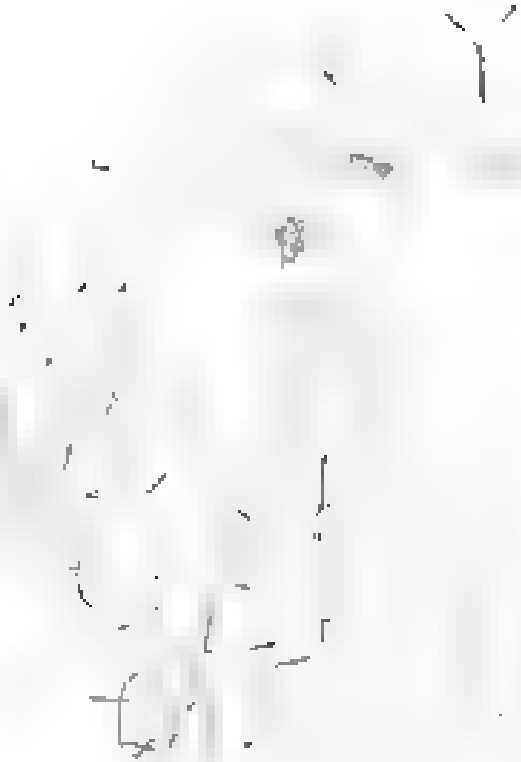
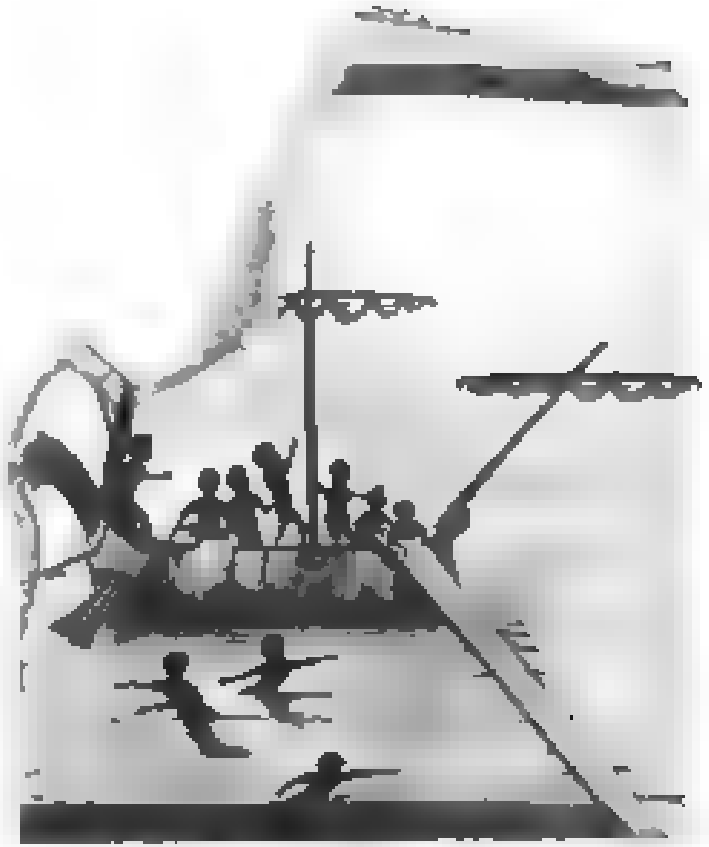


The graffito of the Potatore

(Drawing on a wall in the Catacomb of Callixtus)



The Ship of the Church

(Fresco from the Catacombs of Lucina)

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He bridges the gulf yawning between man and this inaccessible Deity with a philosophic idea current throughout the Hellenistic world, the common property, under differing forms, of Platonists and Stoics, of the Alexandrine successors of Philo, and of the group of Christians who were the disciples of St. John—that of the Logos. This Logos he declared was incarnate in Christ.

"But," ask the sceptics, "how do you know that this crucified teacher of Nazareth was the incarnate Logos?" "By the evidence of prophecy," he replies.

This was a universally accepted and strong argument at a time when all believed in portents, auguries, dreams, forebodings, and oracles; when foreknowledge of future events was the recognised prerogative of gods.

All things, Justin asserts, which Christ was to be, to do, and to teach were foretold by prophets, Jews chiefly, but also Gentiles; by the Syrian Balaam, by the teachers of the Magi, the Sibyl and Hystaspes, and by certain Greek philosophers, "who have been a wall and fortress to us."

Nor is this all. He did not believe that the character, suffering, and teaching of the Saviour was foretold by prophecy alone; but by certain facts. He looked on the history of the Jews as a long Mystery-Play; as a great Drama enacted for the purpose of foreshadowing the life of Christ, so that when He came He should be recognised by the Elect on testimony of so cosmic a scale. Among the actors of Old Testament history are some especially, in whom—looking with the eye of faith—he sees Christ in a figure: these are Melchizedek, the great and eternal High Priest; Jacob, the Shepherd and Lover; Moses, the Redeemer, who leads his people from the land of bondage, and sustains them miraculously in the Wilderness, who saves them from extermination by transforming his body into the semblance of the Cross; and "Jesus Nave," who leading His people from victory to victory, finally gives them possession of the Promised Land.

To the Gentiles Justin presented Christianity as the true

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philosophy; but to the Jews as the New and Eternal Covenant, made, not with a single nation, as was theirs, but with all peoples, past, present, and to come. His attitude towards Israelites is one of the deepest enmity; he treats their pretensions to being the Chosen People with contempt; "far from being the elect," he says to the Jew Trypho, "you are a people set apart as unclean; for circumcision according to the flesh . . . was given as a sign that you might be separated from us, and from all other nations, and that ye might suffer alone that which ye now justly suffer."

For what is your history? he cries. In spite of special revelations, in spite of the fact that you were the actual actors in the great drama in which the life and teaching of the Redeemer were foreshadowed, although His coming and character were foreannounced by your own prophets, yet when He came you set on Him and slew Him, therefore, he adds, ye suffer justly that which ye now suffer. The especial aspect of this suffering was a further proof to him of the divinity of his Lord, of His divine power of prescience, for Christ had prophesied three things: the persecution of his followers, the fall of Jerusalem, and His return in glory and power.

When Justin wrote the first two were already fulfilled, and their enactment was naturally regarded as a pledge of the fulfilment of the third, a prophecy coupled with promises of so magnificent a character that, as Justin says, the man who hesitated to earn such rewards at the price of a temporal agony must either be a fool or a constitutional coward.

"We are assured of the things he taught us," he writes to the Emperor, "because what he foretold should come to pass is happening; and that is the work of a God, to tell of a thing before it happens."

Undeniably awe-inspiring is the last chapter of Jewish history, if taken in connection with the prophecies of Christ; the tragic story is black with doom. Behind the dark tale of oppression, internecine warfare, fanaticism, rebellion, bloodshed, and national extinction there seems to glower an angry God.

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The mere rapidity with which the gathering storm engulfed the doomed people seemed to speak of divine vengeance.

"See ye all those things," Christ said, pointing to Herod's beautiful Temple, "verily I say unto you, that there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." Less than forty years afterwards Titus systematically destroyed Jerusalem, demolishing the Temple stone by stone.

Shortly before Justin wrote Hadrian had forbidden circumcision, as a barbarous rite he chose to suppress in his dominions. It was practised by the Egyptians, Arabians, and Samaritans, the law, therefore, was not especially aimed at the Jews, but it struck them hard, and the sons of the Maccabees rose in defence of their religious liberty.

A few years later, during his celebrated tour of 130–131, the Emperor visited the ruins of Jerusalem, then a temporary Roman camp, and the imagination of this great builder was inflamed by the idea of evoking a new and splendid city on so historic a site. The architect Apollodorus received orders to realise this vision; porticos were to arise, gymnasiums, theatres, all the appurtenances of the luxury and amusement of a Hellenistic city; and dominating all—for Hadrian was religious—a Temple of unheard-of magnificence—the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

That the spot selected should be the site of the ancient Temple of Solomon was an accident to which the Roman Emperor attached no importance. But the Christians watched it arise with awe-struck eyes, for was not this the sign? "When, therefore, ye see the Abomination of Desolation standing in the Holy Place (let him that readeth understand) . . . then shall be great tribulation . . . but for the elects' sake the days shall be shortened . . . as the lightning cometh from the East and is seen in the West . . . so shall be the Coming of the Son of Man."

Its erection affected the Israelites differently, they were excited to the verge of madness by this act of Imperial philanthropy. No sooner had Hadrian left than the rebellion which

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had been smouldering blazed forth. Too weak to meet the Imperial Legionaries in the open field, the Jews embarked on a guerilla war of reprisals and sallies; of short duration however, for a Roman General, then engaged in "pacifying" Britain, was recalled from this barbarous island, and sent to Palestine. He dealt with the rebels coolly, devastated the country side systematically, isolated the patriots, and then starved them out, and thus "re-established peace." Jerusalem was levelled literally to the ground, and on its site, which it is said in the Mishna was ploughed, rose a new and splendid city, Ælia Capitolina, into which no Jew was permitted to enter on pain of death.

Could national retribution be more drastic? asks Justin.

"Your land is desolate, your cities burned, strangers eat your fruit in your presence, and not one of you may go into Jerusalem; these things have happened unto you in all justice and equity; for ye slew the Just One, and His Prophets before Him, and now ye reject those that hope in Him, and in Him that sent Him, God the Almighty and Maker of all things, cursing in your synagogues those that believe in Christ; for you cannot lay hands on us because of those who are now in power, but when you could you did."

And you, he asks, you pretend to be the Chosen People?

"You deceive yourselves, if you fancy because you are the seed of Abraham according to the flesh, therefore ye shall inherit the good things promised by God through Christ"; and again, making a characteristic point explicitly, "the true spiritual Israel, and descendants of . . . Abraham . . . are we who have been led to God through this crucified Christ."

The divine repudiation of the physical seed of Abraham, and their supersession by a spiritual "People of God," this is the point of Justin's argument with the Jew Trypho.

As Christ, he says, is Israel and Jacob, so we . . . are the Israelitish race; but as for you . . . "you who forsake me . . . I will give you to the sword. You shall fall with slaughter. I called you, and you hearkened not." "Such are

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the words of Scripture; understand, therefore, that the seed of Jacob . . . is not . . . your people . . . there are two seeds of Jacob, two races . . . two houses . . . the one begotten by blood and flesh, the other by faith and the spirit. You neither suffer God when He calls you, nor hear Him when He speaks to you, but have done evil in His presence . . . the height of your wickedness lies in this, that you hated the Righteous One, and slew Him, and treat in the same manner those who have received from Him all they are, and all they have, and are, moreover, pious, righteous, and humane."

Fontes persecutionum, Tertullian calls the Jews.

And that they should have been so is intelligible. Paradoxical as it may appear, although exclusive, they were ardent proselytisers, and hoped, while retaining a dominant *rôle* as the Children of Abraham, to make their faith the universal religion; but their dream was destroyed by a sect of men of their own flesh and blood, who proclaimed a new religion which claimed their best as theirs, and declared *them* outcasts; and this in no measured terms, accusing them in their own synagogues (to which, as co-religionists, they had access), of being enemies of God, and the murderers of his emissaries.

It is quite credible that such arguments should result in "gnashing of teeth" and stoning.[1]

The reader of the Acts of the Apostles will remember that it was the Jews and not the Hellenists who offered the most determined resistance to the spread of Christianity, and that it was from Jewish calumnies that Paul appealed unto Cæsar. But even in Rome they were all-powerful, and it has been conclusively proved that to their machinations, aided by the Empress Poppæa, who is believed to have been a Jewish proselyte, may be traced the great persecution under Nero in which the Apostle lost his life.

Well might Justin Martyr cry, "Other nations have not inflicted on us and on Christ such wrongs as you have, you

[1] Now when they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and gnashed on him with their teeth.—Acts vii. 51.

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who are the authors of the wicked prejudice against the Just One . . . you who sent selected men to publish abroad the report of Christian atheism."

Having recalled to the reader's memory certain facts which profoundly influenced the Christian thought of the time of the Antonines, and illuminated the pictures of which we desire to determine the date, we will remind him of opinions on the same, or cognate points current in the fifth century, the date to which the mosaics we are studying are generally attributed.

We have seen how definitely hostile was the Christian attitude towards the Jews. In the fifth century such an attitude would have been ungenerous, so completely was the foe disabled. Moreover, at that time, the Fall of Jerusalem, the erection of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the national extinction of the Jews, had ceased to occupy any place in the popular imagination; they were already relegated to the limbo of past history, where a thousand years are as one, as was also the question whether the Jews or the Christians were the *Plebs Dei;* time had decided conclusively in favour of the Christians. The place of these once burning questions was filled by a controversy of which one of the battle-cries was Theotokos—Bearer of God—and represented interests of a very different order.

Characteristically dissimilar was the conception of the Divine Hierarchy in the second and fifth centuries. Justin again and again clearly asserts that he believes in one God only, the Creator, who is from everlasting; and that, together with Him, he "worships and adores" His Son (Apostle and Angel he calls Him elsewhere) who came forth from Him, and taught us . . . and the host of other good angels . . . and the prophetic spirit.[1] Beside this declaration of faith we would place the Athanasian Creed.

Again, after having spoken of the points of contact between the teaching of Christ and that of Pagan philosophers,

[1] I Ap. VI. Antinicene Christian Library, vol. i. page 11.

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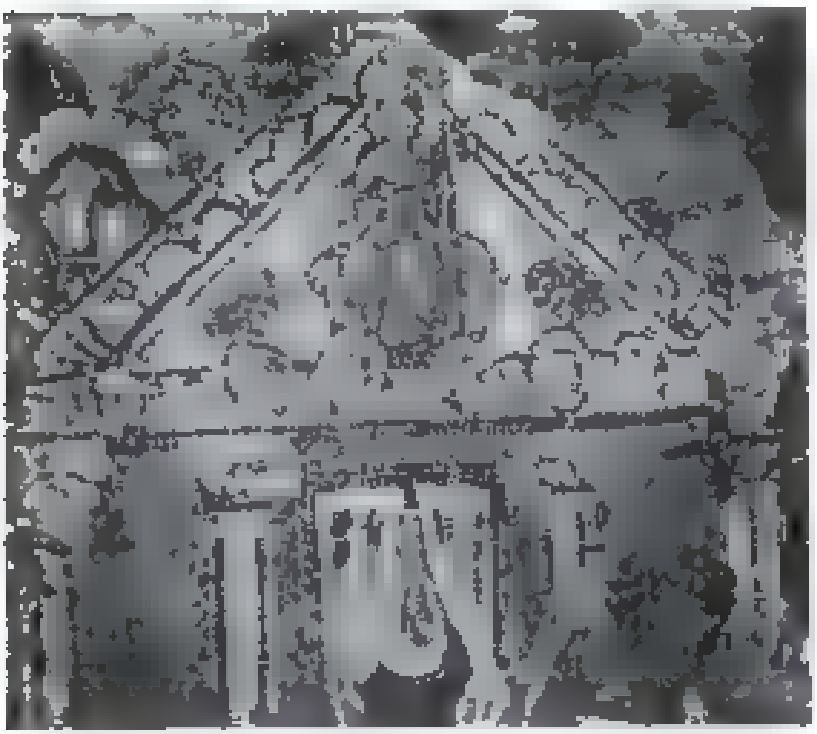

Christ with an attendant angel and Pontius Pilate presenting
Christ and the Jews robed as the Temple of
Jerusalem to Temptation Room from a series of Mat[illegible]

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Platonists, Stoics, and others, Justin asserts that "each spoke well according to the portion granted him of the Seed-like Word" (Logos spermatikos), and that therefore "whatever has been rightly said by any man is the property of us Christians, who next to God worship and love the Logos . . . who became man for our sakes, that having partaken of our sufferings he might bring us healing."

Against this generous Catholicism we would place Augustine's dictum that the virtues of Pagans are "splendid sins," because unsanctified by faith.

The features of these two phases of religious thought being so strikingly dissimilar it should be possible to decide which is reflected in the pictures we are studying.

The second picture of the short cycle dedicated to the story of Abraham represents the visit of the Three Angels to Abraham in a series of three scenes, their reception, the preparation of a meal, and the meal itself, conceived sacramentally.

We have to do with the first of these subjects only. It is fully treated by Justin Martyr who uses it in his argument with the monotheistic Jew to prove that associated with God was a second Divine Person whom He sent to Abraham as his delegate (apostle, or angel), accompanied by two attendant angels, to announce the miraculous birth of a child in whom all the ends of the earth should be blessed. This supreme angel, he notes, is called "Lord" by Abraham.

He uses this incident, therefore, to support a conception of the Divine Hierarchy in which there is no trace of the idea of a Trinity of co-equal persons.

In the Liberian mosaic Abraham is represented as advancing, bowed with reverence, towards a closely knit group of three superhuman Beings who move to meet him. The head of each is encircled by a nimbus, but the central figure alone is enclosed in a light blue aureola; his feet rest on crimson clouds, a constant symbol of the Divine presence, whereas those of his companions tread the ground. He alone speaks;

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the others, standing somewhat back, lift their hands in confirmation of his words.

Who with the solemn rhythm of the "Symbolum quicunque"[1] sounding in his ears,—"In this Trinity none is afore or after other, none is greater or less than another, but the whole three Persons are co-eternal together, and co-equal,"—can see its reflection in a group of Three Beings, of whom One is characterised by every accessory it was in the artist's power to bestow, as supreme, while every gesture of his attendants attests their subordination?

Clearly it is Justin's thought which is expressed; the visit of the Son and Ambassador with befitting attendance.

Following this picture is another representing the separation of Abraham and Lot, clearly not conceived realistically, for Isaac, who was born years afterwards, is the pivot on which the action turns.

It consists of two groups. On the left are Abraham and his family, who gather about a temple-like building, overshadowed by a tree (a shrine, therefore, or holy place, according to the canons of classic art), in front of which stands the Child of Promise, on whose head the Patriarch lays his hands with a gesture which says clearly, "This is my choice; here do I abide." On the left is Lot, who, with his wife and children, turns decidedly away, and moves swiftly towards the doomed city, Sodom.

Does not this picture mirror the thought which we have seen was characteristic of the theology of the Apologists, that of the two peoples of the race of Abraham—those according to the flesh, who reject God's promises, and those according to the spirit, who are saved by their faith? Or of the two nations in Jewry, of which Justin says that "Christ shall raise the one which is worthy of the honour to the everlasting kingdom . . .

[1] Although it has been proved that the so-called "Athanasian Creed" is posterior to Athanasius, yet, as it summarises the decisions of the first four "Œcumenical Councils," we feel at liberty to regard it as representative of the thought of early Post-Constantinian Christianity.

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but will send the others to the condemnation of unquenchable fire."[1]

Is not this scene conceived as foreshadowing a later incident represented on the Arch, in which is pictured the Child, carried by his mother, attended by Joseph and four angels, and acclaimed as the promised Messiah by Simeon and Hannah, but repudiated by a hostile procession of priests, who turn with significant gestures from him to a classic building, the pediment of which is dominated by a personification of Rome, a symbol of the national extinction of the Jewish people, and of the domination of Rome, which was, in contemporary opinion, the fruit of the action of the Jewish hierachy, "the Abomination of Desolation" which Christ had foretold would arise on the "Holy Place," the presence of which was looked on at the time as a signal evidence of divine displeasure?

The lowest stratum of the Arch consists of two pictures, obviously connected in thought by a figure common to both, that of Herod, who is twice represented, once at either end of each picture; in both instances he is enthroned, wears the dress of a General or Emperor, and his head is encircled by a nimbus; he is therefore conceived as representative of divine power on earth. In the one picture Jewish priests standing near listen closely to words, which seem to be of their prompting, addressed by him to the Magi. In the pendant he is pictured as ordering the death of the first Martyrs, the Innocents, who welcome their fate with a noble joy. Surely here again the thought represented is Tertullian's *fontes persecutionum*.

It may at first sight surprise the reader that pictures of such mystic contents should be so realistic in form, but, on second thoughts, it will be realised that this is logical, for the stories of the Old Testament did not figure in the minds of the early Christians as legends, or as allegories, or as suggestive folk-lore, but as incidents which had actually taken place, as real history, though enacted for especial purposes. Their

[1] See "Dial. with Tryph."

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objective reality was therefore a corner-stone of the Christian faith, for were they not prophetic guarantees of the office of Christ, the Son of God!

If their historical reality were dubious, what were Christians following but "cunningly devised fables?"

Hence, in literature as in art, Old Testament incidents are treated with the crudest realism, with the object of establishing their real occurrence; when this had been conclusively established, then only could the question arise why such an event took place: and then it was all-important to show what it foreshadowed, to unveil the prophetic element to which its transcendental importance was due.

The point of view of Post-Constantinian Christianity was a different one. In the fifth century Old Testament incidents were no longer viewed as credentials, but as allegories; they were no longer treated naturalistically, but dogmatically; chronologically distinct scenes of which the didactic contents were similar were grouped together, the sacrifice of Melchizedek, for instance, was pictured in conjunction with that of Abel; the representation of the sacrifice of Isaac was combined with that of the meal given by Abraham to the Three Angels, whereas in the Basilica S. Maria Maggiore these incidents are each treated independently, as actual historical facts—of which the inner significance, however, was prophetic and prototypical.

In Post-Constantinian Art, moreover, the Three Angels who visited Abraham were conceived, not as here, as one, with two attendants, but as three equals—a Trinity in Unity.

It is clear that the theology of the second century was not identical with that of the fifth; and that it is the theology of the second century which is reflected in the mosaics of S. Maria Maggiore.

(*To be concluded*)

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FORT AMITY

CHAPTER XXVI

DICK'S JUDGMENT

TWO days later Amherst landed his troops at La Chine, marched them unopposed to Montreal, and encamped before the city on its western side. Within the walls M. de Vaudreuil called a council of war.

Resistance was madness. From east, south, west, the French commanders — Bourlamaque, Bougainville, Roquemaure, Dumas, La Corne—had all fallen back, deserted by their militias. The provincial army had melted down to two hundred men, the troops of the line numbered scarce above two thousand. The city, crowded with non-combatant refugees, held a bare fortnight's provisions. Its walls, built for defence against Indians, could not stand against the guns which Amherst was already dragging up from the river; its streets of wooden houses awaited only the first shell to set them ablaze.

On the eastern side Murray was moving closer, to encamp for the siege; to the south the tents of Haviland's army dotted the river shore. Seventeen thousand British and British-Colonials ringed round all that remained of New France, ready to end her by stroke of sword if Vaudreuil would not by stroke of pen.

Next morning Bougainville sought Amherst's tent and

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presented a bulky paper containing fifty-five articles of capitulation. Amherst read them through, and came to the demand that the troops should march out with arms, cannon, flags, and all the honours of war. "Inform the Governor," he answered, "that the whole garrison of Montreal, and all other French troops in Canada, must lay down their arms, and undertake not to serve again in this war." Bougainville bore his message, and returned in a little while to remonstrate; but in vain. Then Levis tried his hand, sending his quartermaster-general to plead against terms so humiliating—"terms," he wrote, "to which it will not be possible for us to subscribe." Amherst replied curtly that the terms were harsh, and he had made them so intentionally; they marked his sense of the conduct of the French throughout the war in exciting their Indian allies to atrocity and murder.

So Fort William Henry was avenged at length, in the humiliation of gallant men; and human vengeance proved itself, perhaps, neither more nor less clumsy than usual.

Vaudreuil tried to exact that the English should, on their side, pack off their Indians. He represented that the townsfolk of Montreal stood in terror of being massacred. Again Amherst refused. "No Frenchman," said he, "surrendering under treaty has ever suffered outrage from the Indians of our army." This was on the 7th of September.

Early on the 8th Vaudreuil yielded and signed the capitulation. Levis, in the name of the army, protested bitterly. "If the Marquis de Vaudreuil, through political motives, believes himself obliged to surrender the colony at once, we beg his leave to withdraw with the troops of the line to Isle Ste. Hélène, to maintain there, on our own behalf, the honour of the King's arms." To this, of course, the Governor could not listen. Before the hour of surrender the French regiments burnt their flags.

On the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, in the deepest recess of a small, curving bay, the afternoon sun fell through a

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screen of bulrushes upon a birch canoe and a naked man seated in the shallows beside it. In one hand he held out, level with his head, a lock of hair, dark and long and matted, while the other sheared at it with a razor. The razor flashed as he turned it this way and that against the sun. On his shoulders and raised upper arm a few water-drops glistened, for he had been swimming.

The severed locks fell into the stream that rippled beside him through the bulrush stems. Some found a channel at once and were swept out of sight, others were caught against the stems and trailed out upon the current like queer water-flags. He set the razor back in the canoe, and, rising cautiously, looked about for a patch of clear, untroubled water to serve him for a mirror; but small eddies and cross-currents dimpled the surface everywhere, and his search was not a success. Next he fetched forth from the canoe an earthenware pan with lye and charcoal, mixed a paste, and began to lather his head briskly.

Twice he paused in his lathering. Before his shelter rolled the great river, almost two miles broad; and clear across that distance, from Montreal, came the sound of drums beating, bells ringing, men shouting and cheering. In the Place d'Armes, over there, Amherst was parading his troops to receive the formal surrender of the Marquis de Vaudreuil. Murray and Haviland were there, leading their brigades, with Gage and Grazer and Burton; Carleton and Haldimand and Howe—Howe of the Heights of Abraham, brother of him who fell in the woods under Ticonderoga; the great Johnson of the Mohawk Valley whom the Iroquois obeyed; Rogers of the backwoods, bravest of the brave; Schuyler and Lyman; and over against them, drinking the bitterest cup of their lives, Levis and Bourlamaque and Bougainville, Dumas, Ponchot, and de la Corne—victors and vanquished, all the surviving heroes of the five years' struggle face to face in the city square.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta—the half of

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North America was changing hands at this moment, and how a bare two miles' distance diminished it all! What child's play it made of the rattling drums! From his shelter John à Cleeve could see almost the whole of the city's river front—all of it indeed but a furlong or two at its western end; and the clean atmosphere showed up even the loopholes pierced in the outer walls of the great Seminary. Above the old-fashioned square bastions of the citadel floated a white flag; and that this flag bore a red cross instead of the golden lilies it had borne yesterday was the one and only sign, not easily discerned, of a reversal in the fate of two nations. The steeples and turrets of Montreal, the old windmill, the belfry and high-pitched roof of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, the massed buildings of the Seminary and the Hôtel Dieu, the spire of the Jesuits rose against the green shaggy slopes of the mountain, and over the mountain the sky paled tranquilly towards evening. Sky, mountain, forests, mirrored belfry, and broad rolling river—a permanent peace seemed to rest on them all.

Half a mile down-stream where Haviland's camp began, the men of the nearest picket were playing chuck-farthing. Duty deprived them of the spectacle in the Place d'Armes, and thus, as soldiers, they solaced themselves. Through the bulrush stems John heard their voices and laughter.

A canoe came drifting down the river, across the opening of the little creek. A man sat in it with his paddle laid across his knees, and as the stream bore him past his eyes scanned the water inshore. John recognised Bateese at once; but Bateese, after a glance, went by unheeding. It was no living man he sought.

John finished his lathering at leisure, waded out beyond the rushes and cast himself forward into deep water. He swam a few strokes, ducked his head, dived, and swam on again; turned on his back and floated, staring up into the sky; breasted the strong current and swam against it, fighting it in sheer lightness of heart. Boyhood came back to him with his cleansing, and a boyish memory—of an hour between sunset

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and moonrise; of a Devonshire lane, where the harvest waggons had left wisps of hay dangling from the honeysuckles; of a triangular patch of turf at the end of the lane, and a white-washed Meeting House with windows open, and through the windows a hymn pouring forth upon the Sabbath twilight—

> Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
> Bears all his sons away—

an ever-rolling stream. It would bear him down, and the Generals yonder, victors and vanquished, drums and trumpets, hopes and triumphs and despair—overwhelming, making equal the greater and the less. But meanwhile, how good to be alive and a man, to swim and breast it! So this river if he fought it would out-tire him, sweep him away and roll on unheeding, majestic, careless of life and of time. But for this moment he commanded it. Let his new life bring what it might, this hour the river should be his servant, should prepare and wash him clean, body and soul. He lifted his head, shaking the water from his eyes, and the very volume of the lustral flood contented him. He felt the strong current pressing against his arms, and longed to embrace it all. And again, tickled by the absurdity of his fancies, he lay on his back and laughed up at the sky.

He swam to shore, flung himself down on his back, and panted. Across the river, by the landing-stage beneath the citadel, a band was playing down Haviland's brigade to its boats; and one of the boats was bringing a man whom John had great need to meet. When the sun had dried and warmed him, he dressed at leisure, putting on a suit complete, with striped shirt, socks, and cowhide boots purchased from a water-side trader across the river, and paid for with the last of his moneys earned in the wilderness. The boots, though a world too large, cramped him painfully; and he walked up and down the bank for a minute or two to get accustomed to them, before strolling down to meet the challenge of the pickets.

They were men of the 17th, and John inquired for

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their adjutant. They pointed to the returning boats. The corporal in charge of the picket, taking note of his clothes, asked if he belonged to Loring's batteau-men, and John answered that he had come down with them through the falls.

"A nice mess some of you made of it up yonder," was the corporal's comment. "Two days we were on fatigue duty picking up the bodies you sent down to us, and burying them. Only just now a fellow came along in a canoe—a half-witted kind of Canadian; said he was searching for his brother."

"Yes," said John, "I saw him go by. I know the man."

"Hell of a lot of brother he's likely to find. We've tidied up the whole length of the camp front. But there's corpses yet, a mile or two below, or so they say. I sent him down to take his pick."

He put a question or two about the catastrophe. "Scandalous sort of bungle," he pronounced it, being alike ignorant of the strength of the rapids, and fain, as an honest soldier of Haviland's army, to take a discrediting view of anything done by Amherst's. He waxed very scornful indeed.

"Now *we* was allowing you didn't find the stream fast enough, by the way you kept us cooling our heels here." Finding John indisposed to quarrel, he went wearily back to his game of chuck-farthing.

John sat down and waited, scanning the boats as they drew to shore. Dick, whom he had left an ensign, was now adjutant of the 17th. This meant, of course, that he had done creditably, and made himself felt. It meant certain promotion, too. Dick being the very man, as adjutant, to lick a regiment into shape. John could not help pondering a little, by contrast, on his own career, but without any tinge of jealousy or envy. Dick owed nothing to luck; would honestly earn or justify any favour that Fortune might grant.

The young adjutant, stepping ashore, swung round on his heel to shout his orders among the crowding boats. His voice, albeit John thrilled to the sound of it, was not the voice he remembered. It had hardened somehow. And his face, when

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John caught sight of it in profile, was not the face of a man on the sunny side of favour. It was manlier, more resolute, perhaps, than of old, but it had put on reserve and showed even some discontent in the set of the chin. A handsome face still, and youthful, and full of eager strength—but with a shadow on it (thought John) that it had not worn in the days when Dick Montgomery took his young ease in Sion and criticised men and generals.

He was handling the disembarkation well. Clearly, too, his men respected and liked him. But (thought John again) who could help loving him? John had not bargained for the rush of tenderness that shook him, as he stood there unperceived, and left him trembling. For a moment he longed only to escape, and then, mastered by an impulse, scarce knowing what he did, stepped forward and touched his cousin's arm.

"Dick!" he said softly.

Montgomery turned, cast a sharp glance at him, and fell back staring.

"*You!*" John saw the lips form the word, but no sound came. He himself was watching Dick's eyes.

Yes, as incredulity passed, joy kindled in them, and joy and the old affection. For once in his life Richard Montgomery fairly broke down.

"Jack!"—he stretched out both hands. "We heard—— You were not among the prisoners——" He paused, his eyes brimming.

"Come, and hear all about it. Oh, Dick, Dick, 'tis good to see your face again!"

They linked arms, and Dick suffered John to lead him back to the canoe among the rushes.

"My mother . . .?" asked John, halting there by the brink.

"You haven't heard?" Dick turned his face and stared away across the river.

"I have heard nothing. . . . Is she—dead?"

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Dick bent his head gravely. "A year since. . . . Your brother Philip wrote the news to me. It was sudden, just a failure of the heart, he said. She had known of the danger for years, but concealed it."

John seated himself on the bank, and gazed out over the river for a miuute or so in silence. "She believed me dead, of course?" he began, but did not ask how the blow had affected her. Likely enough Dick would not know. "Is there any more bad news?" he asked at length.

"None. Your brother is well, and there's another child born. The à Cleeves are not coming to an end just yet. No more questions, Jack, until you've told me all about yourself."

He settled down to listen, and John, propping himself on an elbow, began his tale.

Twice or thrice during the narrative Dick knit his brows in perplexity. When, however, John came to tell of his second year's sojourn with the Ojibways, he sat up with a jerk and stared at his cousin in a blank dismay.

"But, good Lord! You said just now that this fellow—this Menehwehna—had promised to help you back to the army, as soon as Spring came. Did he break his word, then?"

"No: he would have kept his word. But I didn't want to return."

"You didn't—want—to return!" Dick repeated the words slowly, trying to grasp them. "Man alive, were you clean mad? Don't you see what cards you held? Oh," he groaned, "you're not going on to tell me that you threw them away—the chance of a lifetime!"

"I'm afraid I don't see," answered John simply.

Dick sprang up and paced the bank with his hands clenched, half lifted. "God, if such a chance had fallen to *me!* You had intercepted two despatches, one of which might have hurried the French up from Montreal here to save Fort Frontenac. Wherever you could, you bungled; but you rode on the full tide of luck. And even when you tumbled into

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love with this girl—oh, you needn't deny it!—even when you walked straight into the pitfall that ninety-nine men in a hundred would have seen and avoided—your very folly pulled you out of the mess. You escaped, by her grace, having foiled two despatches and possessed yourself of knowledge that might have saved Amherst from wasting ten minutes where he wasted two days. And now you stare at me when I tell you that you held the chance of a lifetime? Why, man, you could have asked what promotion you willed! Some men have luck——" Speech failed him and he cast himself down at full length on the turf again. "Go on," he commanded grimly.

And John resumed, but in another, colder, tone. The rest of the story he told perfunctorily, omitting all mention of the fight on the flagstaff tower and telling no more than was needful of the last adventure of the rapids. Either he or Dick had changed. Having begun, he persevered, but now without hope to make himself understood.

"Did ever man have such luck?" grumbled Dick. "You have made yourself a deserter. You did all you could to earn being shot; you walked back, and again did all you could to leave Amherst no other choice but to shoot you. And, again, you blunder into saving half an army! Have you seen Amherst?"

"He sent for me at La Chine, to reward me."

"You told him all, of course?"

"I did—or almost all."

"Then since he has not shot you, I presume you are now restored to the Forty-sixth, and become the just pride of the regiment."

Dick's voice had become bitter with a bitterness at which John wondered; but all his answer was:

"Look at these clothes. They will tell you if I am restored to the Forty-sixth."

"So that was more than Amherst could bring himself to stomach?"

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"On the contrary, he gave me my choice; but I am resigning my commission."

"Eh? Well, I suppose your monstrous luck with the despatches had earned you his leniency. You told him of Fort Frontenac, I presume?"

"I did not tell him of that. But some one else had taken care that he should learn something of it."

"The girl? You don't mean to tell me that your luck stepped in once again?"

"Mademoiselle Diane must have guessed that I meant to tell the General all. She left a sealed letter which he opened in my presence. As for my luck," continued John, and now it was his turn to speak bitterly, "you may think how I value it when I tell you how the letter ended. With the General's help, it said, she was hiding herself for ever; and as a man of honour I must neither seek her nor hope for sight of her again."

And Dick's comment finally proved to John that between them these two years had fixed a gulf impassable. "Well, and you ought to respect her wishes," he said. "She interfered to save you if ever a woman saved a man." He was striding to and fro again on the bank. "And what will you do now?" he demanded, halting suddenly.

"The General thinks Murray will be a governor, and promises to recommend me to him. There's work to be done in reducing the outlying French forts and bringing the Indians to reason. Probably I shall be sent west."

"You mean to live your life out in Canada?"

"I do."

"Tell me at least that you have given up hope of this girl."

John flushed. "I shall never seek her," he answered, "but while life lasts I shall not give up hope of seeing her once again."

"And I am waiting for my captaincy," said Dick grimly; "who with less than half your luck would have commanded a regiment!"

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He swung about suddenly to confront a corporal—John's critical friend of the picket—who had come up the bank seeking him.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the corporal, saluting, "but there's a Canadian below that has found a corpse along-shore, and wants to bury him on his own account."

"That will be Bateese Guyon," said John. They walked together down the shore to the spot where Bateese bent over his brother.

"This is the man," said he, "who led us through the Roches Fendues. Respect his dead body, Dick."

"I hope," said Dick, lifting his hat as he stood by the corpse, "I can respect a man who did a brave deed and died for his country."

CHAPTER XXVII

PRÈS-DE-VILLE

FIFTEEN years passed, and a few months. In December 1775, on the rock of Quebec, Great Britain clung with a last almost despairing grip upon Canada, which, on that September day in 1760 had passed so completely into her hands.

All through December the snow had fallen almost incessantly; and almost incessantly, through the short hours of daylight, the American riflemen, from their lodgings in the suburbs close under the walls, had kept up a fire on the British defenders of Quebec. For the assailants of Great Britain now were her own children; and the man who led them was a British subject still, and, but three years ago, had been a British officer.

No doubts tormented him. Men see their duty by different lights, but Richard Montgomery had always seen his clearly. He had left the British Army for sufficient cause; had sought America, and married an American wife. He served the cause of political freedom now, and meant to serve it so as to win an

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imperishable name. The man whom King George had left for ten years a captain had been promoted by Congress Brigadier-General at a stroke. It recognised the greatness of which his own soul had always assured him. "Come what will," he had promised his young wife at parting, "you shall never be ashamed of me." His men adored him for his enthusiasm, his high and almost boyish courage, his dash, his bright self-confidence.

And his campaign had been a triumph. Ticonderoga and Crown Point had fallen before him. He had swept down the Richelieu, capturing St. John's, Charntly, Sorel. Montreal had capitulated without a blow. And so success had swept him on to the cliffs of Quebec—there to break as a spent wave and fail him.

He would not acknowledge this; not though small-pox had broken out among his troops and they, remembering that their term of service was all but expired, began to talk of home, not though his guns, mounted on frozen mounds, had utterly failed to batter a way into the city. As a subaltern he had idolised Wolfe, and here on the ground of Wolfe's triumphant stroke he still dreamed of rivalling it. In Quebec a cautious phlegmatic British General sat and waited, keeping, as the moonless nights drew on, his officers ready against surprise. For a week they had slept with their clothes on and their arms beside them.

From the lower town of Quebec a road, altered now beyond recognition, ran along the base of Cape Diamond between the cliff and the river; and, narrowing as it began to climb, became a mere defile, known as Près-de-Ville, having the scarped rock on one hand and on the other a precipice dropping almost to the water's edge. Across this defile the British had drawn a palisade and built on the edge of the pass above it a *hangar* sheltering the defenders and a small three-pounder battery.

Soon after midnight on the last morning of the year, a man came battling his way down from the upper town to the Près-

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de-Ville barrier. A blinding snowstorm raged through the darkness, and, although it blew out of the north, the cliff caught its eddies and beat them back swirling about the useless lantern he carried. The freshly fallen snow encumbering his legs held him steady against the buffeting of the wind; and foot by foot, feeling his way—for he could only guess how near lay the edge of the precipice—he struggled towards the stream of light issuing from the *hangar*.

As he reached it the squall cleared suddenly, and throwing back his snow-caked hood, he gazed up towards the citadel on the cliff. The walls up there stood out brilliant against the black heavens, and he muttered approvingly; for it was he who, as Officer of the Works, had suggested to the Governor the plan of hanging out lanterns and fire-pots from the salient angles of the bastions; and he flattered himself that, if the enemy intended an assault up yonder, not a dog could cross the great ditch undetected.

But it appeared to him that the men in the *hangar* were not watching too alertly, or they would never have allowed him to draw so near unchallenged.

He was lifting a hand to hammer on the rough door giving entrance from the rear when it was flung open, and a man in provincial uniform peered out upon the night.

"Is that you, Captain Chabot?"

The man in the doorway smothered an exclamation. "The wind was driving the snow in upon us by the shovelful," he explained. "We are keeping a sharp enough look-out down the road."

"So I perceived," answered John à Cleeve curtly, and stepped past him into the *hangar*. About fifty men stood packed there in a stream of breath around the guns—the most of them Canadians and British militiamen, with a sprinkling of petticoated sailors.

"Who is working these?" asked John à Cleeve, laying his hand on the nearest three-pounder.

"Captain Barnsfare." A red-faced seaman stepped forward

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and saluted awkwardly: Adam Barnsfare, master of the *Tell* transport.

"Your crew all right, captain?"

"All right, sir."

"The Governor sends me down with word that he believes the enemy means business to-night. Where's your artilleryman?"

"Sergeant McQuarters, sir? He stepped down, a moment since, to the barrier to keep the sentry awake."

John à Cleeve glanced up at the lamp smoking under the beam.

"You have too much light here," he said. "If McQuarters has the guns well pointed, you need only one lantern for your lintstocks."

He blew out the candle in his own, and reaching up a hand, lowered the light until it was all but extinct. As he did so his hood fell back, and the lamp-rays illumined his upturned face for two or three seconds; a tired face, pinched just now with hard living and wakefulness, but moulded and firmed by discipline. Fifteen years had bitten their lines deeply about the under-jaw and streaked the temples with grey. But they had been years of service; and, whatever he had missed in them, he had found self-reliance.

He stepped out upon the pent of the *hangar*, and, with another glance up at the night, plunged into the deep snow, and trudged his way down to the barricade.

"Sergeant McQuarters!"

"Here, sir!" The Highlander saluted in the darkness. "Any word from up yonder, sir?" A faint glow touched the outlines of his face as he lifted it towards the illuminated citadel.

"The Governor looks for an assault to-night. So you know me, McQuarters?"

"By your voice, sir," answered McQuarters; and added quaintly, "Ah, sir, it was different weather in those days."

"Ay," said John, "we have come around by strange roads; you an artilleryman, and I——" He broke off, musing. For

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a moment, standing there knee-deep in snow, he heard the song of the waters, saw the forests again, the dripping ledges, the cool pendant boughs, smelt the fragrance of the young spruces. The spell of the woodland silence held him, and he listened again for the rustle of wild life in the undergrowth.

"Hist! What was that?"

"Another squall coming, sir. It's on us too, and a rasper!"

But, as the snow-charged gust swept down and blinded them in its whirl, John leaned towards McQuarters, and lifted his voice sharply.

"It was more than that—hark you!" He gripped McQuarters' arm and pointed to the barricade, over which for an instant a point of steel had glimmered. "Back, man! Back to the guns!" He yelled to the sentry, but the man was already running; and together the three floundered back to the *hangar*. Behind them blows were already sounding above the howl of the wind; blows of musket butts hammering on the wooden palisade.

"Steady, men," grunted McQuarters as he reached the pent. "Give them time to break an opening—their files will be nicely huddled by this time."

He glanced around approvingly. Captain Chabot had his men lined up and ready: two ranks of them, the front rank kneeling.

"Give the word, my lad," said Captain Barnsfare cheerfully, lintstock in hand.

"Fire, then!—and God defend Quebec!"

The last words were lost in an explosion which seemed to lift the roof off the *hangar*. In the flare of it John saw the faces of the Americans—their arms outstretched and tearing at the palisade. Down upon them the grape-shot whistled, tearing through the gate it outstripped, and close on it followed the Canadians' volleys.

Barnsfare had sprung to the second gun. McQuarters nodded to him.

For ten minutes the guns swept the pass. The flame of

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them lit up no faces now by the shivered palisade, and between the explosions came no cheering from down the road. The riflemen loaded, fired, and reloaded; but they aimed into darkness and silence.

Captain Chabot lifted a hand.

The squall had swept by. High in the citadel drums were beating; and below, down by the waterside to the eastward, volleys of musketry crackled sharply. But no sound came up the pass of Près-de-Ville.

"That will be at the Sault-au-Matelot barrier," said McQuarters, nodding his head in the direction of the musketry.

"We've raked decks here, anyhow," Captain Barnsfare commented, peering down the road; and one or two Canadians volunteered to descend and explore the palisade. For a while Captain Chabot demurred, fearing that the Americans might have withdrawn around the angle of the cliff and be holding themselves in ambush there.

"A couple of us could make sure of that," urged John. "They have left their wounded, at all events, as you may hear by the groans. With your leave Captain——"

Captain Chabot yielded the point, and John with a corporal and a drummer descended the pass.

A dozen bodies lay heaped by the palisade. For the moment he could not stay to attend to them, but, passing through, followed the road down to the end of its curve around the cliff. Two corpses lay here of men who, mortally wounded, had run with the crowd before dropping to rise no more. The tracks in the snow told plainly enough that the retreat had been a stampede.

Returning to the palisade he shouted up that the coast was clear, and fell to work searching the faces of the fallen. The fresh snow, in which they lay deep, had already frozen about them; and his eye, as he swung the lantern slowly round, fell on a hand and arm which stood up stiffly above the white surface.

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He stepped forward, flashing his lantern on the dead man's face—and dropped on his knees beside it with a sob.

"Do you know him, sir?" McQuarters' voice was speaking close by.

"I know him," answered John dully, and groped and found a thin blade which lay beside the corpse. "He was my cousin, and once my best friend."

He felt the edge of the sword with his gloved hand, all the while staring at the arm pointing upwards and fixed in the rigor of death, frozen in its last gesture as Richard Montgomery had lifted it, waving forward his men. And as if the last thirty or forty minutes had never been, he found himself saying to McQuarters:

"We have come around by strange roads, sergeant, and some of us have parted with much on the way."

He looked up; but his gaze, travelling past McQuarters who stooped over the corpse, fell on the figure of a woman who had approached and halted at three paces distance—a hooded figure in the dress of the Hospitalières.

Something in her attitude told him that she had heard. He arose, holding the lantern high; and stared, shaking, into a face which no uncomely linen swathings could disguise from him—into eyes which death only would teach him to forget.

The drums had ceased to call the alarm from the Citadel; musketry no longer crackled in the riverside quarter of Sault-au-Matelot. The assault had been beaten off and close on four hundred prisoners were being marched up the hill, followed by crowds of excited Quebecers. But John à Cleeve roamed the streets at random, alone, unconscious that all the while he gripped the hilt of his cousin's naked sword.

He was due to carry his report to the Governor. By-and-by he remembered this, and ploughed his way up the snowy incline to the Citadel. The sentry told him that the Governor was at the Seminary; had gone down half an hour ago, to number and take the names of the prisoners. John turned back.

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Some two hundred prisoners were drawn up in the great hall of the Seminary, and from the doorway John spied the Governor at the far end, interrogating them.

"Eh?" Carleton turned, caught sight of him and smiled gaily. "I fancy, Mr. à Cleeve, your post is going to be a sinecure, after to-night's work. Chabot reports that you were at Près-de-Ville and discovered the General's body."

He turned at the sound of a murmur among the prisoners behind him. One or two had turned to the wall and were weeping audibly. Others stared at John and one or two pointed.

John, following their eyes, looked down at the sword in his hand and stammered an apology.

"Excuse me—I did not know that I carried it. . . . Sirs, believe me, I intended no offence—Richard Montgomery was my cousin.'

From the Seminary he walked back to his quarters, meaning to snatch a few hours sleep before daybreak. But having lit his candle, he found that he could not undress. The narrow room stifled him. He flung the sword on his bed, and went down to the streets again.

Dawn found him pacing the narrow sidewalk opposite a small log house in St. Louis Street. Lights show from the upper storey. In the room to the right they had laid Montgomery's body, and were arraying it for burial.

The house door opened, and a lamp in the passage behind it cast a broadening ray across the snow. A woman stepped out, and, in the act of closing the door, caught sight of him. He made no doubt that she would pass up the street; but, after seeming to hesitate, she came slowly over and stood before him.

"You know me, then?" she asked.

He bent his head humbly.

"I have seen you many times, and heard of you," she continued. "I heard what you said, down yonder. . . . Has life been so bitter for you?"

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"Diane!"

He turned towards the house. "He has a noble face," she said, gazing up at the bright window.

"He was a great man."

"And yet he fought in the end against his country."

"He believed that he did right."

"Should *you* have believed it right?"

John was silent.

"John——"

He gave a start at the sound of his name and she smiled faintly.

"I have learnt to say it in English, you see."

"Do not mock me, mademoiselle! Fifteen years——"

"That is just what I was going to say. Fifteen years is a very long time—and—and it has not been easy for me, John. I do not think I can do without you any longer."

So in the street, under the dawn, they kissed for the first time.

EPILOGUE

I

Il reviendra-z à Pâques
Ou—à la Trinité.

On a summer's afternoon of the year 1818, in the deep verandah of a house terraced high above the Hudson, a small company stood expectant. Schuylers and Livingstons were there, with others of the great patroon families; one or two in complete black, and all wearing some badge of mourning. Some were young, others well advanced in middle life; but amidst them and a little apart, reclined a lady, to whose story the oldest had listened in his childhood.

She lay back in an invalid chair, with her face set toward the noble river sweeping into view around the base of a wooded bluff, and toward the line of its course beyond, where its

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hidden waters furrowed the forests to the northward, and divided hill from hill. Yet to her eyes the landscape was but a blur, and she saw it only in memory.

For forty-three years she had worn black and a widow's goffered cap. The hair beneath it was thin now, and her body frail and very far on its decline to the grave. On the table at her elbow lay a letter beside a small field-glass, towards which, once and again, she stretched out a hand.

"It is heavy for you, aunt," said her favourite grandniece, who stood at the back of her chair—a beautiful girl in a white frock, high-waisted and tied with a broad, black sash. "We will tell you when they come in sight."

"I know, my dear, I know. It was only to make sure."

"But you tried yesterday, and with the glass your sight was as good as mine, almost."

"Even a day makes a difference, now. You cannot understand that, Janet; you will, some day."

"We will tell you," the girl repeated, "as soon as ever they come in sight; perhaps before. We may see the smoke first between the trees, you know."

"Ay," the old lady answered, and added, "there was no such thing in those days." Her hand went out toward the field-glass again, and rested, trembling a little, on the edge of the table. "I thought—yesterday—that the trees had grown a good deal. They have closed in, and the river is narrower; or perhaps it looks narrower, through a glass."

The men at the far end of the verandah, who had been talking apart while they scanned the upper bends of the river, lowered their voices suddenly. They had heard a throbbing sound to the northward; either the beat of a drum or the panting stroke of a steamboat's paddles.

All waited, with their eyes on the distant woods. By-and-by a film of dark smoke floated up as through a crevice in the massed tree-tops, lengthened, and spread itself in the sunlight. The throbbing grew louder, the beat of a drum, slow and

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funereal, with the clank of paddle-wheels filling its pauses. And now—hark!—a band playing the "Dead March!"

The girl knelt and lifted the glass, ready focused. The failing woman leaned forward, and with fingers that trembled on the tube, directed it upon the river, where it swept broadly around the headland.

What did she see? At first an ugly steamboat nosing into view and belching smoke from its long funnel; then a double line of soldiers crowding the deck, and between their lines what seemed at first to be a black mound with a scarlet bar across it. But the mound was the plumed hearse of her husband, and the scarlet bar the striped flag of the country for which he had died—his adopted country, long since invited to her seat among the nations.

The men in the verandah had bared their heads. They heard a bell ring on board the steamboat. Her paddles ceased to rotate, and after a moment began to churn the river with reversed motion, holding the boat against its current. The troops on her deck, standing with reversed arms; the muffled drums; the half-masted flag; all saluted a hero and the widow of a hero.

So, after forty-three years, Richard Montgomery returned to the wife he had left with a promise that, come what might, she should be proud of him.

Proud she was; she, a worn old woman sitting in the shadow of death, proud of a dry skeleton and a handful of dust under a crape pall. And they had parted in the hey-day of youth, young and ardent, with arms passionately loth to untwine.

What did her eyes seek beneath the pall, the plumes, the flag? Be sure she saw him laid there at his manly length, inert, with cheeks only a little paler than they had been as he stood looking down into her eyes a moment before he strode away. In truth, the searchers, opening his grave in Quebec, had found a few bones, and a skull from which, as they lifted it, a musket-ball dropped back into the rotted coffin; these, and a lock of hair, tied with a leathern thong.

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They did not bring him ashore to her. Even after forty years his return must be for a moment only; his country still claimed him. The letter beside her was from Governor Clinton, written in courtliest words, telling her of the grave in New York prepared for him beneath the cenotaph set up by Congress many years before.

Again a bell rang sharply, the paddles ceased backing and ploughed forward again. Still to the sound of muffled drums he passed down the river, and out of her sight for ever.

II

THE PHANTOM GUARD

Just a hundred years have passed since the assault on Près-de-Ville. It is the last day of 1875, and in the Citadel above the cliff the Commandant and his lady are holding a ball. Outside the warm rooms winter binds Quebec. The St. Lawrence is frozen over, and the copings and escarpments of the old fortress sparkle white under a flying moon.

The Commandant's lady has decreed fancy dress for her dancers, and further, that their costumes shall be those of 1775. The Commandant himself wears the antique uniform of the Royal Artillery, and some of his guests salute him in the very coats, and carry the very swords, their ancestors wore this night a hundred years ago. They pass up the grand staircase hung with standards—golden leopards of England, golden irises of France, the Dominion ensign, the Stars and Stripes—and come face to face with a trophy on the design of which Captain Larne, of the B Battery, has spent some pious hours. Here, above stacks of muskets piled over drums and trumpets, is draped the red and black "rebel" pennant so that its folds fall over the escutcheon of the United States, and against this hangs a sword, heavily craped, with the letters R.I.P. beneath it.

It is the same thin blade of steel which dropped on the

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snow, its hilt warm from Richard Montgomery's hand, as he turned to wave forward his men. His enemies salute it to-night.

They pass into the upper ball-room. They are met to dance a new year in, and the garrison band is playing a waltz of Strauss's—"Die guten alten zeiten." So dance follows dance, and the hours fly by to midnight—outside, the moon in chase past the clouds and over fields and wastes of snow—inside, the feet of dancers warming to their work under the clustered lights.

But on the stroke of midnight a waltz ceases suddenly. From the lower ball-room the high, clear note of a trumpet rings out, silencing the music of the bandsmen. A panel has flown open there and a trumpeter steps forth blowing a call which, as it dies away, is answered by a skirl of pipes and tapping of drums from a remote corner of the barracks. The guests fall back as the sound swells on the night, drawing nearer. Pipes are shrieking now; the rattle of drums shakes the windows. Two folding doors fall wide, and through them stalks a ghostly guard headed by the ghost of Sergeant Hugh McQuarters, in kilt and tartan and cross-belt yet spotted with the blood of a brave Highlander who died in 1775, defending Quebec. The guard looks neither to right nor to left; it passes on through hall and passage and ball-room, halts beneath Montgomery's sword, salutes it in silence, and vanishes.

Some of the ladies are the least bit scared. But the men are pronouncing it a brilliant *coup de théâtre*, and presently crowd about the trophy, discussing Montgomery and what manner of man he was.

Down in St. Louis Street the windows have been illuminated in the old house in which his body lay. Up in the Citadel the boom of guns salutes his memory.

So the world commemorates its heroes, the brave hearts and high minds that never doubted but pressed straight to

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their happy or unhappy goals. But some of us hear the guns saluting those who doubted and were lost, or seemed to achieve little; whose high hopes perished by the way; whom fate bound or frustrated; whom conscience or divided counsel drove athwart into paths belying their promises; whom, wrapping both in the same rest, earth covers at length indifferently with its heroes.

So let these guns, a hundred years late, salute the meeting of two lovers who, before they met and were reconciled, suffered much. The flying moon crosses the fields over which they passed forth together, and a hundred winters have covered their tracks on the snow. There is a tradition that they sought Boisveyrac; that children were born to them there; and that they lived and died as ordinary people do. But a thriving town covers the site of the Seigniory and their graves are not to be found.

And north of Lake Michigan there long lingered another tradition—but it has died now—of an Englishman and his wife who came at rare intervals and would live among the Ojibways for a while, accepted by them and accepting their customs; that none could predict the time of their coming or of their departure; but that the man had, once in his time, been a great killer of bears, and for his wisdom, as well as for his wife's beauty, the nation always made them welcome.

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

The End.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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JUNE 1904

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The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, "*Monthly Review*," 50A *Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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THE LOSS OF THE SUBMARINE A1

IT is natural for all men, and right for Englishmen, to be especially moved by the sight or report of disaster when it takes place on the sea. The terror is greater and more inevitable; the hostility of the element never relents; what a human enemy would spare it will engulf without pity or distinction. Sympathy, too, is more strongly touched; it has been common enough for Englishmen to make a good end on land, but the history of our seamen has been a long and almost unbroken record of victory over death and the fear of death, and we had lately no need of further witness to assure us that Lieutenant Mansergh and his men were worthy of all honour and gratitude.

There are, however, public dangers inseparable from strong public feeling: two of the worst are the encouragement of sensationalism and the confusion of thought. The state of the public mind—if we may speak of such a thing—for some time after the loss of the Submarine A1 was a striking example of both of these. Of the sensationalism it is difficult to speak with patience; the disaster happened to be a particularly trying one to bear, owing to the length of time which elapsed before the vessel could be raised for examination; the case was not a very mysterious one, nor could speculation serve any useful purpose. Patience and self-command were imperatively called for. But the class of the mentally unemployed have a coarse

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appetite for emotion as strong as their distaste for any kind of intellectual activity, and there were some who found it worth their while to feed this appetite by amplifying and retailing the gossip of dockside loafers. The finding of the coroner's jury finally closed the ground to these garbage-hunters; but a painful rumour of any kind seldom fails to leave behind it, even when conclusively disproved, some injurious and lingering effects, and these are not always so effectually averted by official statements as by trustworthy and independent opinion. We therefore give our own view as a public duty and without fear of contradiction or disproof, for we know it to be in accordance with the facts and with the impression made by the facts upon those best qualified to judge of them.

The submarine was struck while in the act of submersion by a vessel of great tonnage going at considerable speed, filled with water after the shock, and sank. When at last the wreck could be examined, the body of every officer and man on board was found exactly in his station, and without any sign of struggle or effort. These, without suppression or addition, are the facts; and it may be positively asserted that they afford no ground for any conclusion but one—that death came suddenly. It is impossible to believe, if it had been otherwise, that there would have been no sign of any tendency to collect in that part of the vessel where there would be most air up to the last moment. Whether any or all of the crew were stunned by the shock itself becomes, therefore, a question of little importance, and it is probably, in any case, one past solving. It is enough for us to know that they were taken by that swift and not unmerciful death which they and their like have faced every day this thousand years, and that the disaster was caused by no lack of skill or of courage, but solely by an over-rapt attention to the business of attack—an excess which Nelson would probably have classed among the virtues.

The confusion of thought arising from this accident was more widespread and more serious than the sensationalism. Just as bats will venture out during an eclipse of the sun,

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while the birds are silent and troubled, so at any sudden crisis, in which the judgment of the public is for the moment obscured, the purblind, the feeble, and the gibbering find their opportunity. "Has not the time come for putting an end to all war? Is it not wrong to risk the lives of our men under the water as well as upon it? Is there not something unnatural about submarines? Are they not unnecessary and impracticable?" These are the same people who, when the *Petropavlosk* goes down, will ask whether mines and torpedoes ought not to be prohibited by international law, or fly to the other extreme and propose that we should abandon the building of battleships altogether and put our whole trust in destroyers and submarines.

It is better to confute than to abuse even such sporadic and aimless outbreaks as these. It is better, for instance, to remind the timid once more that omelettes cannot be made without breaking eggs; and that this being so it is futile to shake at the risk. Necessity demands of us for national existence a navy, for Empire a great navy, for efficiency a navy exercised in danger. It is of the essence of naval work that a very large, an unparalleled proportion of its duties and its risks are the same in peace as in war. It is of the essence of submarine work that the risks in peace are absolutely identical with those in war—perhaps rather greater than those of war, for in peace the opponent may venture on rash approach, or a non-combatant may pass unexpectedly through the area of hostilities. The crew of a submarine may be said, therefore, even more truly than the rest of the navy, to be always at war, and when afloat to be always in presence of the enemy. In the first shock of our recent loss, Sir John Fisher, with the true Admiral's instinct for the right word at the right moment, reminded us that Lieutenant Mansergh and his men died in action. This was no paradox, but the bare and essential truth, and it gave as much immediate comfort as a whole funeral oration of Pericles.

That our misfortune was not unprecedented either in kind

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or in degree may be seen from the historical instance of the American submarine *David*, whose fatal disasters and equally fatal success are referred to in Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge's article on "The Tactics of the Submarine," which appeared in this Review in August 1901. The *David* was built at Mobile in 1863 and first tried at Charleston.

> The experiments in the harbour were carried out at a terrible cost of life, but, nevertheless, there was no difficulty in finding crew after crew to face the imminent risk of death. On her first trial the whole of the crew of eight were drowned: on her next attempt, which was made flush with the water and with the dome open, she was sunk by the wash of a passing steamer. Only one man escaped, by climbing out of the little hatchway as she went down. He was an officer of the Confederate navy, and nothing daunted, he took her out for a third time, after she had been raised, only to see her sink again. He escaped with two of his men; five others were drowned. Again she was raised, and the officer who had twice so narrowly escaped from death found a fourth crew for her. This time the dome was closed, and an under-water voyage was attempted. But her trim was so defective when under way that instead of sinking horizontally she went down diagonally, bow foremost, and stuck her sharp cigar-point in the muddy bottom. All on board were dead when she was brought to the surface.

After all this she was once more manned, and sent against the *Housatonic*, a Federal vessel lying some four miles out. The submarine successfully blew up her enemy with a fixed torpedo, but sank at the same time, and once more her crew of seven all perished. She had been swamped by leakage through her dome under pressure of the wave caused by the explosion and the sinking of her victim. No one will deny that her five crews all "died in action" and all contributed to the final victory.

The dangers then are undoubtedly great; but there will never be any more difficulty in the English Navy than in the American in finding men ready to face them; and they must be faced, for the submarine is for us of all peoples in the world an indispensable weapon of defence. Owing to the slowness of men's minds and the weakness of their imaginative powers, there are at present two opinions upon this subject. There

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are apparently some who think the submarine's chances of attaining efficiency over-rated, and its necessary limitations unduly minimised. It is certainly a rather difficult and in some ways a clumsy weapon to handle. But those who depreciate it forget the special task for which it is specially suited—namely, the deterring or destruction of an invading flotilla. The Russo-Japanese War, in which no submarines have been employed by either side, has nevertheless already afforded us a striking lesson on the difficulties of invasion by sea. Admiral Togo is at least as cool and dashing a commander as any Europe is likely to send against us; and has had a smaller margin of shipping and supplies. Yet his allowance of time and of tonnage for the transport of the armies entrusted to him has been large: so large that one of our best naval experts has calculated the flotilla necessary for invading England with a complete army of 100,000 men at something like 450 vessels, of 800,000 tons, and the time required for landing them with all their equipment, if undisturbed in the operation, at about fifty days. Moreover, and this is the most remarkable point, the Japanese Admiral appears in spite of every inducement to make up for the loss of time caused by the unexpectedly bad weather (a loss calculated at three weeks) to have felt it unsafe to move his transports without at the same moment blocking the exit from Port Arthur temporarily by bombardment or permanently by sinking vessels. His convoys never exceeded seventy-five vessels; his battleships, cruisers, and torpedo-boats, after their first success, held a complete superiority over those of the enemy; but the danger was not to be faced, for a fleet of transports crowded with troops is human impotence in its most vulnerable form.

Now if this was Admiral Togo's view in presence of a few warships confined to a single base and under the closest observation, what would be his feeling in transporting troops to a coast amply provided with submarines, working from a number of bases within moderate distance of one another? To be more "actual," what would be the advice of a European admiral

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consulted by the head of his country's forces as to the feasibility of collecting secretly several hundred large steamers of—say one-third of the entire steam tonnage of Germany or two-thirds of that of France—loading them with the *personnel* and equipment of a complete army, and bringing them to anchor off the coast of England, suspected, if not known, to be defended by submarines with trained and experienced crews?

No, the time has gone by; we may be starved out for want of an efficient navy, but the "blow at the heart" grows more impossible every year. Not only must we control our own feeble-minded at home, but we must refuse to listen for a moment to those sentimentalists abroad who took from us the power of using an effective bullet in our last war, and would, if they could, forbid the greatest navy in the world to build the most indispensable of ships and wield the most effective of naval weapons. The analogy of airships is an entirely misleading one. Probably when it becomes possible to steer some form of balloon so as to drop dynamite bombs at will upon the cities of an enemy, it will also be found possible to agree in prohibiting a form of attack which would render national existence so precarious as to be intolerable. But the submarine and the torpedo do not even tend in this direction. They attack not cities—collections, that is, of unarmed men, women, and children—but ships, manned and armed solely for war; and they are of more use for defence than for aggression. Our Continental friends are beginning at the wrong end; if they do not wish their transports to perish by the fate of the *Petropavlosk*, it is the transport rather than the mine or the submarine that should be withdrawn—the aggressive rather than the defensive instrument.

It is particularly absurd that "the question of the submarine" should be raised in any form as a consequence of the loss of the A1, because this accident was not in reality a typical one at all. It was a pure case of collision, and might have occurred as easily on the surface of the water as beneath it. We have but to imagine a small vessel without a stern light being

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over-run at night by a large overtaking ship. Only last autumn a first-class battleship was rammed and all but sunk by a ship of the same squadron while manœuvring with lights out. On the other hand, the loss of the great Russian battleship with almost the whole of her crew does point a lesson, though not of the kind we have been discussing. It does prove that the danger of sudden and complete destruction is, even for the largest and strongest types of warship, decidedly greater than had been supposed. We knew that such ships might be crippled and sunk, but not that they might be sunk with such instantaneous and inevitable loss of life. The moral is, not that battleships are no longer possible or desirable, still less that mines or submarines are unlawful, but that a new type of ship is needed to meet the new danger. It is idle to talk of dispensing with mobility and concentration of force—and these are the meaning of the battleship—but it may well be that we have exhausted the possibilities of the present type. For many years now our designers have been living on interest—on the earnings of the past. It would not be fair to say that they have put nothing of their own into the business, but what they have done is rather to carry on with energy and ability a going concern than to strike out a new line or lay new foundations. Those of us who can remember, or who have seen represented, the English fleet of the Crimean period, will not deny that even our naval constructors—above the national average of efficiency as they undoubtedly are—have not always shown as much mental agility as they might have done, in abandoning the accidental and developing the essential points of an inherited type. We laugh now—even the landsman laughs—at the pictures of those hybrid monsters of the fifties; but the naval constructor or his masters should have laughed at the design before it ever took the substance upon it. It may well be that in another fifty years time the retention of our present type after the arrival of the torpedo and the submarine will seem as ridiculous as the fond clinging to masts and sails after the final adoption of steam.

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It should be a matter of pride with us, as the greatest sea power in history, to be the leaders in every advance of construction, the inventors of every new type. In the present instance it is, in fact, more than a matter of pride; it concerns our Empire. In the long ding-dong contest between the gun and the armour, the attack and the defence, victory rests for the moment with the former; the ship's frame is weaker than the ship's weapon. As we have shown above, this strengthens us in maintaining our own island security, but it weakens what is quite as important—our striking force all over the world. We cannot allow ourselves to be the victims of a dilemma, to be reduced to an alternative of mastery in our own waters *or* on the Seven Seas. For the one we must have a submarine that no invader can face; for the other, a battleship[1] that shall under no circumstances fail her crew. *Videant consules.*

[1] We are glad to see that since the above pages were printed an article has appeared by Captain A. T. Mahan, in which he takes substantially the same view of the battleship question as that here set forth. The loss of the *Hatsuse*, of course, in no way affects the argument; and the protest against the sowing broadcast of contact mines upon the high seas is an entirely different matter from the outcries above deprecated.

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ON THE LINE

FORTUNE, which treated Mr. Geoffrey Drage somewhat harshly as a politician, has now smiled upon him as an author. The conclusion, with its consequences, of a war in South Africa probably lost Mr. Drage the Woolwich election. The breaking out of a war in Manchuria will, in all likelihood, increase the attention very deservedly gained by his newest book, modestly entitled **Russian Affairs** (Murray, 21*s.*). Books on Japan and Russia are familiar announcements just now. It is a pleasure to light upon one altogether free from the suspicion of being hastily botched up to meet a sudden demand at the libraries. Here is a work obviously the outcome of years of hard study, observant travel, and the patient accumulation of evidence. A quarter of a century has now gone by since Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace surprised us with what to most English readers was a first revelation of how far modern Russia had marched since the Crimean War. In the intervening years authors not a few have trodden in his track, and the name of Mr. Henry Norman will at once occur to many. But no volume at once so handy, so readable, and so packed with just the information wanted by the ordinary English reader, has brought Russian affairs so nearly up to date as Mr. Drage's workmanlike summary. Beginning with a commendably brief historical outline he gives us, in succession, sketches of Sclavonic ideals and Russia's governmental ambitions; of her agriculture; her manufactures nascent or

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developed; her commerce and finance; her oppressed Polish and Finnish provinces; her vast and varied Asiatic dependencies. In the interesting description of Manchuria we note a now somewhat pathetic eulogy of the mercantile conveniences of Dalny. A conclusion, which is not a summary, reviews the foreign relations of Russia, first with the European nations which bound her on the West, and then—and at greater length—her relations with Great Britain both in Europe and Asia. A full appendix, furnishing documentary evidence, reminds us that Mr. Drage was officially connected with a noted Labour Commission. More attractive to the general reader will be maps, nine in number, very necessary as illustrations of his immense subject-matter, stretching, as it does, from Prussia to Port Arthur. Informing as the book is, it is, nevertheless, pleasantly controversial. Mr. Drage cares too much about his subject to be colourless; so he hazards opinions on matters political, industrial, and social, upon which the authorities are at loggerheads. As, however, he usually states quite fairly the facts and figures upon which his verdicts are based, those who differ from him—as the writer of this notice occasionally does—cannot complain of concealment or mis-statement. In a word, Mr. Drage is to be cordially congratulated upon a sober and luminous *aperçu*, which would have been valuable even had Fate not made it as timely as it is at this moment.

What is the secret of the weakness of the enormous but unwieldy Power to whose prestige Japan is dealing such rude buffets? Why have the good intentions of Alexander and Nicholas, and the immense energy of able bureaucrats like de Witte, led to results dubious or saddening? Why is it that despotism and bureaucracy seem likely to fail even where despotism and bureaucracy are usually expected to succeed, in organising an efficient army and navy? Mr. Drage enables us to comprehend. No government which is thoroughly afraid of its own people can venture to make them efficient. To begin with, it dare not educate them.

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Outside Finland and the Baltic Provinces, where Russification has not yet ruined the schools, at least three Russians out of four are illiterate, and even those who have passed through the schools of the Orthodox Church have often been turned out with but a smattering of the three R's to compensate for precious time wasted over deadening superstition. The schools of the local councils are frowned upon by hierarchy and bureaucracy alike. The universities, instead of being asylums for freedom of thought and teaching, are increasingly spied upon and worried by meddlesome officialism. Since that lamentable blunder and crime, the assassination of the present Czar's grandfather, the policy of the great Ministers who have had the ear of the Emperor has been to combine industrial development and prosperity with steady political repression. But to make an ignorant, enslaved, and, therefore, discontented, people prosperous is one of the hardest of tasks. Russia has to compete in the markets of the world with free, educated, and civilised nations. Her rigorous Protectionism may stimulate manufactures for her vast home markets, but even this is sometimes achieved at the cost of making her consumers pay double prices. Her one gigantic industry remains agriculture, and her agriculture is still too often carried on by drunken and semi-barbarous boors almost as rudely as before the days of railways. The local councils and the intelligence of Russia cry out for good technical instruction, but so far with very little result. Yet the peasantry and landowners have to bear the burden of high prices and heavy taxes. Widely corrupt, brutal in its methods, not kept clean and wholesome by proper criticism, the Russian bureaucracy, itself unsound, cannot make the nation efficient. So, despite a patriotism which is a religion and a religion which is a patriotism, despite the unity of purpose in its policy and the goodheartedness of its sovereign, the most enormous Power on earth is at this moment an object of world-wide pity and a source of grave anxiety to those who wish it well.

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The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. II.: "The Reformation" (Cambridge University Press, 16*s.* net). It is impossible within the limits of a short article to do more than give a general impression of so capacious a work as this. In a series of monographs, it narrates and discusses the Reformation in every part of Europe, and a reviewer can only indicate conclusions of general agreement arrived at. We will not discuss the well-worn argument of great men *v.* tendencies, whether, as Tolstoy holds, great men are straws to show which way the current is setting, or, as Carlyle, levers which move the world from its orbit; because this is like discussing whether 4 or 2 is more potent in the formula $4 \times 2 = 8$. Certainly our belief in the power of genius and personality is not diminished by reading this volume. Luther as a leader and an obstructor, Calvin as an organiser and a limiter, Erasmus who took down the shutters but had not the courage to open the windows, the "grand, gross figure" of Henry VIII., the intellectual superiority and moral weakness of Cranmer, are all there as they were, factors in the sum which would have been different if they had been different, a difference inherent in their several natures as well as in their circumstances. This volume brings into relief the personal contributions of men of the second or third order of greatness, whose intervention at particular moments became part of the chain of causes; such men as Zwingli (who only wants a little of attaining to the first three), Gardiner, Bucer, Lefèvre, Contarini, Julius III., Knox, Cromwell, Cartwright, and many others whose individuality biased the course of things. It also settles more firmly the position of the greater men, some great by nature, some by circumstance, and does not add to their number. Luther, Calvin, Loyola, Caraffa, Henry VIII., Charles V., Maurice of Saxony, still hold their pre-eminence. The principal spiritual and intellectual movements also are what we have always known; emancipation of intellect by the Renaissance, the open field of antiquity stimulating boundless curiosity, licensed and unlicensed; alarm of threatened institutions, rebellion, repres-

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sion, armed resistance, acceptance of inevitable division. The "verdicts of history" are seldom given altogether in vain.

A comprehensive view of Europe, such as can be gained from this series of monographs, shows more clearly than before the similarity of the forces acting in different countries. In particular we become aware that the conventional view of the "religious reform" is partial and requires correction. The Reformation was a religious movement, of course; to Luther, Calvin, Loyola, and Caraffa, as well as to the humble Bible-readers and psalm-singers, it was nothing else. But to sovereigns and nations generally it meant a great deal more. The political and national aspects of the Reformation have been too much ignored. It would be possible to write a history of the Reformation entirely from the secular side. In England the course of the Reformation was determined by the tyrannous self-will and enormous greed of Henry VIII., who let loose anarchical forces upon timid churchmen, in the certainty that he could control them with the help of nobles almost as greedy as himself, and an obscure but sincere desire for the Bible and Church reform was fanned by the King's quarrel and the prospect of plunder into a blaze of national zeal heightened by a sense of Protestant unity under Edward VI., and by the hatred of Rome caused by Mary's reign. In Germany the princes play a greater part than the divines, excepting Luther alone; the intricate pattern of the religious settlement is a geographical and dynastical not a theological problem, and the House of Hapsburg is residuary legatee. And if in Germany, where, if anywhere, it was a national movement, religious convictions were subordinate to reasons of State, the jealousy of princes among each other, and reciprocally between ecclesiastical and temporal princes, and among lords, knights, and cities of the empire, the nobility, the *bourgeoisie*, and the peasants; and outside and permeating all, the vague imperial authority and the definite pressure of Austro-Spanish power—if such secular reasons thwarted all designs of establishing a religious union in Germany, how much more in the other

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countries of Europe. The French sovereigns checked persecution or let it go on according to their relations with the Emperor and the ascendency of Guise or Bourbon; in *poco-curante* Italy, fear of Spain was greater than dislike of Rome; in Scandinavia, the Reformation was little more than a quarrel between kings, nobles, and bishops, complicated by national revolutions, in which the bishops went to the wall. Scotland and Switzerland are the only nations in which the change of faith was a genuine religious movement. We observe, also, that the first fervour of religious reform had spent itself when the counter-Reformation began in the Roman Church, and met it on its own ground. In Germany, Lutheranism was at feud with Calvinism; in France, the Huguenots had become a political party; in England, the movement which began with the enthusiasm of liberty had been drilled into obedience and Establishment. Unity was opposed to division, piety to fanaticism; the Council of Trent consolidated the Roman dogma and established the autocracy of the Holy See; the Society of Jesus and the Inquisition worked effectively to the same end, of which we see the modern result in the Vatican decrees and the condemnation by the Syllabus of modern thought and politics.

Another very extensive work to which no review could do complete justice is **English Literature: an Illustrated Record** (Heinemann, 4 vols., £3 net.), compiled by Dr. Garnett and Mr. Edmund Gosse. The book is planned upon a well-known German model; it contains four distinct elements: (1) a biography of each author; (2) a critical appreciation of his work; (3) selected passages from his writings; (4) portraits, pictures of places, facsimiles of documents, caricatures, and other illustrations. In addition to these separate members, there are general chapters, or essays, designed to unite the parts into a real *corpus*. Vol. I. and the first part of Vol. II., taking us down to the end of the Shakespearean age, are by Dr. Garnett, and the remainder,

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from the Jacobean poets to Tennyson, by Mr. Gosse. Both writers have given to the work exactly the qualities we should have desired of them; Dr. Garnett shows himself to be, as always, a living and excellent museum or library catalogue, and Mr. Gosse, as always, an enthusiastic believer in literature as the greatest of national possessions and personal inspirations. It is perhaps the warmth of feeling which makes his part of these fascinating volumes rather more living, more irresistible, than the earlier pages; for while both writers suffer from the necessity of getting a quart into a pint pot, the sparkle remains in the one case, while in the other some of the ingredients have to come short altogether. For example, Mr. Gosse can always find space for the word "glory" or "glorious," even in cases where its use is more generous than just—he speaks of the first Lord Lytton's "glorious career"—but the reader is balked of a full inquiry into the problem of Shakespeare's sonnets, and left to doubt whether Dr. Garnett has duly weighed or completely rejected some of the most striking suggestions. He states briefly, but sufficiently, the case against the Southamptonites; and we regret that Mrs. Stopes, in her charming edition of the Sonnets, just published by the De La More Press, has not laid his arguments more to heart; but in the five lines, which contain his summary of the "criticism and speculation" of recent times upont he identity ot "Mr. W. H." and kindred questions, he is merely enigmatic. He "cannot subscribe to" Mr. Tyler's view "on the minor detail of Mistress Fitton." Who could guess from this that a theory had been propounded, and to some extent supported by evidence, that the part played by Mistress Fitton in Shakespeare's life was so considerable a "minor detail" as to cause the writing of the latter sonnets, to compel the identification of "Mr. W. H." with Pembroke, and to give the answer to the question of how far with these poems Shakespeare unlocked his heart or merely tickled his patron's ears? Who can say whether, in Dr. Garnett's eyes, it is Mr. Tyler's theory that stands condemned or only Mr. Tyler's advocacy of it; why is no mention made of Dr. Brandes' name

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or of the remarkable verses discovered not less than three years ago among the State Papers of Elizabeth? "When they ran at the herd" of Maids of Honour

> The Reine dear was imbossed (enraged),
> The white Doe shee was lost,
> Pembrooke strooke her downe
> And took her from the clowne.

What "clowne" but him who "made himself a motley to the view?" Other arguments are omitted, which could hardly be urged in a book intended for household use, but we lament that Dr. Garnett, one of the authorities to whom we look for sound information, should have been cut short like a telephone correspondent in the middle of his sentence. We see signs that Mr. Gosse has taken greater pains than his colleague to avoid the abrupt descent of the extinguisher: he has evidently found a pleasure in plotting and planning how to give the most essential where you cannot give all. But this effort, and probably also the shortness of the time at his disposal for correction, have caused one or two slips in English. Of Disraeli, for instance, we are told that he "was silent as an imaginative writer for nearly a quarter of a century, climbing one by one to the pinnacle of political celebrity;" and that when dead "he was offered a public funeral." These and other like results of docking, joining, and retouching do not in themselves detract from the value of the work; but they make us regret that a little more freedom could not be given to the compilers of a record which ought to be in every house in Anglo-Saxondom.

After this trifling cavil it it is only fair to add that the book ends with an admirable little essay on literary criticism; the history of which art, as Mr. Gosse truly says, "is a record of conflicting opinion, of blind prejudice, of violent *volte faces*, of discord and misapprehension." There was a time when the learned applied the classic rule, and called out the resulting measurements to a respectful crowd. The classic rule proved too square, too Procrustean; also it tried the younger critics'

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half-educated hands too severely: they took to Impressionism, and as long as the prestige of their trade lasted they were at least tolerated. But the end has long been visible, and after a solemn warning from Mr. Courthope and a Cassandrine shriek from Mr. Churton Collins, Sir Edward Clarke applied the *reductio ad absurdum*. The public at last saw that a cheque drawn against a non-existent credit can enrich nobody, however charitable the intention. This discovery left us without any critical method at all. "But it is surely time," says Mr. Gosse, "that we should recognise only two criteria of literary judgment. The first is primitive, and merely clears the ground of rubbish; it is, Does the work before us, or the author, perform what he sets out to perform with a distinguished skill in the direction in which his powers are exercised? If not, he interests the higher criticism not at all; but if yes, then follows the second test: Where, in the vast and ever-shifting scheme of literary evolution, does he take his place, and in what relation does he stand, not to those who are least like him, but to those who are of his own kith and kin?" In short, it is this critic's conviction that "the only way to approach the subject with instruction is to regard it as part of the history of a vast living organism, directed in its manifestations by a definite, though obscure and even inscrutable, law of growth."

It is interesting to compare with this the reflections on the same subject which were passing at the same time through the mind of another critic of English literature, now unhappily no longer with us. The late Sir Leslie Stephen began his Ford lectures on **English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century** (Duckworth, 5*s.* net) with a discussion of the very point. He was inevitably led to it, he explains, by the fact that, having to lecture on history, and being more conversant with literature, he could only deal with the one where it touched the other. His subject must be not simply literature, but the history of literature; his treatment of it

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must be not simply criticism, but the historical method of criticism. The attitude is one, he tells us, which is more and more adopted. "Critics in an earlier day conceived their function to be judicial. They were administering a fixed code of laws applicable in all times and places. . . the duty of the critic was to consider whether the author had infringed or conformed to the established rules, and pass sentence accordingly." The modern critic is not so consciously infallible: he is "like the liberal theologian, who sees in heretical and heathen creeds an approximation to the truth," and makes allowances, perhaps a little inconsistently. The Impressionist critic is beneath Sir Leslie's notice. The truth is that criticism must become thoroughly inductive. "We must start from experience. We must begin by asking impartially what pleased men, and then inquire why it pleased them. . . . We can then become catholic enough to appreciate varying forms; and recognise that each has its own rules." Again, when we apply the historical method we shall see that in a philosophical survey of human life, dealing with the causes of events and exhibiting the evolution of human society, "the history of literature would be a subordinate element of the whole structure." A writer may help to make his age; he is certainly made by it, in part. "Fully to appreciate any great writer, therefore, it is necessary to distinguish between the characteristics due to the individual with certain idiosyncrasies, and the characteristics due to his special modification by the existing stage of social and intellectual development." Our two critics here supplement one another: Sir Leslie claims a kind of intellectual free will for the great writer, an element of his own, added to Mr. Gosse's resultant of evolutionary forces; while Mr. Gosse claims a preponderant place for literary descent and literary society among Sir Leslie's modifying influences; but between the two views there is, of course, no inconsistency whatever. We may follow both, and be satisfied that our feet are in a fair way.

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"A man's book!" said a wise woman, as she turned the pages, and therein she summed up the qualities and the defects of Dwala (George Calderon. Smith Elder, 6*s*.). It is a brilliant piece of work. Only a man could have carried out a fancy with such a matter-of-fact air. The word *unnatural* never so much as occurs to the reader. Given the possibility of the Missing Link, of the monkey that can be taught to speak—almost (not quite) to think—like Dwala would he live and move, his name, like Dwala's, would be a form of *Dual*, like Dwala would he affect the people round him:

> First man clapped on him the attribute of monkey, and purposed putting him in a cage and offering him for an entertainment. Then man clapped God, King, Prisoner, and Millionaire on him in quick succession; now they were preparing Statesman for him to wear. Empty garments all of them, by the very essence of things. Nature makes no Gods, kings, prisoners, millionaires, or statesmen. . . . A wise Providence has ordained that Man's eyes should be blind to the vision of real naked Nature-given personality.

It was a happy thought to contrast this strange beast with the best and latest specimen of the New Woman, the finished result of centuries of cultivation—to show in her the attraction of savagery for the over-civilised. Evolution lies at the root of *Dwala*. Out of Caliban in all the ages there will never come Prospero; but out of Dwala there will come such men as Lord Glendover, Huxtable, Baron Blumenstrauss. They are all monkeys that have forgotten the forest, the inferior and degenerate descendants of ages. The apishness of modern life makes it not one whit less absurd than the farce that is here enacted—a farce that is the *lever de rideau* of tragedy.

> Ruins of lies fell upon England, crushing those that dwelt there as they fell. England had reverenced forms and insulted realities. With antiquarian fervour run riotously mad, we had thrust full-blooded, growing realities into the shrunken and tattered livery of old forms, stifling the life out of them; realities of Pure Ethic and Awe of the Insoluble Secret into old liveries of Christian dogma; realities of Anglo-Saxon gospel of universal Freedom into liveries of insolent insular Imperialism; realities of Democracy into old liveries of Feudalism, raising Tailors to high places due to sages and centaurs—summoning Lords of the Shears and Thread to put patches over the rents burst in

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the garments by the swelling life within, when we should have torn the old fripperies away and let the Titan loose from his bondage.

There speaks the preacher hidden in the clown. There is revealed the logical, didactic earnestness that makes this book "a man's book." A woman might have caught the fancy, but she would have played with her monkey as she dressed him up, pitied him, fallen in love with the pet, thrown over him a veil of sentiment. The author of "The Jungle Book" might have caught the fancy, but through his nature there runs a strong vein of poetry, of the feminine quality of seeing symbols, not only signs; he would have made of Dwala not so much a study as a type. In either case there might have been about him some touch of picturesqueness or of sympathy, by virtue of which he would have appealed more than this creature of Mr. Calderon's will, to poets and to women. Poets do not love preaching, nor women laughter that crackles. There are many people notwithstanding who love both, and for their delight this book was written.

The mirth of Dwala when he first sees London is magnificent.

It was a joke of a magnitude fitted to his monstrous mind. "Man is the laughing animal": he had proved himself human. Behold he had worshipped Man and his inventions; he had come forth to see the sublimest invention of all; he had travelled over half the world for it; everywhere they spoke of it with awe. And now he had seen it. It was London.

The hill shook with his laughter. All the birds and beasts in the big city heard it and made answer—cheeping, squeaking, mewing, barking, whinnying, and braying together; forgetful, for the moment, of their long debates on the habits of mankind, their tedious tales of human sagacity, their fruitless altercations as to whether men had instinct or were guided only by reason.

Man is the only animal who knows that he will die, and the only animal who laughs. The animal men among whom Dwala is thrust have forgotten that they will die, they have lost all recollection of primeval merriment.

One thing he lacked, they said—the sense of humour. The tiny shock that makes a human joke was too slight for his large senses. But humour, after all, is a rather bourgeois quality.

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The desire to quote where every line sparkles and gleams with wit is almost irresistible, but considerations of space lead us to satisfy ourselves, because we must, with one more passage, a vivid flash of that perception which comes to every one at certain times, of one true thing in a world of dreams!

As he stood on the platform at Paddington, looking at the crowd of pleasure-seekers—men and women in boating-costumes—he had seen them, not as creatures of flesh and clothes, but as translucent wraiths, grinning and gibbering in one another's faces; the only real live being there, the Guard—Odysseus playing Charon in Hades—watchful, responsible, long-glancing down the train, touching his hat, receiving obols from the shades.

"A man's book!" says the wise woman with a sigh, and she takes down "The Tempest" from the shelf, and reads it again.

That queer chameleon of a country, Ireland, changes its colour marvellously according to the substance of the mind on which, for the moment, it rests. Sometimes it appears to be a dim green fairyland, full of quaint, unhuman creatures, apples of gold, silver fishes — sometimes it is the Isle of Saints—sometimes the happy hunting-ground of such figures of pure comedy as Flurry Knox and his Grandmother; sometimes the hag-ridden domain of a peasantry so excitable and superstitious that the miracles in which they believe are hardly less credible than the deeds to which their belief leads them. **Maureen** (by Edward McNulty. Arnold, 6*s.*) is a most powerful story, in which Ireland exists for the priests alone—a counterblast to such works as "My New Curate."[1] The author knows every inch of the soil that he describes, the peasants are never for an instant untrue to life. Maureen, when she is thunderstruck, doubles her hand against her side; she does not lay it on her heart after the approved operatic fashion. She is as perfect a farmer's daughter as Hardy ever drew, but she is much more charming than her

[1] It should be compared with "Lucifer," with Gustave Droz's fine study of the supposed miracle of Lourdes, and of course with "Lourdes" itself.

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sisters of England and Scotland. She has no stolidity; she is brightly, gaily innocent, beautiful as a child is beautiful, with flashes of high spirit and indignation; her truth to those she loves flourishes side by side with an utter incapacity to understand the value of truth in the abstract. The horror of her fate, immured among the dumb nuns of Tranquilla, strikes on a chord of helpless rage, as might the injury done to a bird. The silence of it is one of the strongest things in the book—the manner of her disappearance without a word or sign. The fat red priest, Father John, wins all along the line. Her mother, by nature sweet and good, is enslaved by him; her father dies of grief; her lover is murdered by a fanatic, because he will not say that he has seen a statue wink. Upon this winking of the "stayta" the whole book turns. It is necessary for the benefit of the parish of Carrickmachree that it should have winked. Father John saw it himself; Jackeen, Maureen's little brother, saw it easily enough; her mother, after considerable assistance from Father John, saw it, and became "the Saint of Carrickmachree" in consequence; Mrs. Delahunt, the wife of the publican, saw it, but could never get over the fact that Mrs. Malone had seen it first; poor "Misther Harrington," the schoolmaster, said he saw it to please Maureen's mother, then, Cranmer-like, he recanted, and the recantation cost him his life. The broad humour, the infinite pathos of the whole scheme, is admirable. Whiskey, as whiskey should in the Land of Heart's Desire, plays a fine part, and causes more than one man in his time to play many parts also. The book is far more solid in construction than "My New Curate," nor does it ever lapse into shallow sentiment and false philosophy. It lacks the undefinable happiness of touch that makes "My New Curate" sympathetic, but it has none of the irresponsible amateurishness that distresses those who admire him most. As that is a tenderly affectionate appeal in favour of the priesthood, so this is a vigorous, logical indictment of it, undisfigured by any coarseness or caricature. The priesthood is tried, found guilty, and condemned to be hung at every point.

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The style is distinguished by a straightforward sincerity that carries the plot through without fear or favour or wandering by the way. The minor actors in the drama are worthy of high praise. Not one is unfinished or incomplete. The chivalrous behaviour to each other of Sergeant Mulcahy and Desmond Malone, two brave fellows whom the circumstances of life have ranged on opposite sides, carries conviction with it, and sets off, like a foil, the low enmity of Father John and the half-hearted, unheroic Harrington. It is a living, moving tale, that should be read everywhere by those who love and by those who hate Ireland.

There is a real and very important difference between imitation and discipleship, or we should not feel inclined to review here either Mr. Vincent Brown's story, **A Magdalen's Husband** (Duckworth, 6*s.*), or Mr. Howard Pease's **Magnus Sinclair** (Constable, 6*s.*). Both are "school pictures," the first by a follower of Mr. Hardy, the second by a writer who is probably the only, and certainly the most conscientious and intelligent, pupil of Scott now among us. Mr. Brown is the more masterly in conception; his plot is a genuine tragedy, and it is as boldly and broadly drawn as it is simply conceived. The rustic hero is tortured by the daily sight of the suffering of the woman he loves at the hands of her brutal husband, a man incapable of understanding that her "fall" in girlhood has in the end brought her not to moral leprosy, but to a humble saintliness. To her lover, strong and self-restrained as he is, the mills of God seem to grind slowly beyond reason, at last even beyond endurance.

Zeekel looked up to the sky: "I donno what's to be the end. I donno if Your stars are eyes, like my mother said, watchin'. But You've been that terrible slow! . . ."

A man may be essentially noble, but when his mind is maddened, his whole nature perverted by a sense of wrong and of long-deferred retribution, he recks little of the laws of God or man. He may not crave to be a law to himself; the common round may be all his crude intelligence asks; he may have a shrinking dread of being flung out before his fellows in honour or

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dishonour. But with that volcanic sorrow in his heart he will act, not according to civilised rules, which are mere bubbles in comparison with the flaming reality of his concentrated purpose, but from the very centre and innermost shrine of his being, from the raw creative core of nature, the irrational impulse that produces chaos because it cannot bear its torment and cannot interpret the august symbolism of suffering; and his deeds will at once proclaim and shatter the loftiest ideals of humanity. He may be called murderer, but that will not tell all. Nor is it exhaustive to call him fanatic. He may be named madman, but again that is not the whole truth.

Zeekel does act: when the crisis comes he executes, rather than murders, the torturer; and suspicion falls upon another, who is all but convicted on circumstantial evidence. For a time it looks as if Zeekel, with his strong sense of having done nothing but justice, his love for the woman he had delivered, and his contempt for the innocent scapegoat, would go through with it; but Joan divines his secret, and he knows that she has divined it. He gives himself up, and the tragedy is worked out to the end: the end of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." When all deductions have been made for the lack of originality thus suggested, the story remains one of exceptional power; it is well proportioned and well written, full of pain from which there is no escape but full also of refined and humorous observation; the life of the village is excellently done—a kindly, narrow, talkative, respectable, unintelligent, dangerous life; and the upper classes are skilfully shown as something half seen, half real, like Plato's shadows in the cave. In one of them—Mrs. Mewett, the rector's wife—the author has satirised an unamiable type almost beyond what is legitimate among mortal men. Mr. Vincent Brown will certainly be heard of again.

Mr. Pease has none of the qualities we have been trying to describe, and he has most wisely chosen a form of art in which they are unnecessary. He is a romantic, an antiquary, skilled in dialect and racial characteristics. His story is not of the logical inevitable heart-seizing kind, but moves evenly and pleasantly from the London of the Commonwealth to Northumberland, over the "Borderer's Duel Land," the moors, the

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Farne Islands, and the Roman Wall, to Edinburgh and Perth, where Cavaliers are plotting the return of Charles II. to enjoy his own again. Towards the end there is some racing and chasing for the heroine, and a couple of fights, in which the percentage of casualties reaches a very high figure. A duel with Cromwell himself, in the presence of his staff, is a still more improbable adventure. The characters, too, the amateur hero (an English cousin of the Frank Osbaldistone type), the villain Odonel Heron (say Rashleigh), the Newcastle Quaker, even the great fighting-man from the Swedish wars, Magnus Sinclair himself (a modest Dalgetty)—they are all a little shadowy. But to Mr. Pease, as to his master, the background is at least as important as the actors in the play, and the lesser characters, who are part of the background, are at least as interesting as the protagonists. The real hero is the Border, and the real plot is a piece of its history. The qualifications for this kind of work are a genuine enthusiasm, an eye for ocal rather than individual character, and a conscientious study of records. Mr. Pease is strong in all three. The amount of minute research which must have gone to the writing of certain pages of the story would be almost appalling, if it were not evident that such devoted labour is its own reward. Slips there must be here and there: we suspect that "nobles" were not common coins in Charles II.'s days, nor "leech" a common word for physician or surgeon: and certainly to Scott Perth is always bonnie "St. Johnston" (the town of the famous Church of St. John), never "St. Johnston's." We do not believe in a saint named Johnston. We feel sure that the famous slogan quoted by Sir Walter "St. Johnston's hunt is up!" meant "the city of Perth's hunt," not a saint's. But these flaws are not much for the *advocatus diaboli* to throw into the balance against the learning displayed in no less than sixty-two notes. If Mr. Pease had made his style as faithfully as he has made his notes he would have come near to the author of *Kidnapped*—that "sedulous ape," as he described himself. But he shows no

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resemblance to Stevenson, who called Scott's English slipshod and the Wizard himself "an idle child." He would have accused Mr. Pease of "tushery," and not without some justification, for we detect a "hath" even in the preface—or rather the "Foreword"—and no one in the book may do anything unless he may e'en do it. But this is all absolutely in keeping: the story, style and all, is deliberately and consistently out of date, like a collection of Empire furniture or early Victorian prints; it is of the Waverley period, surmounts the difficulties of the historical novel in the Waverley manner, and is evidently the outcome of a temperament not unlike that of Waverley's beloved author.

Mr. Nevinson has not yet written his great book, but that he will do so none of his friends can doubt. Our own hope is that when the time comes he will be frankly egotistic. In his last book, **Between the Acts** (Murray, 9*s.* net), the autobiographical parts outweigh the rest as gold outweighs the sand it lies among. The first three chapters are all evidently reminiscences, and we can remember few books of the kind which begin so well. "A London Merchant" is a sketch—or rather a steel engraving—of the interior of an early Victorian household. How quaintly perfect; but how slight! It is as if George Eliot had outlined a Middlemarch home in a letter to a friend, and left the subject for ever. Where is the plot of the story, the development, the play of all these characters? We go one step further in "Sabrina Fair," a chapter which begins: "In my old school upon the Severn, I can see now that we were not educated at all," and ends: "On my word, . . . I would not change places with the most scientifically educated man in England who had never known a river such as that." Chapter III, "A Don's Day," is much longer and more ambitious: the character-drawing dominates the setting, and incisive satire tops both. Why should not Mr. Nevinson begin again with the materials of these three chapters and give us the romance of his own spiritual adventures? Into it, too,

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will come, we hope, something of that later sketch, called, "Of Your Charity"—the return to the haunted valley of Ladysmith, where the shades of haunted soldiers still wander looking for "the Regiment." Among them, the voice of a friend, whose name we do not need to be told, calls to him from the pit in the river-bank where they had nursed him in his fever.

"We clutched at your life," said Michael, "but it was gone."

"Yes," he answered, "it was a sideways ending, as I told you at the time. Is it well with the Empire?"

And like the Shunammite woman when her child was dead, Michael answered, "It is well."

The other smiled, as his old way was, and said, "You, at least, have not changed, you passionate lover and hater of our country."

"She is a nightmare," said Michael, "of unintentional crimes and uninteresting successes."

Then follows the rebuke: a proud and beautiful description of England, her seas, her mountains, her moorlands, her villages, full every one of ancient story, and across fen and common her grey cathedrals rising like ships in full sail. It is in vain that the critic turns the argument:

"And in the midst of those scenes," said Michael, "there dwells a race singularly unprepossessing, a people incapable either of sanctity or gaiety, hard-featured, unimpassioned, stunted and begrimed by poverty and smoke, stupefied by their work, and stupid in their pleasure."

"I know all that," said he, laughing sadly. "But when I think of our country do you suppose I see an uninspired crowd, stumbling rough-shod and drunken over the world? Oh, no; I see a lady, lovable and majestic, bounteous in charity as in strength. At her girdle hang the keys of the oceans and the narrow seas. Into her hands are gathered the reins of the world, and her voice directs the course that mankind will take. Wherever danger is, her sons are found. War to them is a sport, and they think less of death than of the loss of a goal. Saying little about liberty, they possess freedom; and under the excuse of money-making they fling their lives away indifferently on the government of continents or the capture of a little pig."

"The poetic mind always sees itself," said Michael; "it is like the lover's mind, full of a vision as unreal as sweet."

"Those were the things I painted in her portrait, being her lover, and caring only to paint what is so difficult to see; and my reward would have

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been to see her grow more and more like the picture I had drawn. . . . But in the midst of my greatest opportunity I was cut off, in the midst of the finest and most difficult portrait, full of strange contrasts and of unexpected lights, glimmering through masses of shadow."

We do not know here whether the voice is the voice of Nevinson or the voice of Steevens: but it speaks through living lips and with the breath of life. We would gladly hear more of it; and it is for this reason that we regret what seems to us the intrusion into a volume that should have been wholly delightful, of people and voices which are not part of their author in at all the same way. We do not doubt that "Izwa" is a good piece of local colour (Zulu), and "Corpus Christi" another (Spanish), but they are as irrelevant as things seen from the train window on an express journey. We wish to talk not with the clever and versatile journalist, but with the man who met his own ghost and spoke of Empire with those who paid the price for it.

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HOME RULE FOR THE VOLUNTEERS

IT is impossible to conceal from ourselves any longer that behind the brilliant achievement of Lord Esher's Committee a heavy shadow is gathering. It must be faced and it must be cleared, or our last re-organisation is in danger of being, like so many of its predecessors, a piece of splendid patchwork after all. The shadow is the question of the Volunteers. That it was not dealt with as a whole by Lord Esher's Committee is not their fault. For it was not referred to them as a whole. So far as the question lay within the four corners of their commission they did deal with it—that is to say, they dealt with the relations of the Volunteer force to the reconstituted War Office. Further they could not go, for the remainder of the issues at stake had been referred to another Commission, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk. Until this Committee reported it was impossible for Lord Esher's Committee to do more than they did. On the other hand, it is an arguable point whether it was politic to do so much. The fine example which the Duke of Norfolk has always set to the county gentry in the matter must at any rate ensure that the Report of his Commission will meet with a sympathetic reception from the great body of the Volunteers, a reception that would probably have been extended to any changes in the War Office that were based upon his Report. But when, before it was issued, Lord Esher's Committee touched the question, and touched it

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with that firmness of grip and clearness of outlook which has characterised all their work, it was almost inevitable that they would raise a storm of opposition. It may be that the opposition is prejudiced, blind and uninstructed. Efforts have been made to show that this is so, that the new system will ensure to the Volunteers a much higher consideration than they ever had before. Yet it cannot be denied that the recommendations of Lord Esher's Committee do fix the War Office to a very definite view of what the status of the Volunteers should be, and it is a view that is disputable, unpopular with a large section of the Volunteers themselves, and entirely contrary to the original conception of the force.

That the view to which the new War Office is apparently committed is not the right and logical one I do not wish for a moment to contend. To discuss the point before the Duke of Norfolk's Committee has reported is at least premature, and must infallibly bring us halting and blindfold on the dangerous ground which Lord Esher's Committee has trodden with its usual fearlessness and certainty of step. At the same time, pending the issue of the Report, it may not be unprofitable to prepare for its consideration by endeavouring to get at the main factors of the problem, to fathom the sentiment that underlies it, and to determine the limits within which it rests.

The first fact that will strike us in our search for the origin of the great divergence of opinion and heartburning that complicates the problem is that in some way or other the Volunteer force has grown into something entirely different from what it was originally intended to be. In its first inception it was intended by the statesman who gave it birth to be a purely irregular force, of which part was to be trained for garrison duty and part for guerilla warfare. Its organisation was to have no resemblance to that of the regular army, it was to be a body of trained and armed citizens, not even regimented, and with no higher unit than a company, and others smaller still. On this point the circular which Lord Derby's Government issued on May 25, 1859, leaves no room for doubt, and its lucid

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and definite phrases serve so well as a starting-point, that, seeing how little it is known, it seems worth while to set out its material parts in full. It was addressed by Colonel Peel, the Secretary for War, to the Lords-Lieutenants of Counties, and runs as follows:

With reference to the circular of May 12, sanctioning under certain conditions the enrolment of Volunteers, it seems essential . . . that they should not be left in ignorance of the nature and character of the service to which they are thus binding themselves, but that the object which such bodies of Volunteers should have in view should be clearly explained to them, as well as the peculiar duties expected from them, together with the best means of qualifying themselves for their effectual discharge.

Premising that these Volunteers may be of two classes, one comprising those who may be instructed to act as riflemen or sharpshooters in the field; and the other those whose services may be rendered most valuable in our seaports and other coast towns in manning the batteries constructed for their defence, it must be borne in mind that:

1. The first essential, without which no body of Volunteers, however composed or organised, can hope to render available or really useful service is that it should be amenable, when called upon to act either in garrison or in the field, to military discipline. . . .

2. In the second place the condition of service should be such as, while securing and enforcing the above necessary discipline, to induce those classes to come forward for service as Volunteers who do not under our present system enter either into the regular army or the militia.

3. In the above view the system of drill and instruction for bodies of Volunteers should not be such as to render the service unnecessarily irksome, or as to make demands upon the time of the members that would interfere injuriously with their ordinary avocations. . . .

4. It should not be attempted, therefore, as regards Rifle Volunteers, to drill or organise them as soldiers expected to take their place in the *line*, . . . but it should be rather sought to give each individual Volunteer a thorough knowledge of the use of his weapon, and so to qualify the force to act efficiently as an auxiliary to the regular army and the militia, the only character to which it should aspire.

5. It is evident that this object will be best attained by the enrolment of Volunteers in small bodies, in companies consisting of an establishment of one captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, and 100 men of all ranks as a *maximum*; or in sub-divisions, or even sections of companies with the due proportion of officers, and composed of individuals having a knowledge of and thorough dependence upon each other personally, and it should rarely, if ever, be sought

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to form them into larger corps, entailing the necessity of a lengthened training and complicated system of drill instruction.

6. The nature of our country, with its numerous enclosures and other impediments to the operation of troops in line, gives peculiar importance to the services of volunteer riflemen, in which bodies each man, deriving confidence from his own skill in the use of his arm, and from his reliance on the support of his comrades, . . . intimately acquainted with the country in which he would be called on to act, would hang with telling effect upon the flanks and communications of a hostile enemy (*sic*).

7. The instruction, therefore, that is most requisite is practice in the use and handling of the rifle, . . . how to extend and avail themselves of cover, to fire advancing or retiring, to protect themselves from cavalry, or other simple movements which, while leaving every man his independent action, would enable them to act together with more effect. . . .

Clearly, we have here a conception born in the last afterglow of the Peninsular War. It is a conception of an irregular force, locally organised under the Lords-Lieutenants, and entirely distinct from the army, which, so far as it was not intended for garrison duty, was to do for the regular troops what the Spanish guerilleros had done for Wellington.

It was to be a system of free companies, in which cohesion was to be obtained from comradeship instead of drill, mobility not from manœuvring but by freedom of intelligent individual action, and battle energy not from fire discipline but from the skill and woodcraft behind each rifle. How far have we travelled from such a conception now! We have "made demands upon the time of the members which interfere injuriously with their ordinary avocations"; we "drill and organise them to take their place in the line," and for nothing else; far from keeping companies at the maximum unit, the last of the provisional battalions have gone, and we have regimented them all, and, disregarding "the nature of our country," we have trained them as our regular army is trained in the school which had its birth in the open plains of the Continent. It is not too much to say that we have reached in almost every essential laid down by the circular the extremity of contradiction. And yet at no point upon the road does there seem to have been a moment when it was recognised either by the

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War Office or by the Volunteers themselves that a new line of march was being taken. No halt was called to settle what new object was being aimed at, or even to determine whither the route was likely to lead. It is just our English way, which, in spite of blunders and troubles innumerable, has served us well enough, and it is useless to spill temper because once more we have failed to stop and think, and once more find ourselves ankle deep in the brink of the usual bog.

Who is to blame for it all? Undoubtedly the Volunteers themselves in the beginning, but only from the most admirable motives. Approaching the new enterprise in the spirit of the soundest sport, they were quickly dissatisfied with the amateur part that had been set them. They wished to take the thing in all seriousness, to devote themselves to attaining the highest degree of professional skill, stoutly refusing to entertain the idea that for them it was unattainable, and shutting their ears to the far-sighted warnings of Colonel Peel's circular. At a very early period regiments were formed as the rule rather than the exception, regular light infantry training was adopted, and, with the substitution of the King's commission for that of the Lords-Lieutenants, the idea of local levies independent of the army was uprooted. The wars which Prussia kindled in the next decade or so hastened the process of transformation. They were all wars of regular highly trained troops, and they established a new era of military thought in England. The last memories of the Peninsular faded away, and instead of a small expert, regular army, assisted by guerilleros, we could think of nothing but marshalled hordes of the cut-and-dried German pattern. It was only natural that the War Office, dominated no less than the Volunteers by the new ideas, should encourage them to advance along the dangerous path against which they had been so clearly warned at the outset. The pace hastened to the inevitable end. In high enthusiasm the Volunteers imprisoned themselves in the Territorial Regiments, and rejoiced to wear their uniforms. In the form of capitation grants they

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accepted pay for the higher training they could no longer afford to undergo gratuitously, and very honourably exulted as the distance between them and their regular comrades seemed to diminish. Few could see that every step was taking them nearer to the absorption to which they have now awakened. Instead of rising, as it seemed, they were steadily sinking into the position of a mere Landsturm, and the only known way of dealing with a Landsturm is to absorb it as a third rank of the regular army.

It is this fact that Lord Esher's Committee has recognised with the inexorable logic that has marked the whole of their proposals. True, it is argued against the sudden alarms which the Volunteers have sounded, that placing them under one of the new "Directors" will ensure them greater attention than they ever enjoyed before. This is probably true enough, but none the less their position under a "Director," and the distribution of their various needs amongst the ordinary Departments of the War Office, will, in fact, absorb them into the regular army, must in fact reduce them to the level of a Landsturm. If the Volunteers refuse to accept such a position, few can blame them, and yet it is difficult to see how the road they have been treading with so much high intention could possibly lead to any other goal. So much we must remember in justice to Lord Esher's proposals. Equally logical, equally inevitable, and equally the subject of Colonel Peel's solemn warning is the other necessity with which the Volunteers find themselves confronted. They hear with alarm that their numbers are to be reduced. The report is not confirmed, but the necessity is not to be denied. The country cannot afford to train a quarter of a million extra men for the line, when the utility of such a force is so very questionable; when at least its necessity has never been clearly laid down by the responsible advisers of the Crown, or by any of the high authorities charged with the regulation of national defence. On the other hand, the Volunteers cannot all, or nearly all, afford the time to train themselves gratuitously for the position they have reached, nor

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above all can officers of the requisite skill and leisure be found to lead so great a mass. Here again we cannot expect the Volunteers to submit quietly to what must seem to them an unpardonable slight after all they have sacrificed. And yet if they are still determined "to take their place in the line," if they will not turn back to the old ideal, what course can any clear-headed expert in military organisation conscientiously recommend except a wholesale reduction?

Here then we have the limits between which the problem apparently lies. On the one hand, a large irregular force locally organised, and intended to be used locally as auxiliaries of the regular forces; and, on the other, a smaller quasi-regular force which will be a third line behind the militia. In the one case logically we should have the command as of old in the hands of the Lords-Lieutenants and their Deputy-Lieutenants, and matters of equipment, supply, ranges and the like under the control of County Councils, and the whole connected with the Army Council or the Committee of Defence by a well-staffed Inspector-General. In the other, we should have—so long as the War Office remains what it is—exactly what Lord Esher's Committee have recommended. The two ideas are as wide as the poles asunder, and yet in the half-century that the Volunteers have existed we have been passing, with the fitful gait of one who walks in his sleep, from the one limit close up to the other, and in spite of a pause here and there and a score of uneasy deviations, we have never found a resting-place between them. It may be that the Duke of Norfolk's Committee will discover some spot where equilibrium may be attained halfway; but unless this can be done, there will be no rest until the country has chosen between the two extremes, has decided, that is, whether the Volunteers are to be irregular or regular.

How then does the average citizen regard the question? Of its technical merits he can have no comprehension. He only knows that there is a force in the Volunteer movement which he believes to be of the highest value, and which he regards as peculiarly British. He sees it as the highest mani-

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festation of a feature in our national character which is almost peculiar to ourselves—a feature which renders us uneasy in our sports unless they are stiffened with a sense of serious purpose, and which conversely renders us half ashamed of performing patriotic service unless we can hide our earnestness behind a mask of sport. Sport and public duty—these are the ruling enthusiasms of the bulk of our countrymen, and no one can deny that when they are so intimately combined as they are in the ranks of the Volunteers a very potent force is produced. For it is the most strenuous of sports—the sport of war—which is combined with the most stirring public duty—the defence of hearth and home. With this preoccupation then the citizen will approach the question, and with little else, except a pardonable impatience that the soldiers and statesmen, to whom he commits such matters, have not yet found out the way to use the weapon which he is so proud to possess. How his old instinct would bid him choose is clear enough. Already in his impatience it has begun to show itself, and he is trying to solve the problem for himself. With that kind of patient and almost stupid persistence in his root ideas he has begun again exactly where he did fifty years ago, and with free Rifle Clubs he is trying once more to form an irregular defence force for himself on the old lines. It was exactly so that the Volunteer movement began, and exactly so we began to tread the devious path which, step by step, has led us insensibly to the present morass. Still, his instinct may be right. There is much to be said for the irregular force. Colonel Peel's remarks about the peculiar nature of our country, though they contemplated a bygone system of tactics, still hold good. There are serious experts on the Continent who hold that for a continentally trained army warfare in the British Isles is impossible. Compared with the warfare they know, it would be mere bush fighting, and both officers and men would find themselves as much at a loss as did General Braddock and his pipe-clayed troops in the backwoods of Virginia. Above all, the experiences of the Boer War, even when stripped of all

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exaggerated deductions, go to show that the possibilities of such warfare are much greater than our experts believed—at least, since the lessons of the Peninsular War were forgotten.

But such a policy, however, it may be further recommended on the ground of economy and its bracing moral effect on our people, has a serious defect. Even if the Volunteers could be persuaded to return to their starting-point, and frankly accept the position of irregulars, we should still only gain a system of passive defence. Now, modern military science teaches us that of all systems of defence passive defence is the worst, and the remarkable war now in progress deeply underlines the doctrine. Among the more earnest of Volunteer officers, there are many who have studied the art of war too well not to give here an attentive ear to what the regulars have to urge. If the soldiers are called upon for a frank opinion, they cannot but say that a defence force which is not available for a preventive movement beyond our frontiers is one for which they have little or no use. It will not fit in with modern ideas of strategy. It may be armour, but it is not a weapon, and if they are to be responsible for the military defence of the country it is weapons not armour that they want. If Volunteers are prepared to accept such a liability, if they are ready to serve on the understanding that in times of acute national danger they may be called on to act offensively in preventive expeditions beyond the sea, then modern strategy has a place for them, and our experts will know what to do. The contention is sober science, and any Volunteer who has seriously studied his subject will know that it is not an objection actuated by a mere dislike of the Volunteers, as some of his more ardent and less instructed comrades are too ready to suggest. Such a man will also see that the scientific view of the Volunteer force equally entails its absorption into the army and the reduction of its strength. For if it is to be used for offence, when the true defensive strategy demands active defence, it must be trained and organised in a way that must necessarily curtail the numbers willing or able to serve.

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Between these two solutions, of an irregular force for passive defence and a quasi-regular force for active defence, lies the possibility of dividing the whole into the two categories, a solution which should content both sides, but which would probably please neither. Then there is the proposal, which would seem to commend itself to the majority of Volunteers, that they and the other auxiliary forces should take over the whole defence of the British Islands—meaning the passive defence—not as an irregular force, but remaining as they are, quasi-regular. Of all solutions this compromise seems to be most hazardous, the most costly, and the least scientific. But let it not be too hastily rejected on that account. Compromises that are hazardous, costly, and unscientific seem to have a peculiar affinity for the British genius. Our history is full of them, and full of glory and success. The present juncture is perhaps only to be met by such a compromise, and it should at least be considered calmly. If Volunteers are reminded that what the soldier extremists are aiming at in their desire to absorb and reduce them is the scientific solution of a strategical problem, let the soldiers also remember that what they have to deal with, after all argument is exhausted, is the incalculable, irrepressible eccentricity of the British genius for war.

The solution of a problem so complex and so deeply coloured by admirable sentiment will require all the thought and forbearance, all the give and take, and all the imagination and intelligence we can come by. But solved it must be, and the first essentials to that end would seem to be these. We must have a clear determination of what we can afford to spend both in men and money on the Volunteers without crippling the power or efficiency of the standing army, the militia and the navy. We must make up our minds whether they are to be a regular or an irregular force. And we must settle whether they are to be confined to passive defence or available also for active defence. If they are to be irregular and passive it should not be difficult to grant them, as they seem to desire, home rule, and liberty, with such professional assistance as they need, to

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work out their own perfection. If, however, they are to remain quasi-regular and active, then the practical difficulties in separating their organisation from that of the rest of the army are undoubtedly great, perhaps insuperable, if justice is to be done to their high desire to achieve the utmost in their power for the safety of the country.

Such then are roughly the main lines of the question as between the Volunteers and the Regular army, but there still remain other difficulties as thorny and perplexing which concern the relations between the Volunteers and the Militia. It is too large a problem to deal with now. Suffice it to say, that it arises mainly out of the neglect of another of Colonel Peel's warnings. His circular laid down that the Volunteers were to be recruited from the classes which did not enter the Militia. This caution has been forgotten, and owing to the ill-considered transformation of the Volunteers, they have been driven for many years past to thrust themselves into competition with the Militia, unconsciously usurping its functions and seeking to fill their ranks from the Militia recruiting-grounds. Whether or not this has been good for the Volunteers, it has been demonstrably evil for the Militia. We are not supporting adequately either force; we are wasting money in spoiling both. The time has come when the country must decide between them, and regulate their relative functions, composition, and value. Where both forces have deserved so well, it will be a delicate and invidious task, the more so as behind it seems to loom—for reasons too long to set out here—the same hard necessity of either reconstituting the Volunteers as local irregulars, or of drastically reducing their numbers.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

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FREE TRADE THE FOUNDATION OF EMPIRE[1]

I

THE subject of the following article can be summed up in a single sentence. Free Trade is the only secure foundation for the British Empire. I contend not only that Free Trade is a better foundation for empire than Protection, but that no lasting empire can be built upon a policy of commercial exclusiveness. That is, I meet Mr. Chamberlain's assertion, "No Preference no Empire," with "No Free Trade no Empire."

To make good my assertion I shall show, or at any rate endeavour to show, three things. First, I shall show that while we possessed a system of Protection and Preference in the British Empire, and tried to keep the benefit of trade between our Colonies and the Mother Country to ourselves the Empire flourished neither commercially nor politically. Trade was not helped but hindered, and at the same time the political relations between the various parts of the Empire and the United Kingdom were far from satisfactory. Next I shall show that not till we abandoned the attempt to establish special trade privileges within the Empire, but instead allowed trade to follow its own flags, did the Colonies become a source of

[1] In this article I have made use of a letter on Colonial Preference contributed to the *Spectator* last February. I have also resumed portions of an article by me in the *Spectator* of January 28, 1899.—J. St. L. S.

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pride and strength to the Mother Country. Finally, I shall seek to show that the States of former days, which tried to maintain over-sea empires based on exclusive trading, perished, largely owing to such exclusiveness. They withered away because they insisted on acting on the belief that an empire cannot be kept together on sentiment, but must have the commercial bond of preferential trading.

I will take first the evil effects of a system of preferential trading as seen in the case of the British Empire. I shall show how that system led not only to bad trading, but to political relations which were full of friction and of danger. As a nation we are apt to forget our failures, whether in battle, in diplomacy, or in business. Hence it happened that very few people were aware till the fiscal controversy overtook us that only sixty years ago we had a complete system of Colonial Preference. We greatly favoured colonial products in our markets, while they gave us a position of privilege in theirs. The results were as deplorable from the commercial as from the political standpoint. So completely forgotten, however, was this fact that a distinguished statesman, specially interested in these matters, is said, but whether on good authority I cannot say, to have heard last June with entire incredulity, that the Chamberlain policy was not a completely new and original departure. We can hardly wonder, however, that the nation chose to forget its original Imperial fiscal policy. An incident so eminently unsatisfactory and so full of friction and confusion was naturally ignored. In endeavouring to trace the evil effects of the preferential system which once ruled the trade relations of the Empire I shall not go so far back as the period when the Navigation Laws were in full force, and when we enjoyed "The monopoly of colonial buying and selling," and maintained the principle of "The prohibition and discouragement of colonial manufactures." Mr. Chamberlain has no doubt hinted to the Colonies that it would be a friendly act if they would be content with such manufactures as they have already created, and would leave what remains to the Mother Country

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in exchange for a preference from her. Still I do not suppose that any one would wish to go back to the old plan—the plan under which the Colonies were veritable "tied houses" in all particulars. Our tariff reformers only wish to make them "tied houses" in certain trades. I shall therefore not examine the Navigation Acts and other Acts in restraint of colonial trade at the time of their full severity. I shall deal rather with the later period in which the Navigation Laws were gradually relaxed, and something very like Mr. Chamberlain's system of preference was established throughout the Empire. In place of the absolute prohibition of many articles *ad valorem* duties were imposed, but at the same time Colonial Preference in the English market remained intact. Let us look at the actual working of the system of preference.

II

I will take first the timber trade. Till the beginning of the nineteenth century we drew all our supplies of timber from the North of Europe. After our quarrel with the Northern Powers, and our seizure of the Danish Fleet in 1807, our policy was altered. Mr. Vansittart, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, devised a plan worthy of Mr. Chamberlain. Foreseeing a possible shortage of supply, he made it practically impossible to obtain Baltic timber at all. He almost entirely repealed the duties on timber coming from our American possessions and placed an enormous duty on North European timbers. By this topsy-turvy economic policy, which has its counterpart in the proposals of our present fiscal reformers, he strove to prevent our suffering from foreign enmity, and to encourage Imperial interdependence. We were to be made independent of the foreigner, and to become a self-sufficing Empire in the matter of timber. The immediate result of the policy was that we were flooded for years with inferior timber from Canada, the good cheap timber from the North of Europe was shut out, and we were compelled to use for building

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purposes wood particularly subject to dry-rot. But there was still a demand for Baltic timber, and thus there followed one of those absurdities which always track the course of Protection. It actually paid to ship wood from Northern Europe to Canada in order that it might come in here as colonial timber. In consequence of this artificial stimulus, large vested interests grew up in Canada in connection with the trade. When, then, preference was withdrawn, first partially and then entirely, as was absolutely necessary in the interests of British trade, these interests not unnaturally raised piercing cries. They were, they declared, certain to be ruined. The sufferers threatened secession and an agitation in favour of annexation to the United States. But though the timber merchants suffered, the small farmers rejoiced, for they had resented the preference. Agriculture had been neglected in the colony for the benefit of a few great capitalists. Canadian millers also suffered when we ceased to give a preference to Canadian flour. The discriminating duty on colonial flour had allowed Americans to import their wheat into Canada, where it was ground up, and then exported to England as Canadian flour.

The results of preferential treatment in the case of sugar were even more preposterous than those in that of timber. The duties on sugar in 1886 were 86*s.* a hundredweight on colonial, and 68*s.* on foreign sugar. They were regulated anew in 1842 owing to the depression produced in the West India Islands by the abolition of slavery, and stood then at 14*s.* for colonial brown sugar, 63*s.* for foreign sugar produced by slave labour, and 23*s.* 4*d.* when produced by non-slave labour. This distinction was really an absurdity, for we allowed other slave-made commodities to enter without any differential duty. In consequence the average loss to the British public was enormous, and the revenue lost also. The talk, too, about slave-grown sugar was absurd, for we did not hesitate to trade largely in it with the Continent. On the other hand, we had prevented the legitimate development of our West India Colonies by forbidding them to set up sugar

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refineries to compete with our own refining trade—that trade for which Mr. Chamberlain is now so anxious. Thus we managed, by our double system of preference, to confer a double injury on the nation and on the West Indies in the hope of benefiting two selected industries.

But bad as were the results of attempting to make the Empire self-sufficing in the matter of timber and sugar, by preferring colonial products, they pale before those achieved in the case of coffee. The argument for preference looked at first sight as good, and proved in the long run even more fallacious. We consume a great deal of coffee. Coffee can be grown in the Empire, and coffee is a very profitable crop. Therefore, let us encourage coffee-growing in the Empire by giving it a preference in our markets. In this way we can secure the profits of a very lucrative trade for ourselves. So ran the very plausible argument in favour of preference. Look at the facts. Before 1842 the duty on foreign coffee was as much as 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound. On coffee imported from any British possessions within the East India Company's charter the duty was only 9*d.* The result of this was that the coffee-producing foreigner shipped his coffee to the Cape (which was within the charter), and it came in here at a 9*d.* duty. The importation of coffee from the Cape rose therefore from 189 lbs. in 1830 to 6,149,489 lbs. in 1842, when this round-about smuggling was suppressed. At that date the duty on foreign coffee was placed at 6*d.* per lb., and on colonial at 4*d.* per lb., and ultimately the difference disappeared altogether. We had done very little good to the colonial grower, though we had placed a heavy tax on our own consumers without raising any large amount of revenue. The only persons who really benefited were the fraudulent importers of foreign coffee.

Another striking example of the absurdity of preference is to be found in the preferential treatment accorded to Cape wines. Here is a lesson which I hope will be borne in mind by those who are inclined to lend a favourable hearing to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for giving Australian wines a

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preference over foreign wines. During and after the Napoleonic War we thought it better to make the Empire "self-sustaining" in wine as in other things. By an Act passed in 1813, Cape wine was admitted here at one-third the duty on Spanish and Portuguese wines. The result was of course a great stimulus to the Cape wine trade; and even in 1846, when the duty on Cape wines was only half that on foreign wines, the importation of Cape wines almost equalled that of wines from France. But the trade was a purely artificial one. When differential duties were abolished and the importation of Cape wine fell to its natural level, the trade almost disappeared. This was in fact the most ridiculous preference of all. It chiefly benefited the fraudulent wine merchant in Britain, for it supplied him with cheap and inferior grape juice wherewith to adulterate good foreign wine. It did not really benefit the Cape wine-grower. It did not encourage him to improve his methods of manufacture. It only gave him a safe market for a bad product.

Before leaving this part of the subject it may be worth while to give the actual figures of the Colonial Preference as they stood in the year 1840. Here is the list given in the Blue Book of 1841:

	£	s.	d.
Sugar—Colonial duty:			
On muscovado . .	1	4	0
On foreign . .	3	3	0
On molasses . .	0	9	0
On foreign . .	1	13	9
Coffee—British Possessions . . per lb.	0	0	6
Foreign growth, except from British ports, within limits of East India Company's possessions, where it pays 9d. .	0	1	3
Distilled spirits, Colonial .	0	9	0
Foreign . . .	1	2	6
Wines, Colonial . .	0	2	9
Foreign . . .	0	5	6
Timber, Colonial:			
Hard wood . per load	0	5	0
Pine and Fir of all kinds . . .	0	10	0
Foreign . . .	2	15	0

Being a differential protection of 450 %, taking the various rates of duty on colonial and on foreign deals, staves, spars, masts, battens, hoops, and all kinds of timber, there is much about the same differential duties to protect the colonial.

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	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Cotton wool . per cwt.	0	0	4	Tallow . . per cwt.	0	1	0
Foreign . . .	0	2	11	Foreign . . .	0	3	2
Wool, sheep's, Colonial .	free			Rice Colonial . per cwt.	0	1	0
Foreign . . .	0	9	4	Foreign . . .	0	15	0
Fish, free; foreign nearly all prohibited.				Rough rice . per qr.	0	1	0
				Foreign . . .	1	0	0

Spices and all tropical colonial productions have high differential duties.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Fish oil, Colonial . per tun	0	1	0	Honey . . per cwt.	0	5	0
Of foreign taking .	26	12	0	Foreign . . .	0	15	0
Hides and skins about 100 per cent. protective duty. On some the duties are equal; furs are protected if from North America, chiefly from Hudson's Bay.				Soap . . per cwt.	0	1	8
				Foreign . . .	0	4	10
				Wax . . per cwt.	0	10	0
				Foreign . . .	1	10	0
				All seed oils . per tun	0	1	0
				£39 18s.			
				Ashes . . per cwt.	free		
				Foreign . . .	0	6	0
Bark from British possessions . per cwt.	0	0	1	Copper and metals of all kinds, high protective duties.			
Foreign . . .	0	0	8	Bark . . per cwt.	0	0	1
				Foreign . . .	0	3	0

The astonishing position produced by Colonial Preference in the case of coffee is so well summed up in the evidence given before the Select Committee in 1840 that I cannot resist quoting a portion of it. The witness under examination was Mr. McGregor, one of the joint-secretaries of the Board of Trade. The chairman was Mr. Hume.

887. *Chairman.* Will you state what has been the effect of the high differential duty on coffee?—The effect of the high differential duty on coffee has been the legal evasion of the law, in principle, as to the way of bringing coffee to this country.

888. Is there any coffee produced at the Cape of Good Hope?—No, I believe not; 57 out of every 100 lbs. which were imported to England by way of the Cape of Good Hope was carried in the first instance to that colony from Brazil; eight from Cuba; 12, I think, were sent from England of foreign coffee to the Cape, to be reimported to England; six, I think, from Java, and six or

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eight sent from Holland to the Cape of Good Hope, and the remainder from other countries.

889. *Mr. Thornely.* From your evidence, it appears that cargoes of coffee have been sent from the United Kingdom, and from ports on the continent of Europe, to be landed on the Cape of Good Hope, and to be brought back to the United Kingdom for the purpose of supplying the necessary consumption here?—Yes; from the 26th of April 1838 to the 24th of March 1840, it appears by the returns that 81 cargoes, importing more than 21,000,000 lbs. of foreign coffee, had arrived in the United Kingdom from the Cape of Good Hope, the duty being on that mode of carrying coffee 9*d.* a pound; that is 6*d.* less than if imported direct from foreign countries; the duty, if imported from the country of the growth of the principal part of the coffee, would amount to £1,750,000; the duty saved by the indirect importation would be £750,000, supposing all to be entered for consumption.

890. *Chairman.* Then is it to be understood that merchants, in order to evade the discriminating duty, have been to the expense of sending coffee from those different ports, and even from England, in order to obtain admission at the reduced rate?—Yes, and also upon other articles which pay differential duties, such as spices and nutmegs.

891. In fact, does the Cape of Good Hope reduce the duty upon all those prohibitive articles?—Yes, from its being retained as within the limits of the East India Company's charter.

892. *Mr. Thornely.* Has it not been absolutely necessary, for the supply of the consumption of coffee to this country, that we should resort to this mode of indirect importation?—There is no doubt of the fact of it being imported to England in that way to supply consumption; the consumption is evidence of the fact.

893. *Chairman.* Do not those greatly increased expenses keep up the price of coffee in this country?—They have two effects; the expense of sending coffee to the Cape of Good Hope is about one penny, and consequently it arrives in this country at about 5*d.* less duty than if it came direct from the countries of its growth; but if the duties were reduced to an equitable fiscal principle, the article would be cheaper and the consumption of coffee in this country would no doubt increase enormously.

III

No doubt the colonists throughout the Empire were at first annoyed by the abolition of Preference, but soon they began to suit themselves to the new and healthier conditions, and it is not too much to say that they owe their commercial prosperity to the abolition of Preference. The effects are so

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well summed up by Professor Davidson in his admirable little book, "Commercial Federation and Trade Policy," that I cannot do better than quote his words:

> The repeal was probably what the Colonies needed most. It threw them on their own resources, and made them realise the duties as well as the privileges of responsible government. The ruin that was imminent did not come, because they set to work to avert it; and the threat of ruin was ultimately the industrial salvation of the Colonies. When they (the colonists) found that their appeals and protests were disregarded, and that the English market was no longer to be their preserve, they began to set their house in order and to accommodate their business methods to the new conditions. The possession of Preference had encouraged unbusinesslike ways and a spirit of dependence on Government. Henceforth they talked less politics and devoted themselves to trade.

All this is still true. The readoption of Preference would bring back unbusinesslike ways, and recall a spirit of dependence on Governments. Indeed, as Professor Davidson says, "the whole history of the preferential duties is one long warning against an attempt to give an artificial direction to industry."

But bad as were the commercial results of Preference, the political results were even worse. The Colonists, instead of trying to develop their industries by improving them, were always trying to get better preferential treatment, and when they could not get it naturally grumbled, and thought they were not sufficiently considered. Also, strange as it may seem, though they benefited by having Britain as a kind of tied house, the Colonies were not nearly so loyal under Preference as they are to-day. The best men did not, as now, look forward to an Imperial union in which the British communities over-sea would some day claim an equal share with the Mother Country, but to complete independence like that of the United States.

Still greater political harm was done in the Mother Country by the system of Colonial Preference. All true Imperialists must have deplored the harsh and pessimistic things said about the Empire by our public men in the past—by Conservatives as much as Radicals. During the period of Colonial Preference

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there was no public sympathy with the Colonies, and though the bulk of the people may have been, and I believe were, determined to maintain the Empire, almost all the audible voices were raised against its continuance. The Colonies, that is, were profoundly unpopular. Sir Spencer Walpole, in his last two volumes, has brought together a number of expressions of opinion hostile to the Empire which I will quote to show how deep was the feeling. For example, Lord Beaconsfield, writing in 1852, told Lord Malmesbury: "These wretched Colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks." The Duke of Newcastle declared that he should see a dissolution of the bond between the Mother Country and Canada with the greatest pleasure. Sir Henry Taylor wrote: "As to the American Provinces, I have long held and have often expressed the opinion that they are a sort of *damnosa hereditas*." Even Lord Salisbury, when Lord Robert Cecil, said in the House of Commons that "it might be fairly questioned whether it had been wise originally to colonise the Cape and New Zealand, and whether, looking back on all the results, we have been repaid for the great cost and anxiety which they had entailed." Sir George Cornewall Lewis was even more pessimistic:

> If a country possesses a dependency from which it derives no public revenue, no military or naval strength, no commercial advantages or facilities for emigration, which it would not equally enjoy though the dependency were independent; and if, moreover, the dependency suffers the evils which (as we shall show hereafter) are the almost inevitable consequences of its political conditions, such a possession cannot justly be called glorious.

This view lingered on even into the sixties, and in 1867, when it was proposed to guarantee the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. Cave, the member for Barnstaple, remarked that "instead of giving £8,000,000 sterling with a view to separating Canada and the United States, we ought to give £10,000,000 to unite them." As Sir Spencer Walpole comments, such a remark would now be regarded as treachery. When said, it did not elicit a single protest. Such was the

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feeling in regard to the Colonies that possessed statesmen who had been reared in the period of Preference. To them the Colonies were an incubus.

Contrast this feeling with that which prevails to-day. Not only would no statesman who wished to remain in public life dare to express such sentiments, but the great majority, whether Tory or Radical, would never dream of entertaining them. They have been banished from the mind of the nation by the epoch of Free Trade. That, and not Protection, has proved the soil in which the Imperial sentiment can best grow.

A very little reflection will show whence arose this unfavourable feeling towards the Colonies, which remember was specially strong in the commercial class, and was reflected from it into the minds of our statesmen. I believe it came from the system of Preference which oppressed our trading and commercial classes at every turn. The merchant who was forced by it to buy bad, dear, and unsuitable colonial timber or sugar, coffee or wine, naturally resented the necessity, and vented his resentment on the Colonies. They were a stumbling-block in his path, and people never love stumbling-blocks. The Colonies were unpopular, and with those persons who declared that they would soon be independent, the wish was father to the thought. They wanted to get rid of the burden of preferential trade, and believed that it would only disappear with independence. Hence the men who belonged to, or who were brought up in the preferential period tended to become Little Englanders. As soon, however, as Colonial Preference was abolished, and instead of relying on the dangerous bonds of so-called commercial interests, we relied on the nobler *nexus* of a common race, a common language, common institutions, and a common loyalty to the Empire, our relations with the Colonies at once began to improve. The statesman who grew up under these conditions, and who did not find the supposed interests of the Colonies impeding commerce at every turn, became Imperialist in the true sense.

Perhaps the most striking example is that offered by Lord

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Beaconsfield himself. With his usual quickness and agility of mind, he was able to throw off the effects of the epoch in which he grew up. While England and he were Protectionists, he believed, as I have shown, that the Colonies were nothing but a burden. After the nation had adopted Free Trade and he had acquiesced in the change, he became an Imperialist who did not wish that the "wretched Colonies" would become independent.

IV

I cannot, I regret to say, find time to deal except very slightly with my contention that the empires of Holland, Spain, and Portugal perished because they persisted in treating their Colonies as tied houses, and could not realise that the only true foundation of empire was liberty, commercial and political. I must be content to record the opinion that the attempt to establish a system of commercial exclusiveness within their empires helped to produce the decay from which they suffered. Other causes, no doubt, contributed, but this was among the most effective in the work of destruction. Another very important point in regard to the influence of the policy of Free Trade on empire deserves to be noticed. That is the attitude of the rest of the world towards the British Empire. No doubt Continental statesmen are jealous of our success, but the British Empire as a whole does not anywhere excite that sense of widespread jealousy and hatred which is so dangerous to the State which inspires it. Recall for a moment the intense feeling of hatred which existed in regard to Holland and to Spain during the time of their greatest wealth and prosperity as Imperial Powers. This hatred was due to the policy of exclusion and of privilege enforced by either Power. Every individual trader not a Spaniard or a Dutchman was bound to be the enemy of Spain or Holland, for every trade-door was closed against him. It was indeed a double hatred. The colonists, whose very blood was sucked by the Imperial Power, felt almost as aggrieved as

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the excluded foreigner. Their colonies were the tied houses of those empires. How different is the case with the British Empire. The foreigner may hate us in the abstract, but when it comes to business he cannot feel very angry with a nation which not only allows him to come freely and sell what he has got to sell here, but does not claim the slightest extra privileges over him in the colonial markets. Thus our Free Trade policy has given us a world-wide Empire that excites the minimum of popular hatred and jealousy. Each Power might like to get our Indian or our African possessions for itself, but if that is not possible it would prefer the *status quo*. No other Power would be so good to trade with as England. It was very different in the case of Spain and Holland. Any change seemed then a change for the better.

The policy of unrestricted Free Trade has helped us even more inside our Colonies and dependencies. Turgot's saying that colonies always dropped off the parent tree like fruit when it was ripe, was true under a system of extorting special privileges for the Mother Country. By allowing the Colonies to manage their own fiscal affairs without restriction, and by giving them just as good treatment in the home market when they tax our products as when they do not, we have given the colonists a confidence in the Mother Country that no other scheme of action would have been able to give. Every colonist instinctively fears being exploited by the Mother Country. How is it possible for Australia to say we are making use of her when she taxes our goods and we do not tax hers? The Free Trade policy of a free market—*i.e.*, the policy of allowing all men to come here and sell freely whatever they have to sell without question asked or hindrance given—has alone, I believe, enabled the Empire to develop without any sense of injury or injustice growing up among the Colonies. Think for a moment what would almost certainly have been the result if we had tried to develop our Empire on protectionist lines—had tried, that is, to make every colony and dependency give us a "privileged position."

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In that case every fresh acquisition of territory would have been met with a cry of alarm from the rest of the world. "Here," the nations would have said, "is another piece of territory passing under British exclusiveness. How long is this to be borne?"

Next, is it possible that a protective policy applied to the Colonies, even though intended to do them no harm, would not have ended in constant squabbles and disputes? Some Colonies would have wanted more Protection and some less, and none would have been really satisfied. Lastly, our own trade, debilitated by close markets, would never have taken the place it now has. As it is, our vast, free, and expanding trade helps to maintain the Empire, for all people like to be connected with a flourishing firm. Can it be contended that this feeling would be as strong with a narrower and more jealously conducted business? Depend upon it, the British Empire as we know it could not have been built up and could not now be kept together under any system but a system of Free Trade.

V

I shall be told, no doubt, that the old Free Traders certainly never thought that Empire and Free Trade had any connection. Instead, it will be argued, they admitted that they were antagonistic. I readily grant the truth of this assertion. The old Free Traders were not in the least aware that Free Trade would prove the best possible foundation-stone for the Empire. They builded, that is, better than they knew. And herein we see an example of the good results that may incidentally arise from laying hold of and following out a really sound principle. Probably Mr. Cobden would have rejoiced in an Empire such as we have to-day, but, if not, and if it could be proved that he would have been annoyed at its persistence, it troubles me very little. Free Trade is far too big a matter to be pinned to any one man's coat-tails. We should always refuse to allow the policy of Free Trade to be

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tested by what Mr. Cobden or Mr. Bright would have thought of its most recent developments. They did not discover the doctrine of Free Trade, and it is not subject to any limitations that may be found in their writings. Hence I feel perfectly entitled to proclaim myself both an Imperialist and a Free Trader, or, indeed, an Imperialist because I am a Free Trader.

VI

There is not only no antagonism, but an essential connection, between a sound and reasonable Imperial policy and the policy of Free Trade. The one thing that can and would ruin the Empire would be the abandonment of Free Trade in any shape or form. Once give up the principle that, subject only to the needs of the revenue, all men may resort to our markets and sell what they have to sell, and substitute the principle of restriction and exclusion, of trade jealousy and special privilege, and the ruin of the Empire will have begun. The policy of the open market is a policy from which we cannot afford to budge a single hair's-breadth. I hold, then, that it is the duty of every true Imperialist to combat with all his heart and all his strength the proposal to revolutionise our policy of Free Trade and to adopt the policy of Preference and Protection. He must insist on falsifying the prophecy of Robert Lowe, who, in 1867, said: "In the time of the American Revolution the Colonies separated from England because she insisted on taxing them. What I apprehend as likely to happen now is that England will separate from her Colonies because they insist on taxing her." God forbid! We will neither tax our Colonies for our benefit nor tax ourselves in the vain hope of benefiting them thereby. What we will do is to insist that the tie which unites us in one mighty State shall be the tie of freedom—freedom, political and commercial. That is the motto which we must blazon on the banner of Empire. In that sign we shall conquer.

J. St. Loe Strachey.

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REVOLUTION AT THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

IT is almost as difficult for an institution to effect its own reform as for the proverbial physician to heal himself. The late War Office was a striking instance of the hopelessness of such attempts at internal betterment. All the greater then must be our wonder, not to say admiration, at the recent change in the attitude of the Board of Education towards the subject it professes to administer, for the alteration in this case is not merely a reform, it is a revolution.

One must not forget that the present Board of Education is not a brand-new structure planned on entirely modern lines, but has been formed out of a congeries of different offices. Like many another reconstruction, it has hitherto retained many of the original defects peculiar to the departments out of which it was framed. Hence many of the bad old traditions that distinguished or disfigured the old Education Department continued to flourish under the new Board of Education. From the time of Mr. Lowe the authorities at Whitehall had regarded themselves as little else than the business managers of national education. "Payment by results" was their motto; and in process of time an elaborate price-list of subjects was drawn up, that should prove the wonder and amusement of future generations. As recently as 1896 infants were worth 7*s.* to 9*s.* per child, plus a variable grant of 2*s.* to 6*s.*; needlework with or without drawing fetched 1*s.*; singing,

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6*d.* to 1*s.* In schools for older scholars, pupils earned 12*s.* 6*d.* to 14*s.*; discipline brought in 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*; needlework, 1*s.*; class subjects produced 1*s.* to 2*s.*; and there were special bonuses in the way of grants for cookery, laundry, and dairy work and cottage gardening. Science in evening schools was remunerated at the magnificent rate of 2*d.* to 6*d.* an hour; the advance stage was paid at the rate of 4*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.*; art, its handmaiden, received lower wages, from ½*d.* up to 6*d.* an hour. There were further complications in the reckoning through some lessons being over an hour in length; while, again, only a certain number could be taken. The whole system was a triumph of unintelligent, one might almost say, unintelligible, book-keeping. Its effect on the school authorities and managers was deplorable. Their chief pride seemed to centre in the grant-earning power of the pupils. To superintend the work the Office appointed a certain number of inspectors. It not infrequently selected high wranglers—apparently acting on the principle that if it set razors to cut blocks, the razors would soon be reduced to such a state of bluntness as to offer no odious comparison to the generally obtuse spirit which pervaded the Department. Those who displayed distinct pedagogical tendencies were treated with official neglect, or even reproved for their *trop de zèle*. From time to time the office had for its chiefs real educationists like Mr. Arthur Acland or Sir John Gorst, who managed to effect wonders in spite of the inherent defects of a vicious system. A certain improvement was effected when the manifold grants mentioned above were reduced to a single subsidy, and the element of trying to earn the largest amount of money by taking up a maximum of subjects, irrespective of the real requirements of the pupil, was to a certain extent eliminated. But the office was still dominated by the belief that its duties began and ended with checking the work to which the nation contributed, and with seeing that its pay-sheet satisfied the Auditor-General. Overwhelmed by a mass of administrative and financial details, it does not appear to have had the time to thrash out proper

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principles or formulate definite aims. It steered by a sort of dead reckoning; and even within the office itself there seems to have been little or no unanimity among the steersmen. Witness the unhappy entanglement it fell into over the question of the Higher-grade schools. At the time of the Cockerton judgment there actually existed diametrically opposite rulings on identically similar proposals by different local authorities for leave to open Higher-grade schools. On the other hand, the Board had, with the effluxion of time, accumulated a certain stock-in-trade of precedents, built up quite a respectably intricate educational jurisprudence, and evolved a sufficiently abstruse terminology to render its decisions absolutely non-conductive of interest to the average man. Nothing shows more clearly the limitations of the Board and its treatment of education by rote and rule of thumb than that most indigestible of digests, the Old Code of regulations for public elementary schools. Take up any foreign regulations of State education, whether French or Prussian, you will find at the outset a lucid statement of the aim of the school, and of the extent and nature of the work to be covered. Such a systematic treatment was apparently abhorrent to the dunder-headed canonists who laboriously compiled the English Code. They plunged head over heels into their subject with some recondite definition of the elementary school, followed closely up with the inevitable specifications as regards conditions for obtaining the Government grant, couched in the most approved jargon. Nor did their passion for figures end here. The different categories of teachers they created were variously known as Article 50, Article 68, &c. Though not so numerous as the Thirty-nine Articles, they were quite as hopelessly confusing to the ordinary person. In one passage alone they appear to have had some faint inkling that the *Volkshule* was something more than a huge mill for turning out masses of children more or less acquainted with the three R's. Sandwiched in the middle of the Code, as a sub-section of an article dealing with the conditions under which the higher grant could be obtained, ran a

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short paragraph on the duty of the inspector to have special regard to the moral training and conduct of the children. It was laid down that:

> To meet the requirements respecting discipline, the Inspector must be satisfied that all reasonable care is taken in the ordinary management of the school to bring up the children in habits of punctuality, of good manners and language, of cleanliness and neatness, and also to impress upon the children the importance of cheerful obedience to duty, of consideration and respect for others, and of honour and truthfulness in word and act.

It is obvious that little could be expected from this miniature homily, known irreverently as "Sandon's sermon," dragged in as it is by the heels at the end of a clause which assumed that everything should have its price, from suitable cloakrooms and clean pinafores to the absence of bad language and the presence of honesty and truthfulness, which moral qualities the inspector was apparently to measure up like so much bricks and mortar. As the difference between the higher and lower amounts in the block grant was but a shilling, it is difficult to understand why this solitary bit of sentiment was left in at all. It could not be seriously contended that in its actual position it added a moral leavening to the *indigesta moles* of the Code. Its retention was probably due to the *omnium gatherum* principle on which everything that had once been put in the Code was, if possible, carefully preserved in it.

The recent Education Acts have necessarily introduced a considerable amount of order into the organisation of the Board. But this is not their only service. By devolving on the new local authorities a large amount of administrative detail in which the chief energies of Whitehall have been immersed, they have given the Office an opportunity of looking at education from a broader and more scientific point of view than that of mere audit and examination. The Board has been surprisingly quick to take advantage of its partial deliverance of red tape and routine, and in its recent edition of the Code has shook itself once for all free from the numbing shackles of the old tradition of payment by results, the *ci-*

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devant be-all and end-all of its previous existence. It has thrown overboard the unintelligible jargon with which the Gothamite compilers of its Code have so long delighted to ballast its edicts, and has made considerable jettison of a large number of otiose clauses with which it was deck-loaded.

But the present Code is not merely a newer and simpler recapitulation, a Deuteronomy, of the former rules and regulations. It rather represents a new Covenant, a new dispensation. The preface it contains recognises for the first time in the history of Whitehall that education does not begin and end with grants and examinations, but deals with the aims and aspirations of the school itself, under its wider and deeper aspect as an integral part of the nation's life. This present departure is no mere shifting and shuffling of the educational machinery, the results of the annual spring cleaning-out of the office, but a veritable inward reform, a definite conversion to higher and less sordid ideals. The Board has not only found salvation educationally; it has even been able to give reasons for the new-born faith that is within it. For the new preface is nothing less than a fervent profession of belief. One may perhaps experience a mild surprise at seeing Lord Londonderry among the prophets in his new *rôle* of Defensor Fidei, but in any case both he and Sir William Anson, and especially the new permanent head of the office, Mr. Morant, are to be warmly congratulated. The preface is such a remarkable document that it deserves to be quoted entire:

> The purpose of the Public Elementary School is to form and strengthen the character and to develop the intelligence of the children entrusted to it, and to make the best use of the school years available, in assisting both girls and boys, according to their different needs, to fit themselves, practically as well as intellectually, for the work of life.
>
> With this purpose in view it will be the aim of the School to train the children carefully in habits of observation and clear reasoning, so that they may gain an intelligent acquaintance with some of the facts and laws of nature; to arouse in them a living interest in the ideals and achievements of mankind, and to bring them to some familiarity with the literature and history of their own country; to give them some power over language as an instrument of thought

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and expression, and, while making them conscious of the limitations of their knowledge, to develop in them such a taste for good reading and thoughtful study as will enable them to increase that knowledge in after years by their own efforts.

The School must at the same time encourage to the utmost the children's natural activities of hand and eye by suitable forms of practical work and manual instruction; and afford them every opportunity for the healthy development of their bodies, not only by training them in appropriate physical exercises and encouraging them in organised games, but also by instructing them in the working of some of the simpler laws of health.

It will be an important though subsidiary object of the School to discover individual children who show promise of exceptional capacity, and to develop their special gifts (so far as this can be done without sacrificing the interests of the majority of the children), so that they may be qualified to pass at the proper age into Secondary Schools, and be able to derive the maximum of benefit from the education there offered them.

And, though their opportunities are but brief, the teachers can yet do much to lay the foundations of conduct. They can endeavour, by example and influence, aided by the sense of discipline which should pervade the School, to implant in the children habits of industry, self-control, and courageous perseverance in the face of difficulties; they can teach them to reverence what is noble, to be ready for self-sacrifice, and to strive their utmost after purity and truth; they can foster a strong respect for duty, and that consideration and respect for others which must be the foundation of unselfishness and the true basis of all good manners; while the corporate life of the School, especially in the playground, should develop that instinct for fair-play and for loyalty to one another which is the germ of a wider sense of honour in later life.

In all these endeavours the School should enlist, as far as possible, the interest and co-operation of the parents and the home in an united effort to enable the children not merely to reach their full development as individuals, but also to become upright and useful members of the community in which they live, and worthy sons and daughters of the country to which they belong.

Every true partisan of education will be willing to say "Amen" to this comprehensive *credo*. To those who are acquainted with the "cineri doloso" that underlies nearly every sentence it must read as a triumph of pacific diplomacy. "Humani nihil a me alienum puto" seems to have been the motto of the many-sided spirit that dictated it. It should rally the sympathies of all and offend the susceptibilities of none.

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The absence of any allusion to the religious side of education was naturally inevitable, as it is the local authority which now decides what religious education, if any, should be given in provided schools. But this unavoidable omission should prove no bar to its complete acceptance by those in control of the religious schools. They should gladly welcome it as a valuable supplement to their own conception of the religious function of their schools. While there is much they would wish to add, there is nothing they would desire to eliminate.

When we compare the revised version of the Code with its older form, the first thing that strikes us is the immense reduction produced by the new codification in the number of articles, which have been cut down by more than half—57 against 133. This has been effected by eliminating the superfluous and by freely shunting the more technical portions into the schedules. Moreover, the financial taint which more or less pervaded the entire Code has been shut off into its own close cupboards. The contents have been rearranged in intelligible sections, and a "cow-catcher" preamble prefixed to the whole to remove any possible misconceptions. The road through is clear from end to end. The first great alteration that strikes one's notice is the substitution, in the place of a long straggling list of obligatory and optional subjects, of a clear statement emphasising the essential character of a curriculum as a discipline or means of education which is by nature a connected and coherent whole. In a word, the distinction insisted on is the difference between a mere higgledy-piggledy stores' list of food-stuffs and a scientific diet. Without giving an elaborate series of recipes, the Board provides general directions for the proper ordering of the educational *cuisine*, and even offers to supply specimen courses. Coming to the subjects, one is delighted to find that at every stage in English "recitations of pieces of literary merit should be practised." The elementary school probably teaches literature on more sensible lines than many secondary schools, but even it is inclined to feed the children on notes,

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text-books, analyses and introductions, which are but the preserves and extracts of literature, instead of on the thing itself. Again, in arithmetic, oral and written descriptions of the processes are to be insisted on. This means the banning of rule-of-thumb methods and the setting of problems which deal with the facts of everyday life, and not with the fancies of arithmetical bookmakers, where some problem in the cost of tea or coffee comes out with a gigantic fraction of a farthing in the answer. "Knowledge of the common phenomena of the external world" is set down as another subject. Science is a high-flown and misleading title for the nature knowledge imparted to the small boy of nine. It only tempts the teacher to indulge in outlandish terminology and thereby magnify his office. What we want is subject-matter which will aid "the formation of a habit of intelligent and accurate observation," based on experiments on such objects as may be found within the small world of the scholar. Then come geography and history, in which not only a knowledge of the British Isles is demanded, but of the British Dominions beyond the sea. Now for the first time the primary scholar is to be taught to think imperially. The directions as to physical exercises clearly mark an interregnum. The model course has apparently been dethroned—to prepare, let us hope, for the advent of a more rational form of physical training. A foot-note to the list of subjects insists that they should not be taught in water-tight compartments or with no connection with the surroundings of the scholar, while composition is not to be treated as a thing apart, but its descriptive uses, whether oral or written, are to be pressed into the service of every subject.

The New Code makes a clean sweep of the elaborate terminology of "Article this" or "Article that" teacher, and calls them simply head, assistant, or supplementary teachers, &c. Most important still is the abandonment of the classification of teachers according to their qualifications and their division into the two categories of head teachers and staff. It

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has been gradually felt of recent years that, in the interests of responsibility, the principal of a primary school should be more of a "boss" than he is at present. The recent reintroduction of examinations, which is confirmed in the New Code, is evidently meant to aid the head-teacher in seeing that the work of the teachers under him is efficient, which has not always been the case since the total abolition of examinations a few years ago. Examinations under this form can hardly be objected to by the teachers. It merely means the exceptional use of a method of verification which obtains in all countries.

The standard of attainments required of teachers is also to be raised in the near future. Supplementary teachers are served with preparatory notice to quit. These educational *bonnes à tout faire*, whose only qualification is one of age, contain, no doubt, in their ranks many worthy teachers, but obviously, if training and intellectual qualifications are to have due weight in the profession, such persons must either qualify or retire. Similarly the creation of fresh provisional teachers and probationers is to be stopped in the near future. Those who are at present engaged may continue to be recognised, but recruiting in these "specials" is forbidden after July 31, 1904. The office are evidently determined to weed out its non-effectives as soon as possible and place our education army on the same level of efficiency as the *corps enseignant* in France or Switzerland.

Such are some of the principal changes in detail effected by the Code. We will now consider what is likely to be the general outcome of the new departure. Let us take the Board of Education first. From a mere machine for suppying national education, first by the piece and then by the gross, it has transformed itself at one stroke into a living agency, not merely for the propagation but for the propaganda of true educational ideals. It quits thereby its ignoble isolation and takes its place among the most progressive Ministries of Public Instruction elsewhere. It suddenly assumes the lead at one of the most critical

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moments in English education, when the local authorities are earnestly looking about them for help and guidance in matters truly educational. Its present promulgation of a national programme should save them from the old inveterate error of looking on education in mere terms of machinery, which, now happily scotched at headquarters, is far from being extinct in certain localities. This intellectual hegemony over the local authorities is likely to grow rather than to diminish as time goes on. Probably the ideal development of our Board of Education is something more or less of a "cross" between the highly centralised ministries abroad and the Bureau of Education at Washington, which exercises merely a spiritual suzerainty over the American schools. It would thus combine the advantages which pertain to both systems by exercising on the one hand a moderate control in essentials of administration and by enjoying on the other the prerogative of tendering sound pedagogical advice to the local authorities, which from its nature could not assume the form of a command. Nor does the Board propose to confine itself to issuing educational bulls and rescripts; it goes out of its way to ask for hints and suggestions, recognising that if it is the main channel of communication, its real strength lies in tapping the experience of the thousands of local officials, administrators and teachers who should serve as its natural tributaries. The translation of the Code into the vulgar tongue should be of the utmost value to the local councillor and school manager in the way of giving them a clear and distinct view of the new functions they have to administer. This is, indeed, essential, as the prefatory memorandum itself points out, in which they are exhorted to go slowly and get a thorough grasp of the educational problems in their own particular area before attempting ill-considered experiments. But the simplified Code deserves to win a far wider *clientèle*. In its present form it should prove accessible to the parents of the children and to the growing number of persons who take an interest in education. National education in England will never obtain the backing it deserves till the aim

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and object of each grade of school is as clearly appraised and appreciated as it is by the masses in France or Prussia. Perhaps, when the teaching of civics is rendered compulsory in our schools, the present deplorable ignorance of national institutions which prevails in England will be abolished.

But probably the most important item in the present revolution is that this *pronunciamento* of the Board is really a tardy acknowledgment of the supreme rights of the children. Never more are they to be regarded as grant-earning machines by whose forced labour the local schools are kept running, but as creatures of flesh and blood, potential citizens of the British Empire of to-morrow. The old mechanical theory which seems to have held sway over education even longer than over many other human institutions is at length ousted by the evolutionary theory that a child is not a thing to be squeezed into shape by education, but a plant to be tended, pruned, and developed. In a word, the child is not to be fitted to the teaching, but the teaching to the child. This transvaluation of values between the two factors in the problem marks a new era in English official education. It is no exaggeration to regard the Board's manifesto as the Children's Magna Charta. Nor is the interpretation of their rights under the new rescript either narrow or niggard. Not only the natural capacity of the child, but his surroundings are to be taken into consideration. His chances in life are not to be whittled down by confining his education to the mere utilitarian aims of the station in which he is born. On the other hand, it is not to be so general, so unconnected with his surroundings as to fit him equally for all callings or rather for none. It is recognised that if the country wants good citizens, it none the less requires honest workers, that we want to breed not merely a moral and well-affected, but also a strenuous and energetic race. Hence the duty alike of State and locality so to organise the selection that the number of idle and useless hands may be reduced to a minimum. The recent Education Acts have imposed on the new authorities the task of framing their school curricula with a view to

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helping their children to find work in the industries of their own area, while at the same time a carefully graduated scholarship system should everywhere be arranged to enable the cleverer child to mount to a higher plane in education in order that he may ultimately enter on a wider sphere of usefulness than his father before him. Such, if one reads aright, are the provisions of the new *Déclaration des Droits* of the children.

It is, indeed, a matter of the happiest augury that, after the long and often sterile squabbles over administrative and religious questions, the true spirit of education has entered into the Board of Education. It has been long in coming, but now that it has taken up its abode one can scarcely imagine that it will ever be dispossessed; for nothing is harder to evict than what Carlyle has called the "eternal Verities."

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

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UNCONQUERABLE JAPAN

JAPAN enjoys the distinction of being the only considerable country that has never been conquered by a foreign foe. Six hundred and twenty-five years ago the Mongol Emperor Cublay Khan made the attempt, as Marco Polo has told us; but, so far as I am aware, the story has not yet appeared with full detail.

The very year Cublay came to the throne (1260), there was also a change of Mikado—an indirect appellation signifying "Sublime Porte"; however, in those days not only the Sacred Emperors of Japan, but also the Lay Emperors, or Shōgūns, were puppets in the hands of a third dynastic layer of so-called Regents. The three Japanese political centres seem to have been Kiōtō, Kamakura, and Dazai Fu, the last city in the province of Chikuzen, near Nagasaki. Corea had just been reduced to vassalage, and certain Coreans had suggested to Cublay that the political way to Japan was now logically open. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1266, a Tartar named Heti or Hete—curiously enough, often written in Chinese character exactly like the surname of Sir Robert Hart—was despatched with a letter to the "King of Japan." In this letter Cublay enlarged in good Confucian style upon the "historical mission" of China, the duties of small States, the fact that Corea had repented and been forgiven, and so on. At the same time he wound up with a delicate threat of war unless the King of Japan should arrive at a proper conclusion. Meanwhile the

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obsequious King of Corea was instructed to show the Mongol mission the best way to Japan, and two high Corean officers were duly placed in charge of the party. The Coreans ultimately fetched up—like the London cabman conveying a "country" fare—at Peking of all places in the world, where they endeavoured to explain to the enraged Cublay the immense difficulty of reaching so remote a country as Japan. However, the whole mission, including the guides, was incontinently packed off a second time, with stern instructions to the King of Corea that he *must* succeed. The wily King sent his brother to Cublay to explain that "the person of an Imperial envoy really ought not to be exposed to such discomfort, and that a Corean envoy had been sent on to Japan with the Mongol letter." The only result was that the Corean was detained six months in Japan.

In the autumn of 1268 Hete was despatched a third time, and meanwhile a naval force was sent to explore the Quelpaert route. This third mission duly reached Tsushima, but the local authorities declined either to tolerate their presence or accept the letter, which, in their opinion, was couched in highly objectionable terms. Once more the travellers returned, *re infectâ*, to Peking, taking with them two Japanese "prisoners," who were probably spies; for there is plenty of evidence that the Japanese were then as artful as they are now in their "intelligence department." Under the tender-hearted pretext of returning these "poor prisoners" to the bosoms of their families, Cublay, acting on the advice of his Cabinet Council, sent them back to Japan with a conciliatory letter. But even this epistle was refused, and the Mongols or Chinese who accompanied the "prisoners" were detained at Dazai Fu.

Early in 1270 a Nüchên Tartar—or Manchu, as we should now say—named Djaoka, who had already served the Mongols in Corea, volunteered to undertake a mission to Japan. The Manchu name of this man sounds in Chinese as though it meant "Mr. Chao," and consequently his family officially adopted that surname, and the envoy appears in both Japanese

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and Chinese history as Chao Liang-pih, or "Chao the Good Aid." A Corean of ancient Chinese descent named Hung Ts'a-k'iu, who afterwards received the rank of *tsiang-kün*, or "general"—the same word as the Japanese *shō-gūn*—was ordered to support the mission by demonstrating with his fleet. Marco Polo's Von-Sanichin, or Vonsanchiu, is probably this man, and the word *sanchiu* or *sanchin* may do duty for either "general" or Ts'a-k'iu, according to which way it really was originally written. The mission landed at a place called the Golden Ford, the Chinese sounds of which *ought* to be "Kananari" in corresponding Japanese: and here the envoy met with a very rough reception. He showed considerable pluck, and declined to be brow-beaten. He said: "You have the power to take my head to your King, but you shall certainly not take my letters, which must be delivered to him in person by myself." During the pourparlers which followed, the Tartar envoy and the Japanese had an opportunity to compare notes. It appeared very plain that the "honest broker," Corea, had been playing false to both sides, and had been persuading the Japanese that the Mongols were going to declare war. The dignified demeanour of the Tartar had its due effect. Whilst pleading that the royal capital was really too far, the Japanese gently insisted upon his going to Tsushima to wait events, and at the same time they sent with him a number of students or minor officials to have an audience of Cublay. Djaoka, on his part, wrote to the Emperor to lay before his Majesty a protest of the Japanese against the Mongol occupation of "Kin Chou in Corea," which I take to mean practically Port Arthur. He also sent on the Japanese "scientific mission" to take its chances at Peking. Cublay and his Ministers had a shrewd suspicion that these men were spies, so they declined to yield them official audience; as to Kin Chou, they replied in good "nineteenth century and after" style, that it was "only temporary occupation, in view of the operations against Quelpaert." In the meantime some Japanese interpreters—by which I presume Chinese accom-

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panying the spies are meant—took the opportunity of explaining that it was quite unnecessary to approach Japan through Corea, and that a short cut straight across the sea "took no time," when the wind was fair. Cublay said: "So, so! Then I must think again about this."

Later in the year 1273 Djaoka went on his second mission—it is not stated by what route—and actually got as far as Dazai Fu. It seems that in this year (or in 1274) a purely Chinese force under General Liu T'ung made a piratical descent upon the islands of Tsushima and Iki, massacring all the men, and carrying off all the women they could lay hands on. This must have been an unauthorised provincial expedition—probably made up of Canton and Ningpo pirates—for no accurate particulars are to be gained from standard history. What is clearly stated is that the celebrated General Bayen, of whom Marco Polo tells us so much, was originally destined for the Japan campaign, and that the prisoners of war taken during the first attacks upon Siang-yang Fu (Marco Polo's Sa-yan Fu) were actually handed over to him in 1273 for service against the Japanese. But, meanwhile, it was resolved to proceed to the conquest of "Manzi," or South China, and there were many protests in the cabinet council against the folly of attacking Japan at the same time. The letter carried by Djaoka was very much in the style of that of 1266, but just a shade more threatening. He seems to have been sanguine of success, for, before starting, he requested definite instructions as to the forms he was to observe in his audience with the King of Japan. The cabinet replied: "Being ignorant of the etiquette between ranks observed in Japan, we are unable to specify." We are left in the dark as to the result of Djaoka's conferences at Dazai Fu, and as to whether the raid upon Iki, &c., in any way affected its success.

In the year 1275 two more envoys, this time pure Chinamen, were despatched to Japan; but again "they obtained no reply." The Japanese History Handbook makes out that they came to "discuss terms of peace," a fact which suggests that

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the raid of 1274 must have been rather a shameful affair. The leading envoy, Tu Shï-chung, was finally executed by the Japanese Regent in 1280, and both Japanese and Chinese are at one on this point. But apparently for some years China, the southern part of which was then in process of Mongol deglutition, remained in ignorance of transoceanic events. In 1277 a number of Japanese merchants appeared with a quantity of gold which they wished to exchange for copper cash. As Hangchow and Kan P'u (Marco Polo's Kinsai and Canfu) were now in the hands of the Mongols, it is highly probable that the Japanese trade with Ningpo and Wênchow had received an impetus. When at Wênchow in 1883-84, I was struck with the enormous numbers of purely Japanese "cash," some of "Manzi" dates, still used there as recognised currency. One of the bravest of the conquered Manzi generals, Fan Wên-hu, had now been taken into Mongol employ, and he strongly advised that "war with Japan should be postponed until the result of our mission accompanied by a Japanese bonze carrying our letters can be known." This enigmatical sentence is matched by another, equally puzzling, from Japanese History: "The Chinese generals, Hia Kwei and Fan Wên-hu came, and sent subordinates to the Dazai Fu to discuss terms of peace, but the Regent had them decapitated at Hakata in Chikuzen." Possibly these subordinates were the priestly party. Certainly Fan Wên-hu was not executed, and Hia Kwei, another brave Manzi general, is not understood to have ever gone to Japan.

Be that as it may, war was now definitely decided upon. Criminals, prisoners of war, and miscellaneous volunteers were hurried to the front. The King of Corea raised 10,000 soldiers, 15,000 seamen, 900 warships and 110,000 cwt. of grain for the expedition, and General Hung Ts'a-k'iu was provided by him with weapons, Corean coats-of-mail (wadded), armour, &c. The army was strictly enjoined not to molest the Corean population on its way. In 1281 General Hung Ts'a-k'iu and his second in command Hintu, a Ouigour Turk, led a total force of 40,000 men "*viâ* Kin Chou in Corea"; and they appear to

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have found their way safely to the island of Iki. Fan Wên-hu and a Mongol named A-lou-han, or Alahan (Marco Polo's Abacan), were to sail from Ningpo and Tinghai. As a matter of fact, Alahan fell sick, never started, and died at Ningpo after Fan Wên-hu had left; but this expedition of 100,000 men after one week's sail also safely arrived at the Kü-tsi; or Kö-che islands (Masanpho), and at Tsushima. Some shipwrecked Japanese fishermen were there caught and forced to draw charts of the country around. It was then found that the island of Hirado lay a little to the west of Dazai Fu, and that it afforded the best anchorage. Cublay at parting with his generals had impressed upon them (perhaps in view of the foolish raid of 1278-74) the uselessness of massacring the population of a conquered country; "but," he added, "what makes me most uneasy is the fear of distracted counsels. Whatever you do, hold together in face of the enemy's designs." When consulted about the Hirado anchorage, he replied: "I cannot judge here of the situation over there. Alahan surely ought to be able to decide what is best." Thus it is plain that Cublay, and therefore *à fortiori*, Marco Polo, did not know, for some time after the event, of Alahan's sickness; and then it was that another Tartar named Atahai was ordered to replace him; but Atahai never actually went to Japan.

Cublay's first disillusionment took place when his miserable generals, with their tails between their legs, came whimpering back to China. It appeared that the Corean force whose headquarters had been (like those of General Kuropatkin now) at Liao-yang, and which had coasted safely down to Iki, was summoned to join Fan Wên-hu's grand army at Hirado. Here the "divided counsels" which Cublay so much dreaded unfortunately took place. Instead of boldly marching together upon Dazai Fu, the rival generals began bickering and squabbling, until, on the first day of the eighth month (September), a fearful typhoon suddenly arose, and broke up most of the fleet lying there at anchor. The only ships not smashed to pieces were those of a Chinese captain named

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Chang Hi, who alone had had the good sense to moor his ships a cable's length apart. Chang Hi ordered all his horses to be jettisoned, in order to make room for several thousand soldiers left high and dry on the island of Hirado, and did his very best to try and persuade his cowardly fellow officers to rally the men, live on the country, and fight their way inland. But all to no purpose; the dastardly generals selected for their own use the best of Chang Hi's unbroken ships, and at once ignominiously fled back to China, leaving over 100,000 men absolutely to the mercy of the Japanese. These poor fellows—or such of them as had escaped the storm—lost no time in electing a popular leader of their own. They set to work cutting down timber at once, with a view of building boats for their escape. But in less than a week the Japanese were upon them in force, and after being taken from place to place, the 20,000 or 30,000 who escaped death in the first sanguinary battle, were massacred almost to a man on Takashima Island, just outside of Nagasaki Bay. Only the Southerners were spared—for slavery. All the Mongols, Coreans, and Northern Chinese were ruthlessly butchered. Exactly three men of Fan Wên-hu's 100,000 ever reached China to tell the tale; but Hung Ts'a-k'iu and Chang Hi seem to have brought safely back, *vid* Corea, a good part of the 40,000 men who had been at Iki and Masanpho. Of all the generals, Chang Hi was the only one who escaped punishment at Cublay's hands.

As I have been to Takashima, Tsushima, Masanpho, &c., myself, and passed in view of Quelpaert and other places mentioned, discussing these events with the Corean Admiral of Torai, I can personally vouch for the reasonableness of the above account.

E. H. Parker.

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THE INNOVATIONS OF TIME ON THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION

"TIME," says Bacon, "is the greatest innovator; and if time of course alter all things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?" Has this aphorism held true in the case of the American Constitution, which, saving the anti-slavery amendments, has gone without material alteration for a century during which "the greatest innovator" has been pretty actively at work?

Gladstone deemed the American Constitution the greatest of all original productions in its line. This was high praise from a high quarter. It was remarked at the time that the production in great part was not original. The authors had before them, besides their own convention as a basis, the model of Parliamentary government in England, of which they unquestionably availed themselves largely, though as authors of a revolution they naturally did not care to refer to it. Their credit, however, if their work was good, was not the less because they made the best use of the materials with which experience had supplied them.

Nor is it to be imputed as a fault to the framers of the Constitution that they embraced the view of humanity current in their day and embodied in the Declaration of Independence

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without limitations and safeguards which we now know to have been required. With the great social and political thinkers of their age, they assumed the natural equality of man and regarded human form as a presumptive title not only to freedom, but to the possession of political power. What they had before them as the basis of their polity was the educated, law-abiding, civilised, and substantial population of the Northern States. The slave-owning South, in their eyes, was a transient anomaly. The Red Indian was an utter alien. They could not foresee the vast inflow of foreign immigration. They could not foresee the growth of factory life. They could not foresee the slums of New York and Chicago. They could not foresee the Trust or the multi-millionaire.

Not that the Fathers recommended universal suffrage, or that there is any reason for assuming that the wisest of them looked forward to it. It is morally certain that some of them would have been opposed to it. They were themselves members of a sort of aristocracy of property, culture, and even family, combined with a powerful clergy, and there was nothing to warn them that in the womb of the future was mob-rule incarnate in Andrew Jackson.

All due allowance, however, having been made for the shortness of mortal sight, there were faults, and as the result has shown, disastrous faults in the work of the Fathers, who, though men of great sense and experience, were men.

The seat of the sovereign power was left unsettled. This may have been a necessity of the case. The States, some of them at all events, would have refused to come into the Union if they had known that their sovereignty was being resigned. Mr. Lodge goes so far as to hold that the Constitution was universally regarded as an experiment from which each and every State had a right peaceably to withdraw. This may be rather an extreme view. But any one who has studied the tendency and temper of those times will be inclined to think that it is at least nearer the truth than its direct opposite. In the North the national idea gained ascendency over that of

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State sovereignty as time went on. New States were added practically on a national footing. To some of them secession would have been physically impossible, as they were without a seaboard and were locked in by adjoining States. Nor in the North was there any separate and threatened interest to be guarded by State right. In the South there was such an interest and one the importance of which tremendously increased as time went on; besides the local and traditional conservatism of the people, and the geographical position of the old States, each of which had a seaboard and was thus physically capable of secession. The result, as we know, was that the question indefinitely postponed by the framers of the Constitution had to be settled at last by a tremendous war, a war which has left profound traces on the character of the nation. Even since that war the seat of the sovereign power has not been thoroughly settled. So good an authority as the Honourable Daniel K. Chamberlain holds that it is divided between the nation and the States, though how a sovereign power can be divided it is difficult to see; delegated, of course, it may be. When a labour agitator is depriving the continent of fuel, and the Governor of the State shrinks from acting, the head of the nation can do nothing but enter into negotiation with the agitator. The character of the whole nation is being lowered in the eyes of the world by the lynchings, and the lawlessness which they breed is becoming generally infectious; yet the national government, after the enormous sacrifices made to assert its ascendency, looks on without power to interfere. The Fifteenth Amendment is cynically nullified by the South, and the national legislature does not venture to interpose.

The Fathers evidently allowed themselves to be led astray by Montesquieu. Montesquieu's style is superb. His air is highly philosophic. Perhaps he was really advanced as a pioneer of political science for his day, though his analysis is not superior to that of Aristotle. But he misread the British Constitution, under which, though the legislative, administrative,

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and judicial functions are separate, as in advanced civilisation they must always be, the power which controls them is one, and has passed in the course of history from the Crown, its original seat, to Parliament, and finally to the elective House. The consequence of following Montesquieu we see. Whereas under the British system the executive and the legislature work together, the legislature being led by the members of the executive, under the American system they are severed from each other and not seldom at variance, while the two Houses of the legislature are severally left without constitutional leadership; the Senate being under caucus leadership, the House of Representatives being saved from anarchy by the departure of the Speaker from his proper office as impartial chairman to act as the leader of a party.

Again, there were inserted into the Constitution two compacts, which, however inevitable in themselves, had surely no business in that document. One was the compact with slavery. It seems vain to contend that there was not a compact with slavery, or that the compact was not morally broken when the North countenanced Abolitionism, practically nullified the fugitive slave law, and elected an anti-slavery President. The breach may have been glorious. It certainly was happy for humanity. But we can hardly deny that there was a breach, or maintain that the right of secession from the Union did not thereupon apparently accrue to the Slave States.

The other compact was that with the minor States, assuring them of equal representation with the great States in the Senate. This also has had consequences unforeseen and disastrous. By the multiplication of States with small populations, the anomalies of representation in the Senate have become in their way hardly less striking than were the anomalies of representation in the English House of Commons before the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832. This Mr. McCall's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* has shown. Taking Nevada, with its population of 42,000 and

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its two Senators, as the scale, we find that the Senate represents the merest fraction of the American people. The case, in fact, is in one aspect worse than that of the unreformed Parliament of England, since the owners of nomination boroughs often exercised their patronage by sending to Parliament young men of promise, and the nation drew some of its greatest statesmen from that source. No such opening is afforded in the case of the Senate. The character of that body as shown by the early debates on the question of the commercial relations with Cuba is that of a representation of commercial interests combined for their mutual protection. Of breadth of view, of anything worthy of the name of statesmanship in the Senate, not much is seen. Its great object of interest seems to be the tariff. Comparing its intelligence with the general intelligence of the American people, one is almost inclined to say that American traders are statesmen and American statesmen are traders. Elections to the Senate being vested in conclaves seem to be carried in an increasing degree by the influence of wealth, if not by its actual application, and the ambition of Mr. Addicks appears to be not chimerical though it may be unblushing. His foot is on the threshold; nor perhaps, should he effect an entrance, would he find himself utterly without mates. Meanwhile the Senate has been gradually drawing power to itself. The framers of the Constitution probably expected that the chief seat of authority would be in the popular House. But the members of that House are elected for too short a term to learn statesmanship or even to find their legislative feet. Re-elections appear to be not very common, the feeling being that the honour and pleasure of sitting in the House and residing at Washington should go round. The hubbub which prevails in the Chamber and which has been compared to the sound of the waves chopping on the beach, is an index to its chaotic state; while in the Senate comparative order reigns. Several cases have of late been reported of members of the House who have resolved to retire because there was nothing worth

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doing to be done and they were wasting time which might be spent more profitably on their own affairs. Plutocratic oligarchy riding on the shoulders of democracy is the singular result to which the course of things at present seems to tend.

It is with regard to the form provided for the election of the President, however, that the work of the Fathers has most signally and perhaps most unhappily failed. Their intention was that the President should be elected by chosen bodies of select and responsible citizens. For a time the nominations were kept, if not in the hands which the legislators had intended, at least in select hands. But since the Jacksonian era, nomination and election have been completely in the hands of the democracy at large, and the election has been performed by a process of national agitation and conflict which sets at work all the forces of political intrigue and corruption on the most enormous scale, besides filling the country with passions almost as violent and anti-social as those of civil war. The qualification for the nomination is no longer eminence but availability. It is not a question which man is most worthy of public confidence, but which man can carry New York or Ohio. Anything like military or naval success, however unaccompanied by any presumption of statesmanship, dazzles, as the line of Presidents and nominees shows, and is preferred to political qualifications. Admiral Dewey was near being nominated for President. The nominating conventions are vast orgies of intrigue and uproar, the issue of which is not likely to be the choice of the worthiest. If Lincoln was nominated, his success was due not so much to his merits as to local clamour. One nomination was gained, it appeared, by flashy metaphor and a big voice. The power of the big voice, though unaccompanied by the big brain, in a reign of the convention wigwam and the stump is very great. To one who made that remark it was replied that clearness of voice was more effective than loudness. Whether it was drum or fife that prevailed, it was still sound and not sense.

We must go back to the Guelphs and Ghibelins of the

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Italian Republics to find a legal recognition of faction as the ruling power of a State. Under the soft name of "party," faction is now in the United States fully recognised by law; legal enactments are made for its operation, and a distribution of offices, such as those of the Civil Service Commissioners, is by law directed to be made on party lines. A nation which deliberately gives itself up to government by faction signs its own doom. The end may be delayed, but it is sure. The party organisations have overlaid the American Constitution. For this the framers of the Constitution are not to blame. Their sagacity must have been supernatural to foresee the Machine and the Boss. Washington abhorred party, and regarded it as a disease which he hoped to avert by putting Federalists and anti-Federalists in his Cabinet together. Our present system of party government is the offspring of the struggle in England between constitutionalism, represented by the Hanoverians, and despotism, represented by the Stuarts. That struggle gave it for the time a reasonable warrant. A reasonable warrant was given it again by the division of opinion on the French Revolution, and once more by the division on the subject of Parliamentary reform. So, in the United States, while the struggle with slavery lasted, party was a natural and inevitable, though baneful and anti-social, bond. But in ordinary times there is nothing to divide a nation into two halves perpetually waging political war against each other, and striving, each of them, to make government miscarry in its rival's hands. To justify party government, Mr. Olney says, there must be a strong and honest Opposition. But supposing there is no vital issue on which an Opposition can be rationally formed—is it to be formed by conscription? As a matter of fact, the masses follow a shibboleth, often hereditary, almost always devoid of sense. The Republican and Democratic parties in the United States are now two standing machines, waging everlasting war for the Presidency and an immense patronage. Platforms are made up when a Presidential election impends simply with a view to carrying that

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election. The parties have no fixed creed or abiding character. The Democratic party lost its vital force when slavery fell. It was an alliance of the Southern slave-owner with the commercial plutocracy of the North, drawing in their train the Irish populace of the Northern cities. One who had formed his idea of the Republican party half a century ago would hardly know the party again now. Lincoln, with his pure patriotism and his humanitarianism, would find himself strangely out of place. The grand aim of each party is to prevent the country from being successfully governed by its rival. Each will do anything to catch votes, and anything rather than lose them. Government, consequently, is at the mercy of any organisation which has votes on a large scale to sell. The Grand Army of the Republic is thus enabled to levy upon the nation tribute to the amount of a hundred and forty millions thirty-six years after the war, while both parties in their platforms promise their countenance to the exaction. The history of the most corrupt monarchies could hardly furnish a more monstrous case of financial abuse, to say nothing of the effect upon national character. The late J. M. Forbes, of Boston, was a strong Republican as well as the best of citizens. He said, as we learn from his Memoir, that the war with Spain was no philanthropic war, but was made to keep a party in power. Each party machine has a standing army of wire-pullers with an apparatus of intrigue and corruption, to the support of which holders of offices under Government are assessed. The Boss is a recognised authority, and mastery of unscrupulous intrigue is his avowed qualification for his place. The pest of partyism invades municipal administration, and makes New York the plunder of thieves of one party, and Philadelphia of thieves of the other. It is surely impossible that any nation should endure such a system for ever.

Another growth, less noxious than the above-named, but still noxious, seems to be that of localism in elections. This the people have voluntarily imposed upon themselves. It

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cannot fail to deprive the commonwealth of good servants. George W. Curtis was excluded from public life because he happened to reside in a Democratic district and no constituency would elect a non-resident.

"If time of course alter all things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?" But in this case how are wisdom and counsel to be brought into play? If either party attempted to amend the Constitution, the other party would try at once to raise a storm. The modes of constitutional amendment are excessively cumbrous and difficult; so that to carry an amendment of any importance it took the momentum of civil war; a defect perhaps partly due to the vicious entanglement of compact in the cases of slavery and of representation in the Senate with the proper functions of legislation.

There are two matters, both most momentous, both fraught with peril, which were as far as possible from the thoughts of the framers of the Constitution, but with which its revisers, if ever it is revised, will be called upon to deal. One of these is the constitutional treatment of the emancipated negro; the other is that of the application of the Constitution to oversea conquests and possessions.

The status of the emancipated negro is the subject of the only important amendments passed since the era of the Constitution. Unfortunately those amendments were framed not by cool-headed statesmen, but by ardent friends of the negro, fired with victory in a long and desperate war over that object of their hatred, the Southern white, while a leading man among them had a personal injury to avenge. Nor is it necessary to dilate on the difficulties of the problem. They press on all American minds. The Roman commons were right in deeming political equality incomplete till they had extorted from the patricians the right of intermarriage. Of two races, one of which spurns intermarriage with the other, no political architect apparently can construct a Democratic Republic. Nor does the negro appear as yet, in St. Domingo

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or elsewhere, to have developed real aptitude for self-government. The highest statesmanship with a perfectly free hand might devise and establish a harmonious settlement. But the highest statesmanship is not forthcoming; nor, if it were, would party allow it a free hand.

The attempt of the Supreme Court to determine the constitutional status of the oversea conquests and possessions, there being absolutely no data, seemed little more hopeful than the schoolman's attempt to measure the possible action of a chimera. Of the existence of conquered and subject territories the framers of the Constitution never dreamed; they would have shrunk from the thought if they had. In annexing Hawaii and in conquering the Philippines the American Republic has departed from its fundamental principles and changed its character. Its possession of the canal, and practically of Panama, seems likely to lead on to the ultimate annexation of Mexico and the whole of Central America. These being added to the Southern States, with their negroes and their unrepublican sentiment, the result can hardly fail to be either a radical change of polity from the Republican form to something practically Imperial, such as is the necessary concomitant of empire, or to the disruption of the Union. Jingoism is still in full blast. Flag-worship is the religion of the day. Language the most anti-Jeffersonian and anti-humanitarian, to use no stronger term, is rife in the press. Every day produces something betokening an advance upon that line. An eminent journal settles the Panama question by saying, "It was in our line of business; we have got it, and we mean to keep it." There are still, undoubtedly, forces, and powerful forces, on the other side. But the balance wavers. It is a critical hour in the life of the American Republic, and therefore in the life of the world.

That the American people have political wisdom and force to deal with the crisis in their destinies no one who has lived among them will doubt, though the proportion of the self-governing and controlling element in the population is being

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dangerously reduced by the vast inflow of foreign elements and the infecundity of the American women. But to such an effort the leadership of a great man is almost indispensable, and under such conditions, with such modes of electing the chief of the State, how and from what quarter is the great man to appear? The forces of political self-preservation and recovery undoubtedly are there, but how are those forces to be brought to bear?

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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MR. HALDANE'S PATHWAY TO REALITY[1]

THE present position of the Hegelian philosophy is one of the most interesting which can be found in the history of thought. For years it dominated the country of its origin. Then came a reaction proportionate to the original movement, and Hegelianism became completely extinct among German thinkers. And then, after a period in which it seemed to have become totally obsolete, it arose again among the English-speaking nations.

It seems curious that a race which is reputed to be pre-eminently practical and empirical should have been fascinated, either directly or at second hand, by a philosopher whose strength lies in his colossal *à priori* constructions, and whose chief weakness lies in his attempts to demonstrate, *à priori*, various facts which, at any rate for our present knowledge, can only be accepted empirically. Yet so it is. Our current thought, on both sides of the Atlantic, on questions of religious and political philosophy, is based very largely on Hegel's "Philosophy of Religion" and "Philosophy of Law." Much of what is said about evolution, even if it is supposed by the speakers to rest on the work of Darwin and Spencer, is really

[1] "The Pathway to Reality." Being the Gifford lectures delivered in the University of St. Andrews in the Sessions 1902–3, 1903–4. By the Rt. Hon. Richard Burdon Haldane, M.P., LL.D., K.C. London: Murray. Pp. 316 + 275.

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derived from Hegel's view of the development of the world in time. And when we turn to metaphysics we find that for some years past the dominant influences have been Hegelian. Mr. Bradley, indeed, is to be classed among masters, and not among disciples. But he owes a debt to Hegel which he has always most generously acknowledged. And his differences from Hegel—though certainly very important—have perhaps been exaggerated owing to certain common misconceptions as to Hegel's exact position.

In attempting to give a popular exposition of Hegel's philosophy, Mr. Haldane has undertaken a task of special difficulty. The leading ideas of the Hegelian dialectic are complex and far removed from the rough-and-ready approximations to truth which are employed in every-day life and in physical science. And again, the whole of Hegel's metaphysics—and all the rest of his system is absolutely dependent on his metaphysics—forms one tremendous argument, in which every step depends for its validity on the validity of the stage which precedes it.

It is thus impossible to treat Hegel as other philosophers can be treated, and to give the arguments by which he supports his chief conclusions, or those most interesting to us, while we ignore, for the sake of brevity, other facts of the system. This can be done for Kant or Lotze, but not for Hegel. None of Hegel's conclusions make any claim to validity except that which is derived from their place in the dialectic chain, and that chain must be followed and tested from the beginning before any proposition in the system can be shown to be true.

Hegel's work is already so condensed that further condensation cannot be carried far. Nor would the result be one which could serve as a suitable introduction to the study of the system. All that is possible, then, is to sketch the main outlines of the results of the dialectic, and to defend them against the objections most likely to occur to the student.

Mr. Haldane has done this with conspicuous success. His knowledge of Hegel is very great, while he has a clear per-

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ception of the sort of difficulties which perplex the beginner, whose knowledge of Hegel is as yet small. He does not shirk the difficulties of the system—indeed, in several cases he faces difficulties which his master had avoided. His style is admirably clear. Any one who has read the Master of Balliol's hand-book on Hegel will be quite ready to study Mr. Haldane, and when he has studied Mr. Haldane he will have obtained sufficient general insight into Hegel's philosophy to enable him to proceed to the study of Hegel's own writings.

Mr. Haldane's work does not take the form of a direct exposition of Hegel. It is his own views on metaphysics which he lays before us. They serve as a commentary on his master, because Mr. Haldane is a very faithful disciple. "I am content," he tells us, "to say what he himself said to the orthodox of his time, 'I am a Lutheran and wish to remain so.' I am content to say that I am a Hegelian and wish to be called so. There are reservations implicit in both declarations" (ii. 85). Hegel could scarcely be accepted as a trustworthy exponent of Luther, in spite of the grim patronage which he extended to the religion of his neighbours. Mr. Haldane's connection with Hegel is, I think, considerably underestimated by his own comparison.

In his first lecture Mr. Haldane takes a step of great importance by adopting Hegel's definition of God. "By God we mean, and can only mean, that which is most real, the Ultimate Reality into which all else can be resolved, and which cannot itself be resolved into anything beyond; that in terms of which all else can be expressed, and which cannot be itself expressed in terms of anything outside itself" (i. 19). The identification of God with the Ultimate Reality, whatever that Reality may be, makes it perfectly certain, as Hegel points out, that God is, since to deny this would be to deny the existence of all reality, which is, of course, absurd. But, as Hegel also points out, it makes the mere knowledge of God's existence as unimportant as it is certain. For it only tells us that *something* exists—which does not take us very far. The importance is, on this

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definition, completely transferred to the question, "What is God's nature?" Till we hear his answer to this question, we must remain uncertain whether a Hegelian is a Theist or an Atheist, in the more ordinary meaning of those terms.

Mr. Haldane now proceeds to consider the nature of the God thus defined. The conceptions of a First Cause, of a Substance, of a Thing, are rejected by him, because they are only applicable to the finite, or to the relative. He suggests that we may have better luck with another category. "There is one conception which, provisionally at least, we may use, because it is the one that does go deeper than any of these—the conception of God not as Substance but as Subject" (i. 21). This, of course, implies that the conception of a Subject does not involve the finitude or the relativity which have proved fatal to the adequacy of the other conceptions.

The remainder of the first book, which is entitled "The Meaning of Reality," consists in a very interesting attempt to develop this notion of the Absolute as Subject. (The Absolute is another name for the Ultimate Reality, whatever that Reality may be, which seems a better name than God, because less ambiguous. Many philosophers and almost all theologians differ from Hegel in their use of the word God, by making personality part of its definition, and many of them would also include goodness in the definition. If the Absolute Reality was proved to be impersonal or evil, they would not say, as Hegel would in similar circumstances, that God was impersonal or evil, but that there was no God.) The most important point here seems to be Mr. Haldane's very depreciatory estimate of the ultimate reality of finite selves. This may be in accordance with Hegel's view, though I think it more than doubtful. It leads up to the views on the relation of God and man which are to be found in the second volume.

The second book is devoted to "Criticism of Categories." It deals with the fundamental notions of mathematics, physics, biology, and psychology. It points out that each of them has validity for the purposes of a particular science, which is

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content to dwell on the surface of things, and does not seek for absolute truth. And each of them again is not devoid of worth, even with regard to absolute truth, since each of them expresses an aspect of that truth. But none of them is adequate to express absolute truth. If we take any of them as a sufficient account of the true nature of reality, we shall be entangled in error.

The third book is called "Absolute Mind." Mr. Haldane begins by summing up the results he has attained. "The Ultimate Reality we found to be mind and nothing else, to be subject rather than substance" (ii. 10); adding, however, that we must not allow the use of Subject to mislead us into the subjective idealism of Kant.

Later on there is another statement of the result. "We have to ask, What is the meaning of Reality? And our answer must be that it means being contained in and comprehended by mind, and has, as an essential element in it, being *for* mind, or *before* mind" (ii. 86).

The author is not in a position to absolutely demonstrate the truth of these propositions. That could only be done, according to the view which Mr. Haldane accepts, by the dialectic process. That process would start from the validity of the category of Being—in other words, from the assertion that something Is. This assertion is justified by the fact that any attempt to doubt or deny its truth must implicitly involve its truth, since, unless something was, neither doubt nor denial could be. From this starting-point it would be shown that the validity of the category of Being involves the validity of another, and then that the validity of these two involves that of a third. And so the process would continue, until a category would be reached whose validity did not require correction or completion by a further concept. This category we should know to express adequately the nature of Absolute Reality.

To have attempted to paraphrase Hegel's "Logic" would have been impossible within the limits of a course of Gifford

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lectures. Mr. Haldane, as we have seen, begins by provisionally assuming that Absolute Reality is to be conceived as Subject. This assumption has been to a certain extent strengthened by the arguments advanced against the adequacy of other conceptions to express Absolute Reality. And it will, of course, be still more strengthened in so far as it proves practicable to construct, on the basis of this assumption, a theory of the universe which shall be both internally coherent and consistent with the facts before us. It is to this task that Mr. Haldane addresses himself in his second volume.

In book three, accordingly, Mr. Haldane discusses the question of the personality of God. Much controversy has taken place as to Hegel's belief on this point. It seems to me, for reasons which I have given elsewhere, and which it would be too lengthy to repeat here, that Hegel did not believe God to be a person, or to be self-conscious, and that this was the inevitable result of the conclusions which he had reached as to the nature of the Absolute Idea. It cannot be doubted that he held that Ultimate Reality was spiritual, and was a unity. Nor can it be doubted that he regarded spirit as essentially self-conscious. But it does not follow that he regarded God as a self-conscious being. It was open to him to consider God as a unity whose parts were self-conscious, but was not self-conscious as a whole. Of such a nature is a state or a college. And it is to be remembered that Hegel, when he reaches the culminating point of the "Philosophy of Religion," expressly speaks of God as a community (*Gemeinde*).

Hegel's opinion on this point is, however, very obscure. Mr. Haldane is much plainer than his master. There is no doubt that he regards God as a self-conscious being. "If God be mind, if His nature is to be mind, He must be in *some sense* self-conscious" (ii. 106).

If self-consciousness is to have any meaning in this phrase, the divine self-consciousness must present a certain analogy to the human self-consciousness. Now self-consciousness for human beings is only found in the closest connection with

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consciousness of a not-self. Not only is each of us who is self-conscious also conscious of something not himself. It is only in and by the consciousness of the not-self that the consciousness of the self is possible at all. If I subtract in imagination from my own consciousness the consciousness of all that is not myself, I find that all consciousness vanishes with it.

This is not a difficulty in the way of attributing self-consciousness to God, as he is ordinarily conceived. For although God is commonly spoken of as infinite, he is not commonly conceived as identical with all reality. Finite beings are created by him and governed by him, but are not part of him. They can therefore be conceived as forming the necessary not-self for his consciousness. But Mr. Haldane takes the infinity of God in the strictest sense. There is no reality outside him, and he cannot have any not-self in the way in which finite beings like ourselves have a not-self.

Mr. Haldane recognises the necessity of a not-self for self-consciousness. This is how he meets the difficulty: "Absolute Mind can only think itself, and can only find the necessary distinction from itself in the Other which is just itself. That Other is *for* it, and the only finitude that comes in is not, and cannot be, finitude as belonging to the Absolute Mind as such, but to the Absolute Mind as Other to itself. It must recognise in its object itself, and itself as having assumed as object the form of finitude which for the Absolute Mind is thus an aspect in its own self-comprehension. Just because the other, the object of which the Absolute Mind is conscious, is mind itself, the other must appear as a mind which knows, but knows having assumed the form of finitude. The Absolute Mind, of course, does not as such comprehend under the form of finitude, but its object, which is just itself as subject known as such in knowledge, appears as mind which has imposed upon itself the form of dependence on another to which it stands in contrast, and therefore known under finite categories" (ii. 156).

God's not-self consists therefore in the various finite selves

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which are in him. We now come to the other difficulty involved in a self-conscious Whole of Reality. We men are unquestionably self-conscious beings. We are also unquestionably within the Whole of Reality. If that is a self-conscious being, then one self-conscious being can be within another self-conscious being—one person within another person.

Is this possible? A self-conscious being can no doubt have various differentiations within it. Indeed, it must have them, for all its knowledge of its not-self will consist of such differentiations, and without knowledge of a not-self it could not be self-conscious. But could those differentiations themselves be persons? I doubt it. Personality is a jealous unity. It is so close a centre that it allows the parts of a person very little self-centredness or self-dependence, while it claims very great self-centredness and self-dependence for the person as a whole. And it seems to me impossible to combine so much self-centredness as is required to be a person with so great a lack of self-centredness as is required to be part of a person.

It is, perhaps, with a view to this difficulty that Mr. Haldane takes man, not only as smaller than God—the part is of course smaller than the whole—but as less real than God. "I have shown you," he says, "what is the relation of man to God, that it is the relation of mind comprehending itself at a lower level to mind comprehending itself at the highest level. Now, if that be true, man must be at once in union with and in separation from God. If man's mind be just the infinite mind comprehended at a lower plane, then it is evident that you must have all the indications of unity in combination with difference" (ii. 127). This is a statement of great importance. If man's mind is "just the infinite mind comprehended at a lower plane," then it is, to a certain extent, a miscomprehension of the true nature of reality. The finite selves are not the ultimately real differentiations of the ultimately real unity. When we regard reality as expressed in them, we are committing an error similar in kind to that which we should

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commit in regarding reality as expressed in matter, though the error is less in degree.

Whether this view is or is not true, I cannot believe that Mr. Haldane is here in agreement with Hegel. It is true that Hegel taught that the finite was imperfect and unreal. But the finite, in his use of the word, did not mean that which is less than the whole, but that which is limited otherwise than by its own nature. It is not certain then that he would have regarded man's mind as finite.

The evidence seems rather to be in favour of the view that he would have regarded it, in its highest development, as infinite. In the applications of his metaphysics to politics and history he showed a tendency to regard the individual as subordinate to the state and the race. It is perhaps this which has led to the view that his metaphysics subordinate the individual to the unity of the Absolute. But if we look at the metaphysics for ourselves, it seems to be clear that the importance of the differentiations to the nature of the whole increases throughout the later categories of the dialectic and culminates in the Absolute Idea, and that these differentiations which are so completely essential to the whole cannot be considered anything but self-conscious persons.

Mr. Haldane's view certainly diminishes the cogency of the second objection to the personality of the Absolute mentioned above. If the personality of human beings is only true on a lower plane, and so not absolutely true, then the Absolute, when adequately expressed, would be seen not to have any lesser personalities within itself.

But in saying this Mr. Haldane gets very near Mr. Bradley's position about the lesser selves, and by doing so gets into several difficulties. Does not the imperfect reality of the self affect the self's knowledge? And after all, this very theory of the imperfect reality of the self would be reached by us as a piece of our knowledge, so that doubt on this point would be suicidal. This is a question which would want very careful handling. And again, if God, in his truest nature, is

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not differentiated into the lesser selves, how is he differentiated at all? Mr. Haldane is too good a Hegelian to believe that a unity could exist without differentiation.

And besides, Mr. Haldane has expressly assigned the lesser selves as God's differentiations in the passage quoted above from ii. 156. God can only be conscious, he tells us, in so far as he knows "a mind which knows, but knows having assumed the form of finitude." God's self-consciousness is a completely adequate expression for the nature of reality. And this surely requires that whatever is an essential condition of that self-consciousness shall be also completely true. How can this be so if mind which has assumed the form of finitude is only mind comprehending itself on a lower level? For surely God does not comprehend reality on a lower level. He will be above the belief in these other selves. In that case will he not, by Mr. Haldane's own statement, be above the self-consciousness of which the recognition of the other selves is a condition?

The degree of reality which is to be attributed to the human self is, of course, closely connected with the question of immortality. Hegel's attitude about immortality is singularly perplexing. He says that he accepts it. But he says so in a very slight and casual way, and when he comes to apply his metaphysics to problems of history and morality he entirely ignores even the possibility that the individual should survive the death of his body. It seems difficult to come to any conclusion except that Hegel, while he really believed in immortality, was not much interested in it.

In reference to immortality, we may ask two questions. In the first place, did I exist in the time previous to the formation of my body, and shall I exist in the time subsequent to the dissolution of my body? Should this be answered in the negative, we may yet raise the further question, Have I, nevertheless, an eternal timeless existence?

The first of these questions Mr. Haldane answers in the negative (compare, for instance, ii. 226). Indeed, such an

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answer is the only one consistent with his view of the relation of soul and body. In the first volume he tells us (i. 155) that "it is ridiculous to suppose that the soul is a thing existing apart from the body." The context indicates, I think, that what is ridiculous is not merely to call the soul a thing, but to suppose that it can exist apart from the body. On the same page he tells us that "soul and body are related as higher and lower." Now it is quite clear that my body was only formed a few months before my birth, and that it will be dispersed again a few months after my death. If my soul is only my body looked at from a higher point of view, it is clear that its temporal existence cannot be prolonged beyond that of my body.

I cannot agree with Mr. Haldane in thinking that an endless life in time, or a life which should endure in time as long as the universe endures in time, would be "unnatural and miserable" (ii. 227). But it may be admitted that life in time need not be the only, nor the best, form of reality. May we hope that we possess an eternal and timeless life?

This question Mr. Haldane answers in the affirmative. I will quote two passages from his deeply interesting discussion —passages which are of essential importance for the thought, but which give no idea of the width and depth of the sympathy with which he applies his conclusion to the facts of life. "So long as people think of life at its highest as a spectacle in time and, as in this aspect, a final fact of reality, so long will they be driven to long for its continuance beyond the grave in just that form, and to think that they are shut up to the alternatives of its either ending here or continuing beyond the grave. They take, do these people, two mutually exclusive views, and alternate necessarily from one to the other. And yet, so often as they try to picture this continuance, just so often will they be driven to fall into self-contradiction and inexplicable difficulties. The antinomy is a real one, and it must be solved by a deeper and more thinking consideration" (ii. 283). "Space and time relations are necessary; they represent reality when we regard things under certain conceptions adapted for limited purposes;

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but if we wish to get at the truth about such a matter as eternal life, we have to resort to conceptions of a higher kind, and only when we resort to conceptions of a higher kind are we delivered from the dilemma that this life either ends with the grave or continues beyond the grave. The grave and this temporal present, taken as events, turn out, from a higher standpoint, to be appearance merely, and not to be representative of reality. The antinomy has adopted a form that seems at first sight insoluble, simply because of the limited basis we have adopted, and what we have to do is by analysis to break down what appears as hard and fast, and not to set up and insist upon a counter abstraction" (ii. 288).

An eternal existence for each individual would doubtless make us immortal in the sense in which immortality would be best worth having. But it may perhaps be doubted whether such a life, if it manifested itself in time at all, would not necessarily manifest itself in all time. In that case a continuous life in time, before the composition and after the decomposition of our present bodies, would present itself, not indeed as constituting true immortality, but as the inevitable consequence of that immortality. Still, we may agree with Mr. Haldane that the value of immortality must be found in its possessing an eternity which is much more than unending existence in time, whether it includes that unending existence or not.

But has Mr. Haldane any right to attribute eternity to human beings? For they are, according to him, "mind comprehending itself at a lower level." When we look at reality as made up of these minds, or even as containing these minds, we are looking at reality from a lower level. Now, so far as I can see, the way in which it is looked at from a lower level and the way in which it is looked at from a higher level cannot be exactly the same, and cannot therefore—since it is the same reality—both be perfectly true. In that case, of course, it is the lower view which will not be perfectly true.

Now if it is not absolutely true that we exist at all—if it is only a convenient approximation to truth, like the laws

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of the physical sciences, how can our existence be eternal? Time is certainly the last enemy that shall be destroyed in the attainment of true reality. And it seems impossible that anything can rise above time, and have eternal existence, unless it is absolutely—not merely comparatively—real. Everything short of absolute reality is hopelessly entangled in time—the most persistent of errors, even if it be not, as perhaps it may turn out to be, the sole error.

Thus it seems to me that there is no hope of immortality unless man is as real as God. That involves, for a Hegelian, the belief that the differentiations of the Absolute are as real as the Absolute itself, and that each of them is as essential to it as it is to them. "Without the world God would not be God," said Hegel. We must go further—as I believe that Hegel did—and say that God would not be God if the lowest of the innumerable selves within that supreme unity were absent or different.

Mr. Haldane might perhaps say that my criticisms attach too much importance to time. It seems to me that Mr. Haldane has followed Hegel in Hegel's greatest mistake—the failure to perceive the unique importance and the unique difficulty of time for the dialectic system. To discuss this point here—even if I were competent to do it—would render this review too long and too technical. It only remains for me to say that this abstract criticism of Mr. Haldane's arguments does not profess to do justice to the clearness of his exposition, to the warmth of his enthusiasm, or to the extent of his knowledge of Hegel.

J. Ellis McTaggart.

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ANCESTOR-WORSHIP IN JAPAN

THERE are many conditions in Eastern countries almost impossible of comprehension by Western minds. Chief among such must be classed ancestor-worship, or the veneration of the dead ascendants of a family by its living members. That this has always been obscure is made apparent in the work of such able men as Sir Henry Maine, M. Fustel de Coulanges, Lord Avebury, and Dr. Hearn. Even they have been necessarily forced to look at the question from the outside. Until recently there was no means for foreigners to obtain a view from the inside of this worship, which is so largely the foundation of things in Japan, and responsible for many of the remarkable characteristics admired in the Japanese. In a little book written by the well-known Japanese jurist, Mr. Nobushige Hozumi, there is a discussion of the subject from the point of view of an ancestor-worshipper himself. A member of the Middle Temple, Mr. Hozumi has lost none of his devotion to ancestor-worship during his visits to peoples who know nothing of it, and has gained much in being able to look at the question with a broader view than would otherwise have been possible. In his introduction Mr. Hozumi says:

> In Europe and America, ancestor-worship has long ceased to exist, even if it was ever practised on these continents. In Japan, where at the present time a constitutional government is established, where codes of laws modelled upon those of Western countries are in operation, where, in short, almost every art of civilisation has taken firm root, the worshipping of deceased

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ancestors still obtains and still exercises a powerful influence over the laws and customs of the people. The practice dates back to the earliest days and has survived through hundreds of generations in spite of the many political and social revolutions which have taken place since the foundation of the Empire. The introduction of Chinese civilisation into the country was favourable to the growth of this custom, by reason of the fact that the morality, laws and institutions of China are also based upon the doctrine of ancestor-worship. Buddhism, which is not based upon this doctrine, but is, on the contrary, antagonistic to it, was compelled to yield to the deep-rooted belief of the people and adapt itself to the national practice; while the introduction of Western civilisation, which has wrought so many social and political changes during the last thirty years, has had no influence whatever in the direction of modifying it. Thus it will be seen that the three foreign elements, Confucianism, Buddhism and Western civilisation, all of which have had immense influence upon our laws, manners and customs, and two of which were diametrically opposed to ancestor-worship, could not make way against, or put an end to, the widespread and persistent faith of the people. The people, whether Shintoists or Buddhists, are all ancestor-worshippers.

Unlike Bushido, which originally at least was confined to certain classes of the population, ancestor-worship has always been universal. Feudal customs did not interfere with its practice by the lowest classes, for though not every one can grasp a high ethical code, every one has ancestors and can venerate their memory. It is this universal nature of the practice that renders it so potent an influence in the nation, an influence even more far-reaching in its effects than the ethical code of Bushido. There are many misconceptions as to the nature of ancestor-worship, chief among them being the idea that it had its origin in the fear of the ghosts of the ancestors and the necessity of propitiating them. It seems much more probable, and Mr. Hozumi agrees in this view, that the custom originated rather in the love felt by the people for their parents. Love and respect may lead to awe, they do not produce fear. Why should men and women, who have loved their parents and enjoyed their love during their lifetime, fear them after their death? There are several passages in old books which lend weight to this view, that it was for love and not for fear of the dead that offerings were made. But it was also recog-

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nised that there were two classes of ghosts, those of enemies and those of friends. The former class was to be feared and was sometimes propitiated, the latter, amongst which were ancestors, were to be offered gifts as tokens of love and respect. The Chinese philosopher, Shin-ki, writing on ancestor-worship, says that "the object of worship is nothing else than performing all that is dictated by a feeling of true love and respect." There is something beautiful in the explanation which one Japanese writer gives of this custom in his book on "The Rituals of Worship."

> Who [he says], endowed with life in this world, has not a mind to honour his parents? Who, knowing his parents, does not reverence his ancestors? Who, honouring parents and reverencing ancestors, is not prompted to follow the dictates of affectionate sentiment by offering sacrifices to their spirits? Those who are left behind in this world by their parents feel pangs of grief in their hearts as months and years pass away. When the flowers begin to blossom in the spring, when trees and grasses put forth their luxuriance in the summer, when insects murmur and sing in the autumn evenings, and when the winter brings its dews and frosts, everything they see and hear stirs up a feeling of sorrow and reminds them of days when their parents walked the earth; and to their inability to forget their parents is due the practice of offering them food and drink. Thus the custom of making sacrifices to spirits finds its origin in human nature.

The Japanese people celebrate the anniversaries of their ancestors, pay visits to their graves, offer flowers, food, and drink, burn incense, and bow before their tombs entirely from a feeling of love and respect for their memory. It is the same feeling which, in Western countries, prompts the placing of flowers upon the graves of recently-deceased relatives. But in the West, in the majority of cases, these outward signs of affection do not continue more than a year or two, and are seldom continued by a second generation. In Japan, however, the feeling is more cultivated, and everything is done to carry out the idea expressed by Confucius when he said that "it is the highest filial piety to serve the dead as they would serve the living, and to serve the departed as they would serve the present."

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Eminent authorities have shown that ancestor-worship prevailed at one time in Greece and in Rome, while the Aryans were known to be an ancestor-worshipping race. Many evidences seem to prove that "all races practised it in the infancy of their development." To the outer world the great ancestor-worshipping country has ever been China, but that is principally because the attempts of the Western races to intrude in that country have brought them into contact with its prejudices. Thus foreign railway engineers have met with much opposition in China when their lines have interfered with the graveyards of the country side. It is owing to the practice of ancestor-worship by the Chinese and their Manchu rulers that the possession of Moukden, with the tombs of the Manchu ancestors, is one of the most important factors in the present Russo-Japanese War. The Japanese recognise this because as ancestor-worshippers they can understand the feeling of the Chinese, but the Russians do not. This was shown by the fact that the latter allowed all the sacred documents relative to the tombs to be removed to a Russian university to be deciphered. It would seem not improbable that ancestor-worship was the initial bond of union among many primitive men, the unconscious force arising naturally out of the ties of consanguinity. The sphere of such ties was limited, but that of ancestor-worship was unlimited.

> The worship of common ancestors and the ceremonies connected therewith maintained the semblance of a common descent amongst large numbers of widely scattered kinsmen who were so far removed from one another that they would, without this link, have fallen away from family intercourse.

The tendency of the human race is always to unite together for some common end. Nowadays men feel the benefit of co-operation and consciously work towards that end, but in olden times such conscious aims were unknown, although unconsciously the same forces influenced the peoples.

The Restoration in Japan has brought about no change in the practice of ancestor-worship. Religion is no bar to it,

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and it is probable that all the Christian converts in Japan are also ancestor-worshippers. It is interesting in this connection to recall the fact that in China the early Jesuit missionaries made the most headway when they had declared that ancestor-worship was not to be considered as a religion, and that therefore there was no necessity for converts to relinquish this, the most prized of their beliefs. The coming of Western civilisation only brought conveniences for the gathering together of the members of a family, it did not reduce the occasion of such gatherings. To quote Mr. Hozumi:

> To Western eyes the sight would appear strange of a Japanese family inviting their relatives, through the medium of a telephone, to take part in a ceremony of this nature; while equally incongruous would seem the spectacle of the members of the family, some of them attired in European and others in native costume, assembled in a room lighted by electricity, making offerings and obeisances before the memorial tablet of their ancestor. The curious blending of past and present is one of the most striking phenomena of Japan.

It is not saying too much to call ancestor-worship the primæval religion of Japan; it has existed from the earliest days, some 2500 years, and is universally practised to-day. There are three kinds of ancestor-worship in vogue at the present time. The worship of the First Imperial Ancestor, which is carried on by all the people and may be regarded as the national religion; the worship of the patron-god of the locality, which is a survival of the worship of clan-ancestors by clansmen; and the worship of the family ancestors by the members of that household. Of these three kinds of worship and their practice by all Japanese Mr. Hozumi writes:

> There are two sacred places in every Japanese house; the Kamidana or "god-shelf" and the Butsudan or "Buddhist altar." The first named is the Shinto altar, which is a plain wooden shelf. In the centre of this sacred shelf is placed a Taima or O-nusa (great offering), which is a part of the offerings made to the Daijingu of Isé or the temple dedicated to Amater-asu Omi-Kami, the First Imperial Ancestor. The Taima is distributed from the Temple of Isé to every house in the Empire at the end of each year and worshipped by every loyal Japanese as the representation of the First Imperial Ancestor.

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On this altar the offering of rice, saké (liquor brewed from rice) and branches of sakaki-tree (chyera Japanica) are usually placed, and every morning the members of the household make reverential obeisance before it by clapping hands and bowing; while in the evening lights are also placed on the shelf. On this shelf is placed in addition the charm of Ujigama or the local tutelary god of the family, and, in many houses, the charms of the other Shinto dieties also. In a Shinto household there is a second god-shelf or Kamidana, which is dedicated exclusively to the worship of the ancestors of the house. On this second shelf are placed cenotaphs bearing the names of the ancestors, their ages and the dates of their death. These memorial tablets are called "Mitama-shieo," meaning "representatives of souls," and they are usually placed in small boxes shaped like Shinto shrines. Offerings of rice, saké, fish, sakaki-tree and lamps are made on this second shelf as on the first. In the Buddhist household there is, in addition to the Kamidana, a Butsudan, on which are placed cenotaphs bearing on the front posthumous Buddhist names, and on the back the names used by the ancestors during their lifetime. The cenotaph is usually lacquered, and is sometimes placed in a box called "Zushi"; while family crests are very often painted both on the tablet and on the box. Offerings of flowers, branches of shikimi-tree (Illicium religiosum), tea, rice and other vegetable foods are usually placed before the cenotaphs, while incense is continually burned and in the evening small lamps are lighted The Butsudan takes the place of the second god-shelf of the Shinto household both being dedicated to the worship of family ancestors.

The above extract shows what an immense national force the practice of ancestor-worship is, and the effect it must have in producing loyalty to the Emperor. The Emperor is the living representative of the First Imperial Ancestor, and contains in himself all the virtues and all the powers of his ancestors. It is difficult to imagine people more loyal, loyalty consisted only in the outward form of loyal actions, for the people of Japan do reverence every day to the representatives of the First Imperial Ancestor. The very fact of this continuous reverence cannot fail to set a seal upon the loyalty of its subjects, and mark it out from that of other peoples. And the same worship which gives to them this feeling of loyalty causes them to love their country to an almost abnormal degree. Recall the pride which old county families have in England, with a line of ancestors stretching back perhaps a thousand years. These ancestors are not

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regularly venerated, nor is there any veneration to the head of the State; indeed, this would be impossible owing to the constant breaks of dynastic change. Contrast this with the Japanese 2500 years of actual veneration for ancestors and Imperial Ancestors, and it is easy to understand the difference. It is no uncommon thing for an Englishman, bereft of all his relations, to say to himself, "What is the good of remaining on among the old scenes? I will go away to a new country." No Japanese would, or could, ever feel that. He might go away before he was the sole representative of a family, but it is very improbable that he would ever wish to do so when the whole duty of family and national worship rested upon his own shoulders.

In connection with the worship of the First Imperial Ancestor there are three places set apart. These are: The Temple of Daijingu at Isé; the Kashiko Dokoro in the Sanctuary of the Imperial Palace; and the Kamidana, which is to be found in every house. In the first two places the Imperial Ancestor is represented by a Divine Mirror. This mirror was given to the First Imperial Ancestor, so tradition says, "accompanied by the injunction that her descendants should look upon that mirror as representing her soul, and should worship it as herself." It may be remarked here that the First Imperial Ancestor was a woman, a fact possibly not without significance. It is, at all events, remarkable in a country against which one of the commonest accusations has been that there was no respect paid to women. Originally the Divine Mirror was worshipped at the Imperial Palace, but it was later removed to the Temple at Isé, its place being taken by a duplicate. Although all the people worship the First Imperial Ancestor at home, they look upon it as a necessity to visit the Temple at Isé at least once during a lifetime. It is no unusual event for schoolboys and young men to secretly desert their work in order to walk to Isé on a pilgrimage, and do worship. It is to the Japanese people very much what Mecca is to the Mohammedans, with this difference, that it is

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in the power of every man or woman who can walk to visit this holy place. In the Imperial Palace Sanctuary there are three temples. The central one, "Kashiko Dokoro," contains the mirror, and is dedicated to the worship of the First Imperial Ancestor. The second temple, "Kworei Den," standing to the west, is dedicated to the worship of "all the Imperial Ancestors since Jimmu Jenno, the first Emperor and founder of the Empire." The third temple, to the east, is known as Shinden, and serves for the worship of all the other deities.

It is interesting to note here how close is the connection between every action of the Imperial family and ancestor-worship. When Jimmu Jenno founded the Empire, the ceremony of coronation consisted in the worship of the Imperial Ancestors on the hill of Torimi Yama. At the accession of every emperor there is a ceremony called "Daijo-Sai," usually the first festival day of Shuisho-Sai (October 17 or November 23), in which the newly ordained Emperor offers the first-fruits of the year to his ancestors. An article in the Imperial House Law, drawn up at the time of the Constitution, says: "The ceremonies of coronation shall be performed, and Daijo-Sai shall be held at Kyoto." Another article of the same law provides that "upon the demise of the Emperor, the Imperial heir shall ascend the throne, and shall acquire the Divine Treasures of the Imperial Ancestors." These consist of the mirror, a sword and a precious stone bequeathed by the First Imperial Ancestor. One of the articles of the ordinance relating to the marriages in the Imperial household, published in 1900, states that:

> When the agreement of the Imperial marriage is made it should be reported to Kashiko Dokoro, Kworei Den and Shinden (the three temples in the Imperial Palace), and the Imperial Messenger for offering sacrifices shall be sent to Jingu (the temple at Isé) and to the graves of Jimmu Tenno (the first emperor, the late Imperial father and the late Imperial mother respectively).

The Imperial Ancestors have an effect upon the people

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generally, as well as being worshipped every day. Of the eleven "great festival days" observed as national holidays in Japan, all but two relate to the worship of Imperial Ancestors. Of these two, one is the birthday of the Emperor, and the other the banquet of the New Year. On these festival days everybody is gay and makes holiday—the children assemble at their schools, and, standing before the portraits of the Emperor and Empress, have the Emperor's speech on education read and explained to them.

Ancestor-worship has a very close relation to Japanese law, as may be seen from the word used to express government. This is "Matsurigoto," or "affairs of worship." The Constitution of Japan, promulgated on February 11, 1899, the anniversary of the foundation of the Empire, contains many signs of the vitality of ancestor-worship. The first article states: "The Empire of Japan shall be reigned over and governed by a line of emperors unbroken for ages eternal." That the very foundation of the Constitution is the worship of the Imperial Ancestors is definitely set forth in the preamble:

> Having, by virtue of the glories of Our ancestors, ascended the throne of a lineal succession unbroken for ages eternal: remembering that Our beloved subjects are the very same that have been favoured with the benevolent care and affectionate vigilance of Our ancestors, and desiring to promote their welfare and give development to their moral and intellectual faculties and hoping to maintain the prosperity and progress of the State, in concert with Our people and with their support, We hereby promulgate . . . a fundamental law of State, to exhibit the principles by which We are to be guided in Our conduct and to point out to what Our descendants, Our subjects and their descendants are for ever to conform. The rights of sovereignty of the State We have inherited from Our ancestors and We shall bequeath them to our descendants. Neither We nor they shall in future fail to wield them in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution hereby granted.

In his speech at the promulgation, the Emperor said that: "The Imperial Founder of Our House and Our other Imperial Ancestors, by the help and support of Our subjects, laid the foundation of Our Empire upon a basis which is to last for ever." The Emperor took an oath to the Imperial

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Ancestors to observe the law, stating that the Constitution was "the exposition of grand precepts for the conduct of the Government bequeathed by the Imperial Founder of Our House and by Our other Imperial Ancestors." As Mr. Hozumi says, these facts relating to the Constitution "will be sufficient to show that the sovereignty of Japan is the heritage of Imperial Ancestors and that the foundation of the Constitution is ancestor-worship."

Of the second kind of ancestor-worship, the veneration of the local tutelary deity, Mr. Hozumi considers that it is the natural evolution of the old worship of a clan-god by the clansmen.

> The change in the meaning of the word used from clan-god to local tutelary god possibly arose [he thinks] from the fact that in early days clansmen usually lived together in the same locality and erected a temple for the worship of their ancestral eponyms, with the result that the clan-god and the local patron-god meant one and the same diety.

The occasions for the worship of family ancestors by the members of a household are of three kinds. These are the sacrifice days, which are the days in each month corresponding to the day of the ancestor's death; the sacrifice months, which are the days of the month corresponding to the day and month of an ancestor's death; and the sacrifice years, which are the certain years in which on a day of the month corresponding to the death of an ancestor celebrations are held. The sacrifice years vary among Shintoists and Buddhists. In the majority of celebrations only the members of the house and near relatives take part, but on some occasions there are feasts, and relatives and descendants of ancestors are invited to take part. For both, Shintoist and Buddhist priests officiate, but among the former the services are held in their private house, while among the latter they sometimes also take place in the temples. The respective rituals differ somewhat in the two religions. Mr. Hozumi thus describes them:

> Shinto offerings consist of saké, rice, fish, game, vegetables and fruits for food and drink, and pieces of silk and hemp for clothing, while branches of

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sakaki tree and flowers are also frequently offered. The priests who conduct the ceremony clap their hands before the altar, and the chief priest pronounces the prayer or "norito," the words of which vary on different occasions . . . The prayer usually ends with the supplication that the spirit may protect and watch over the family, and accept the offerings dutifully submitted. After this, each of the assembled party, commencing with the head of the house, takes a small branch of sakaki tree, to which is attached a piece of paper representing fine cloth, places it on the altar and then claps hands and makes obeisance.

In the ceremonies of the Buddhists the offerings usually consist of tea, rice, fruits, cakes and flowers, either artificial or natural, the most usual being lotus. Fish and meat form no part of the sacrifice, because of the doctrine of abstinence from flesh embodied in Buddha's commandment not to kill any animate being. Whether the ceremony takes place in the temple or in the house, priests officiate, and recite sacred books. . . . The assembly in turn burn incense and prostrate themselves before the altar, the order of procedure being the same as in the case of Shinto worship.

Besides these regular ceremonies, there are "three appointed times" in the year when the people offer sacrifices to the spirits of ancestors, both at home and at the grave. Mr. Hozumi says:

The worship of ancestors is not limited only to the festival times. When a young student goes to Europe to pursue his studies, when a soldier sets out on a campaign, when an official is sent abroad on some Government service, or when a merchant undertakes a long journey on business, he invariably visits the graves of his ancestors in order to take leave of them. . . . In many Shintoist houses the offerings of saké and sakaki tree are continually made; and in Buddhist houses flowers are offered every day and incense is continually burned in Butsudan. In fact, the worship of the spirits of ancestors forms a part of everyday life of the people.

When this is all considered it is easy to understand how the laws and customs of marriage are affected by ancestor-worship—why it is made easy to adopt male heirs to perpetuate the worship of the household ancestors. Undoubtedly also, it is ancestor-worship which is to blame for the preference shown to male children—the female children will leave their family at marriage and venerate the ancestors of the husband. Thus they are not valuable in the sense that a son is valuable. This feeling is universal, and any day it may be

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seen amongst the common people of Japan. Ask a woman how many children she has, and she will tell you the number of her sons.

Besides this effect upon daughters, ancestor-worship has an enormous effect upon the whole character of the people. They have all to bear the responsibility of being good future ancestors, and knowing that their every act is watched over by the spirits of their own ancestors.

A Japanese writer describes the ceremony of ancestor-worship feasts which take place after the ceremony thus: "The relatives assembled partake of the sacred cake, which has been offered to the ancestor, and talk about his meritorious deeds, while each person present gives voice to a resolve not to degrade in any way the good name of the ancestor."

Western people are accustomed to think that death ends for them their responsibilities to their family, but in Japan death only commences them. This is emphasised by the custom, on the part of the Emperor, of ennobling a subject who has died or who has only a few hours to live. This is often done. The moral effect upon the conduct of their every-day life, of knowing that their descendants will meet so many times every year to talk over their meritorious deeds, must be enormously potent, more so than anything known of here.

As a concrete example of the effect of ancestor-worship may be taken the feelings of the Japanese soldiers and sailors who are now on the field of battle. By nature they are the least fitted to be soldiers; mentally, they are the worst. They are largely drawn from the agricultural classes, who, as practical vegetarians, have been unaccustomed to shed blood or to see blood shed. Thus their instincts should be much less brutalised than those of flesh-fed soldiers. A certain lack of dash, a timidity, and a possibility of fear might be naturally looked for. But it is just here that the effect of ancestor-worship comes in, "Never to degrade in any way the good

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name of the ancestor"; this is always present in the mind of the soldier. Any act of heroism or of devotion to Japan will lift the doer to a pre-eminent position in the eyes of those who will venerate him. Even taking it at the lowest, it is much harder to do a cowardly or dishonest action, when not alone the eyes of comrades are upon you, but also there is the prospect of sinning against countless generations of ancestors. Taken together with the teachings of Bushido, which held up shame as the greatest punishment possible, the effect of ancestor-worship may be imagined upon the Japanese troops. Knowing possibly what fear is, they are not able to be afraid, but are impelled to deeds of heroism both by the desire of being good ancestors and the necessity of avoiding shame. Thus they have both a positive and a negative force behind them. Death is not to be avoided save in so far as the prolongation of life enables the soldier to do glorious deeds—a glorious death is always preferable to a surrender. To die doing something for one's country, that is indeed glory! Take the case of the report that several Japanese officers had been captured and hung by the Russians near a bridge which they were attempting to blow up. This may or may not be true, but the report that they announced their names and ranks before the execution lends colour to its being true. Those officers knew that theirs would be the undying veneration of the generations to come, and they were proud, not afraid or ashamed, of meeting such an ignominious death. What a power there is in such a religion, or such a practice, if such a description is preferred, which will make of the common people heroes—men, women, and children, all filled with one common desire. The soldiers possess all the advantages of the absolute faith of fanatics together with all those of men who have thought deeply of fear and danger and overcome their fear. Port Arthur was blocked by men who faced almost certain death. Their margin of numbers was only sufficient to ensure success: all would have died with equal willingness.

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Western civilisation may be all that it boasts to be, but it would surely be difficult to formulate a better simple formula for life than that possessed by every Japanese. To do nothing that is shameful. To prepare oneself to be a good ancestor, and never to degrade in any way the good name of one's ancestors. And in Japan this is not a formula possessed only by the thinkers, the "educated classes," it is the universal desire of the nation.

ALFRED STEAD.

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TRAINING AND NATIONAL DEGENERATION

A WELL-KNOWN builder, who for the greater part of his business life employed many hands, has recently, on his retirement, amused himself by collating notes, taken during his busy period, of the antecedents and calibre of the workmen who came more prominently under his notice. He had started life with the belief that the townsmen could not in many departments compete with the countrymen, and perhaps his theory helped him unconsciously to look with greater favour on his country recruits. But the verdict of his business career, which extended over thirty years, must be taken in connection with the results of inquiries into many businesses as remarkable proof of the completeness of his theory. His evidence revealed the fact that all the men, without a single exception, who had become foremen in his works had been born and bred in the country. In investigating the several instances it came out that the cause of this one-sided success was in itself, though perhaps indicative of greater influences, as small as the causes of success usually are. But such motive agents, often negligible quantities by themselves, are continuously cumulative, and at the end of a few years may compose an arithmetical progression, obviously sufficient to explain the wide interval that separates success from failure. The countrymen, for example, often owed their advancement to nothing more intrinsic than a native disinclination to travel in trams and 'buses; and an unwillingness,

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the result solely of "unuse," to spend unnecessary pennies towards the achievement of muscular atrophy. They walked to the office, and were always punctual; and this morning walk, if the links in the chain of causation are consecutively examined, will be found to induce by far the preponderating sum of conditions from which success, as judged by promotion, emerges. It is perhaps the tendency of machinery to make trustworthiness, at least in the lower levels of employment, more valuable than intelligence; and in all cases character, in which word energy is included, exceeds, as completely as any proverb would suggest, any intellectual quality as an agent in advancement. Rightly or wrongly, punctuality is viewed by many employers as the first test of "fitness," a word which would be as adequate to describe the condition of the efficient workman as of the well-trained athlete. The efficiency, which Lord Rosebery has inflicted on us as the cry of the moment, is the necessary development of a basal quality of which fitness, in the athletic sense, is perhaps the nearest, though still a rough description. The man who walks to the office is not liable to the accidental delays connected with artificial means of transit. His journeying is not affected by blocks in the street; he does not just miss his train. Nor, again, does he destroy his digestion and temper by bustling to catch one. He arrives at his work with lungs better aërated, with firmer pulsation of the heart, with body more naturally warmed. His mind and body are more even and level than the rest: his vigour more constant, and in a short time this fitness, which is first physical, helps him to moral and mental qualities which more than compensate for any deficiency in education or quickness, in which the town bred are supposed to excel. It is a curious study to watch the faces of those crowds who are deposited each morning at the stations. You can almost infer from the general appearance of the passengers the distance they have travelled: the further the train has come the brisker its freight. You may almost pick out those who have walked to the station. The employer of labour, from whom the statistics of foremen

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come, used so to watch his workmen; and in some cases the antecedents of the least punctual were investigated. So far as his experience went, and in this particular line of investigation it was not very extensive, the deficiency of energy, as marked by attendance at the works, was especially great in those whose descent from townsmen was longest. Cognate with this deduction is the common experience of the falling off in the quality of apprentices. In the past the best workmen have come principally from local workshops, in which men had learnt their business better than others, largely because they had been thrown on their own responsibility. They had found things out for themselves, had discovered the value of initiative. In recent years the small trades—both a result and a cause of rural depopulation—have steadily decayed. The village carpenter has now no apprentice. Local saddlers, local wheelwrights, local builders, even hurdle-makers and thatchers, are disappearing. The wealth of landowner, farmer, and tenant has so shrunk that they can no longer support the small man against the cheaper product of the centralised factory. What this may mean in the sum of national prosperity may be shown by the actual history of a modern "industrious apprentice," which may be here given, for the sake of its moral rather than its romance, in bare outline. A young apprentice in a small Cornish shop-of-all-trades, hearing that his master was advertising for a second apprentice, and thinking there was not room for two, found an opening in a London shop. In a short time, by punctuality, observance of small details, such as carefulness to turn down the gas, to avoid waste of string and paper, to do everything he had to do at the moment, he found himself—in the technical phrase of the establishment—"at the top of the counter." Being full of physical energy, he offered, when any hand was short, to do extra time; kept in touch with the office when on his holiday, and came back if wanted. Before long his energy told, and he was offered, as some reward, a share, small enough to be hardly worth considering, in the business. Not many years later the head of the firm retired. In the

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business, at the time, were four "industrious apprentices" who had been given the small share. They met and agreed to offer to take over the business, paying off in a reasonable time the estimated value of the stock and a fair interest. The offer was accepted. A few years later each of the four was worth many thousand pounds a year and owner of a progressing business. The four were all countrymen. But the moral is not yet complete. A country apprentice of these four met with even more rapid success, and recently turned his business into a limited company. He now finds the business languishing, and it is agreed among the members of the company that the only thing wanting is good "foremen" or "leaders." These they cannot get, wholly it is believed because the stock of country apprentices has run out. Builders and contractors feel the loss perhaps more than others, because of the additional evils of specialisation in big workshops. The country apprentice had to do a whole house. He was joiner, and mason, and glazier. The London apprentice learns to be admirable at fixing a panel in a frame put together in another department. He may do this bit of work better, but he is of no use as a foreman, or "leader."

He makes no addition to the enterprise of the nation. Instances are to be found in every trade. Ten years ago in Luton half the population were small manufacturers, who plaited their straws in the morning and in the afternoon themselves hawked the finished product in the streets. Now more than half the population are employés of big firms; and a preponderant proportion of the young people of the villages go straight from school to the earning of immediate wages in the bigger works. The loss in individual skill, parallel with the loss in physique due to emigration to towns, is a serious fact in the nation's development. A man working "on his own," in the favourite term of pride, puts into his work interest of an incomparable quality. His work is vertebrate, stiffened with individuality, but always flexible and unmechanical. Nevertheless, we may hope that some day, on the American system, as scientific

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education grows, the skill in workmanship may be recovered, and again, as in America, may be even improved under the stimulus of rewards for intelligent suggestions. Artificiality properly developed may compensate for loss of what seems more "natural," if that ill-used word can be said any longer to mean anything. But in the kindred subject of energy and health people refuse to believe that it is possible to ensure compensation for the loss of a natural state by use of artificial or scientific means. Is it? Cannot town workmen rival the countrymen at least in punctuality?

The larger side of the question, which the doctors discussed with alarm at Cardiff, and with which the Commission on National Physique is chiefly busy, has the advantage of the interest of many specialists. It needs no special argument to deduce from the presence of unclean population in the slums of big towns, that those who become parents while they are losing health themselves are likely to produce a degenerate offspring, *progeniem vitiosiorem;* and one may hope that there is no danger of this social retrogression escaping notice. But there is one aspect of the case, better described as deterioration than degeneration, which has been slighted, and may be slighted by the specialists, not less than the other has been exaggerated. "We are degenerate children" has always been a popular cry, prompted less by penetrative humility than by morbid introspection. Even Homer could not pass a big stone without lamenting the degeneracy of the young race. An exaggeration of our ancestors' strength is one tribute to that universal sentiment which makes the religion of the Chinese. We see it in many parts of life. Never a summer term ended at school but it was agreed among boys and masters that the games of the school would in the next term be left in the charge of the least capable eleven ever known in the school. The present access of complaint issues from the statistics of the physique of recent recruits; and no doubt these are suggestive of alarm, though they may only mean that a lower stratum of society has been tapped. But was Waterloo won

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by giants? And are the newest recruits less fine figures of men than the sailors of whom Lord St. Vincent complained, and with whom he won? The answer may be postponed till the Commission has collected its evidence; but there are several aspects of the case which may be lost in the larger question.

Of course, the best vital cure for the malady is a return to the country; but if an invalid cannot go to the Riviera he may still take precautions for his health at home. Pending agricultural prosperity, may not the town dweller take means to arrest his body's deterioration? and if he may not, degeneration of the nation may be accepted as inevitable. Every one who has been used to active life in the country has, on coming to a big town, personal experience of physical deterioration. Physiologically, what happens to the athlete is that the powerful lungs and heart which his exercise has developed, shrink from want of air and exercise, just as the muscles of his limbs; but in the case of a muscular organ like the heart the shrinkage is accompanied with danger and a considerable sense of lost vigour. He begins to think that life in town is impossible for him, until he discovers how many men live and flourish in the same circumstances; and then perhaps he comes to the knowledge that, since this new life is an artificial thing, it may need artificial adaptation, as the privet caterpillar, where no privet is, must change its colour and diet. How much less he must eat, how far he must compel himself to take exercise, is a question for every man's discovery. And it is an important and necessary question for every London citizen who has a volition of his own. Unhappily, a large number of London citizens, especially London children, have, for all practical purposes, no freedom of action; and may it not be that those who look after the youth born and bred in our big towns—parents, schoolmasters, social reformers, the State—have made deterioration inevitable by failing to discover for those urban citizens who have few opportunities of individual effort any common and sensible means of adaptation to their surroundings?

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As things now are it is not only the frame of children's bodies that is suffering. The senses, which are of greatly more importance than the trunk, show most deterioration. Children see badly—General Buller thought the Boers had the advantage of us by two miles; and doctors tell us that half the common maladies are aggravated and brought on by forms of astigmatism and uneven sight. Half the supposed stupidity of children is certainly due to defective sight and hearing. Owing to the halfpenny newspapers sight is altering all over the civilised world. M. Hovelaque, the Inspector-General of Education in Paris, made some interesting experiments in France—I think at the suggestion of M. Rodin. He found that an extraordinarily large percentage of children remembered things by the printed symbol, and were wholly unable to project a picture of any object in its three dimensions. This increase in symbolic memory represents a depreciation in the artist's and observer's eye, and is sign of a real loss of intensity of vision. Investigations made in German schools with a more material object disclosed a universal decrease in the excellence of the nation's sight. In the United States the state of children's teeth—and in England a vast number of recruits have been recently rejected for bad teeth—is causing inquiry. English children are suffering in some degree from all these and similar deficiencies, and the tendency to deteriorate must increase, as towns grow and reading becomes universal and exercise difficult, unless scientific remedial action is taken to counteract it. We want a formula of *daily training*. Compulsion must be put on the school child to take the right sort of exercise, the right sort of food, to attend to the seeing of his eyes, and the hearing of his ears, and the cleanliness of his teeth. Not long since much amusement was caused among the masters at one of the big London schools by an American new boy, who professed entire ignorance of all the subjects in the lower school curriculum. Finally he was asked if there was any subject which he had studied. He was pretty good at hygiene, he said. It would

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be well if every elementary school teacher in the country were pretty good at hygiene. In the country, where the air is clean, where even the stones on the road stimulate exercise, hygiene is natural. In the town, where spaces are as cribbed as the air is thick, it is necessary to teach children not only to play, but to breathe and walk. They must be taught, though it sounds paradoxical, to be natural. They must learn in school to get health by the means which country children use unconsciously. Unhappily the Topsy system, that magnificent principle of *laisser faire*, does not work in towns.

The housing question may here be put aside, because the present intention is to suggest how in the environment of a town—taking any given density of population, average of present physique or level of poverty—the active members, especially the younger members of the population, may best adapt themselves to the artificial condition, may find τὸ μέσον, the Aristotelian phrase of which after all, "adaptation to environment," is only a clumsy paraphrase. We are concerned in short with "daily training." By an unfortunate unanimity of judgment, training is regarded as a state of pressure, an enforced preparation for an occasional and special event. It is of course the duty of every man who has any claim to consider himself an efficient citizen *so to live that he shall at any moment find himself most fit for citizen work of mind or body*. That is the new form of "categorical imperative." In the country this state of fitness is acquired naturally by all those who avoid grosser excesses and start life with an average constitution. In towns fitness is only achieved gradually and artificially, and the greater the poverty the more acute the artificiality must be. It is an absolute necessity, precedent to the maintenance of national health, that while the towns grow, the bulk of the population—and the bulk is poor—should be compulsorily taught how to train. As any text-book of training will show, the subject has two principal divisions, food and exercise. But there is a third division,

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which has been too often neglected; neither food nor exercise can make fit unless the athlete has a sufficiency of the right sort of interest. Even persistent dumb-bell exercise on the best approved Sandow principles will fail greatly to strengthen the muscles of the arm if the daily repetition is felt to be a nuisance; and—to take a by-point—it is because they excel in interest, that games are a better training than the gymnasium.

Somebody once went so far as to say that the whole secret of health was interest, and accounted for the age of politicians, handicapped by the atmosphere of the House, on this score. Mr. Chamberlain would seem to have proved that in some cases interest may take the place of exercise; and generally no one will be disposed to doubt the effect of a keen brain on the health of the body. The "industrious apprentice," whose career I have quoted, owed much of his success to his lack of interest in the evening amusements of his fellows. Are we as ready to acknowledge, falling from the general to the particular, that this alleged physical deterioration of Englishmen, happily it is not even alleged of the British, may be due to a deterioration in the national interests? For the interest that helps the body must be the interest of an actor, not of a spectator; and must be of a healthy kind. Interest in African mines does not materially aid longevity, nor does the man who spends his leisure in reading of League matches benefit his lungs and liver.

On several occasions the late Dr. Almond, quite the most successful of trainers, emphasised and illustrated the deterioration in the interest of large classes of the community as regards games. He feared we might become a nation of game watchers rather than game players. The point was made with some freshness of illustration by a recent writer in the "Quarterly." The old sporting interest becomes vicarious, and the cheapening of papers has added enormously to the sum of vicarious athletes. What the social reformer has to to do is, through the mechanism of education, to substitute

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in children some equivalent for the "football edition." He can only plant such an interest by teaching children to play games—and in games is included all *unessential exercise*—which they shall desire to continue and in which they shall find present intensity. No method has been found so effective as some form or other of military organisation. Whatever the cause, there is nothing which so stimulates that desire for smartness, which is the first form of self-respect, as participation in a brigade; and in this way more effectively than in any other we should gradually approach the ideal—suggested some time ago by the Master of Dulwich. He spoke, so far as I remember, of the need of a "universal, not compulsory, service." The boys' brigades, greatly successful as they are, do not exhaust the benefits of which military training sensibly organised may confer. The brigade should be made a centre of a wider education, the excuse or occasion for lessons in hygiene, for testing the adequacy of the senses and muscles, for providing units for competition, it may be, for taking holidays in the country, or even, on the analogy of the Naval College at Greenwich, for teaching that handiness which is at the root of success in many trades. From the brigade may issue instruction, more effective than that of the class-room, for teaching children regularity in the smaller concerns of the physiology of daily life, from the neglect of which deterioration most directly springs. It may teach every form of neatness, even to the mending of clothes. If well organised by teachers possessed of the gift of stimulus it may teach the corporate spirit, the loyalty of fidelity to some unit, a quality from which half the virtues grow, and may inspire lasting interest which shall successfully combat the desire to support horses or teams that have no more real or individual interest than is carried by a paper name and a bogus locality.

The military attribute in such a model of education is not in itself of any intrinsic worth. But organisation on military—or may one say naval?—lines appears to give the only practical

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instrument. The desideratum is some extra-mural force which shall by co-operation with the force of the class-room supply to the curriculum those attributes whose present omission prevents the faculties of body and mind in town children from finding their full growth. This daily training is as necessary for the coming women as the men. There is equal need for some organisation which shall give women, when they are children, interest in the making of a home—the necessity of exercise, of regularity, of conservation of the senses, and especially of clean cooking. No man can train on bad or badly cooked food; and the poor who, by reason of what poverty entails, most need training, are in respect of food wasteful and ignorant to the point of despair. They think the eating of brown bread a calamity. Thanks to the disgraceful backwardness of the principle of co-operation, they buy on the dearest principles. In the poorest streets you may see children buying handfuls of potatoes at the price of something like six shillings a bushel or half a hundredweight. The pulses, which especially need good cooking, are nearly neglected, though they are the cheapest and best substitute for meat. Through ignorance of the elements of the art and of its value, the expense of existence is at the maximum, and even among the very poor the lack of savour is made good by lavish use of the very worst pickles. There may be some remedy for these things in class-room instruction; but if some woman on behalf of the national health could devise for girls what I have called an extra-mural organisation—corresponding to the brigade—which shall make possible instruction in those details of daily training, many of which can scarcely be specified in a syllabus, the race would at last have a chance of showing that it still possesses the recuperative power of youth. Perhaps soon, as the prophets prophesy, we may live in garden cities or be taken at revolutionary speeds from the manufacturing centres; but till those fair promises are fulfilled it is a clear and simple national duty to make easy for the town populations the achievement of what degree of health the conditions permit. It may be

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we are at present neither degenerating nor deteriorating; but it is quite certain that we may develop more quickly towards good health and happiness if personal training, including many details which are commonplaces of physiology to richer classes, can be made an integral and interesting part of daily education.

W. Beach Thomas.

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A NOTE ON SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

THE work of the great thinker who was laid to rest so soon after Herbert Spencer presents unusual difficulty to the lover of literary pigeon-holes. John Ruskin has told us that the question, "What does the public think?" is of immense importance in estimating any new book. But, he adds, we must always ask further, "Which is its 'public'!" The latter question, in Sir Leslie Stephen's case, is not easily answered. "The Playground of Europe," "The Science of Ethics," "Hours in a Library," and "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," all appeal to different classes of readers. Sir Leslie was philosopher, literary critic, temperamental egotist, modern moralist, and many other things rolled into one. He did not even keep these different departments distinct. His notion of division of labour in the intellectual sphere was notoriously defective; and some of his best work is rather interesting suggestion about the suburbs of his subject than formal dealing with recognised issues.

"English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" is the book that reflects most faithfully this confusing miscellany of gifts. It has always been a standing puzzle to me that so few readers seem to be acquainted with that unique book. Its mere unconventionality alone is a perpetual delight. There is a rigid, though unspoken, tradition that philosophical books costing more than ten shillings shall address the reader with sermonic

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propriety. Sir Leslie flung this coat of buckram to the winds. It only needs to compare him with Mr. John Morley, or with Mr. Lecky, to appreciate the strength of the tradition. "It was not precisely under the roof of Heaven that Bolingbroke consoled himself for the sorrows of exile. The fact that he might be everywhere under the roof of a gambling-house supplied him with more tangible consolations." We cannot imagine Mr. John Morley dropping the slight moral starchiness which pervades his serious works to write a sentence like this. Sir Leslie's humour twinkles through every page. Who that has ever read it can forget the tremendous indictment of poor Young?

> How hollow are the enjoyments of this world, and how deep the surrounding mystery! is the ostensible sentiment. What a clever fellow I am, and what a pity it is I was not made a bishop! is the sentiment plainly indicated in every line. Can I not say as many smart things about death and eternity as any man that ever wrote? Am I not a good orthodox reasoner, instead of a semi-deist, like that sinner Pope?

Or this on Blair?

> And yet it is hard to say anything of Blair, except what Johnson said of Dodd's sermons, when some one asked whether they were not "addressed to the passions." "They were nothing, sir, be they addressed to what they may." They were not so much sermons as essays, composed by a professor of rhetoric to illustrate the principles of his art. . . . Is it worth while to dip into the pages of this solemn trifling? to quote prosings about prosperity and adversity, and the happiness of a middle station, or eulogies upon that most excellent of virtues, moderation? . . . Yet, at due intervals, Blair invites us to a higher strain. He knows that a preacher ought to have his rhetorical flights as well as his calm levels of moral advice. And here is a specimen. "To thee, oh Devotion, we owe the highest improvement of our nature, and the merit of the enjoyment of our life. Thou art the support of our virtue and the rest of our souls in this turbulent world. Thou composest the thoughts, thou calmest the passions; and, in short, givest me an excellent opportunity for finishing a paragraph with an admirable prosopopœia, according to approved rules of art."

The charm of the book depends first and foremost upon its gift of sympathetic imagination. The Thackerayan note of moral and emotional unpretentiousness pervading all Sir Leslie

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Stephen's work conceals from careless readers his strange imaginative vividness. How his portraits live! Toland is to the general reader a name in a manual of English literature. Read a few paragraphs of "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" and the shiftless Irish deist becomes unforgettable. Butler, Swift, Sterne, Fielding, Tucker, Wakefield, Chubb, and Warburton become things of flesh and blood as we read his pages. We come, of course, upon sharp limitations; there are types of character which all the author's insight cannot fathom; but Sir Leslie's narrownesses were usually a qualification rather than an unfitness for dealing with the eighteenth century. His failures were with more mystic types.

Close behind this gift of vivid imagination comes his fine logical dexterity. You may dissent if you will (the present writer dissents with all his heart) from Sir Leslie's fundamental positions; but his first assumptions once granted, there is no tangling, no bemuddlement lower down. It was said of Goldsmith that he touched nothing which he did not adorn. It might be said of Leslie Stephen that he touched nothing which he did not elucidate. Every kind of matter yields to the magic of his lucid analysis. In the mere art of stating a case he is unrivalled. You may agree, or you may disagree, but you always find certain preliminary confusions swept away.

Last and most important of all, every reader is caught by the magnetic attraction of a lovable personality. Personality, it may be admitted, declines to be analysed. But one or two factors stand out clearly enough. A certain moral unpretentiousness, a shy horror of appearing as high-minded as he was, is apparent everywhere. We love his half-slovenly Thackerayan dislike to full emotional articulateness, his disgust at cant and humbug, his rooted unwillingness to preach down to his brother sinner. The "History of English Thought" violates a good many canons of respectability usually expected in a work of the kind. The wit who called Macaulay's history a Whig pamphlet in four volumes would probably call this a

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rationalist tract in two volumes. It bristles with small Voltairisms, of a kind against which modern taste seems to have finally decided. Even these were born of the nonconformist conscience of the man, and rarely strike anything morally defensible.

What niche does the author of "Hours in a Library" hold in the great succession of authoritative critics of English literature? It goes without saying that he was not an originative force in criticism like Arnold. He had nothing of Lamb's or Hazlitt's perfect palate for the matchless things in literature It may even be questioned if he ever wrote a piece of criticism to touch R. H. Hutton's essays on Goethe and on George Eliot. Perhaps Walter Bagehot, whom he admired so much, is the closest parallel. Like Bagehot, he was not so much a literary critic as a very able man writing criticism. In recent years we have seen signs of a revolt against individualism and a perhaps excessive return towards the technical spirit in criticism. An eminent layman who expressed some unwelcome ideas as regards contemporary authors was attacked as a rank "outsider." One critic seemed to hold the view that an ordinary man had no business to criticise (nor, I suppose, to read) the sacred works of his brother authors. A stableman ought not to take a painter's job. Sir Leslie Stephen was infinitely far away from this habit of mind. He could never forget that he was a sensible man writing to sensible men.

One result of this is written large over "Hours in a Library" and "Studies of a Biographer." There is a distinct tendency to leave the essential thing out. Coleridge to Leslie Stephen was a runaway lecturer, bad husband and meteoric good-for-nothing. "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" are dismissed in a worthless paragraph. "Godwin and Shelley" says practically nothing about Shelley's poetry. "Shakespeare the Man" appears, not Shakespeare the dramatist. Sir Leslie clings very tightly to the dogma that literature is criticism (and very solid criticism) of life. The essays on Defoe and Richardson, Fielding and Horace

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Walpole, represent the high-water mark of Leslie Stephen's literary criticisms. "Kingsley" and "Thomas de Quincy" are the weakest; but for really inferior work we have to go to "Studies of a Biographer." It is difficult to understand how a man of first-rate critical ability could reprint the essay on Emerson. Of course he warns us beforehand that he is hopelessly inappreciative; which witness is true. But Lowell, Mr. John Morley, and R. H. Hutton have all criticised Emerson from a standpoint as radically unsympathetic, and none of them has failed so utterly. He is infinitely better on Jowett, on Trollope, and, above all, on Froude. His account of Froude's treatment of Carlyle is simply perfect. But, speaking generally, "Studies of a Biographer" is not quite worthy of its author. Its back-and-forward indecision, its aggressive modesty, its determined clinging to prosaic aspects, make it contrast too sharply with the criticism of "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century."

A few words will serve to dismiss Leslie Stephen the biographer. The life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen is disappointing. Sir Leslie's fraternal feelings act as an awkward fetter all through, and we never catch any wholesome outside idea of Fitzjames the schoolboy at all. Endless queer details of psychological peculiarities are heaped together, and we are never sure whether the note of morbidity is a revelation or a matter of badly grouped material. One rough-and-ready portrait from an Eton schoolfellow would tell us more than pages of detail concerning Fitzjames' analysis of his own mental states and comic ways of making up his mind. The smaller monographs on Swift and Johnson are perfect models of proportion and graceful lightness of handling, but they are not much more. The more recent work on George Eliot is always interesting, but presents a blind eye to the many challenges and questionings of George Eliot's standing which have sprung up since she passed away. It is not really an up-to-date verdict. "Middlemarch," for instance, is not the spiritual *cul-de-sac* the critic imagines; we can now see clearly

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its prophetic connection with "The Story of an African Farm" and "The Heavenly Twins." Sir Leslie knows nothing of all this, and his account of George Eliot's greatest book is consequently a vague fumbling in the dark.

No one who reads Leslie Stephen's many studies can have much doubt as to the age and the man with whom he found himself most completely in sympathy. He loved the eighteenth century, and he loved Samuel Johnson. Indeed, there was a great deal in common between the two great lexicographers. Both were men of rigid truthfulness, of violent prejudices, of perfect logical dexterity within a short range, honest journeymen in letters rather than artists. But the resemblance lies deeper. Both owed a certain outstanding dignity to the fact that they were representative moralists—that they are a perfect mirror of the moral standards of a very serious man of the world.

Sir Leslie recognised this aspect of Johnson's influence, and criticised in his incisive way.

> He (Johnson) was as good a moralist as a man can be who regards the ultimate foundation of morality as placed beyond the reach of speculation. "We know that we are free, and there's an end on't," is his answer to the great metaphysical difficulty. He refutes Berkeley by kicking a stone. He thinks that Hume is a mere trifler, who has taken to "milking the bull" by way of variety. He laughs effectually at Soame Jenyns's explanation of the origin of evil; but leaves the question as practically insoluble, without troubling himself as to why it is insoluble, or what consequences follow from its insolubility. Speculation, in short, though he passed for a philosopher, was simply abhorrent to him. He passes by on the other side, and leaves such puzzles for triflers. He has made up his mind once for all that religion is wanted, and that the best plan is to accept the established creed. And thus we have the apparent paradox that, whilst no man sets a higher value upon truthfulness in all the ordinary affairs of life than Johnson, no man could care less for the foundations of speculative truth. His gaze was not directed to that side. Judging in all cases rather by intuition than by logical processes, he takes for granted the religious theories which fall in sufficiently with his moral convictions. To all speculation which may tend to loosen the fixity of the social order he is deaf or contemptuously averse. The old insidious deism seems to him to be mere trash; and he would cure the openly aggressive deism of

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Rousseau by sending its author to the plantations. Indifference to speculation generates a hearty contempt for all theories.

The whirligig of time brings round its revenges, and the sharpest hits in this criticism of Johnson rebound on Sir Leslie himself. "The Science of Ethics" is in appearance an analysis of the ultimate foundations of morality. When we examine it under the microscope, it turns out to be one long evasion, and its author stops short just where Johnson stopped. In answer to the question, Why are you good and not bad? Leslie Stephen could only answer, Because I prefer the welfare of society to my own welfare. In answer to the question, Why should I keep the Commandments if I don't feel inclined? he could only answer, The pressure of society will generally make it convenient for you. That is the net and naked result of his book, when the irrelevant metaphysics are swept away. Whatever the value of these answers, they are not one jot more "philosophical" than Johnson's. Sir Leslie's practical moral judgments are as inconsistent with his professed ethical theory as those of any eighteenth-century theologian whose inconsistencies he pilloried. He was never tired of girding at the immorality of certain Old Testament episodes; he could not let Chronicles and the Book of Judges alone. And yet the obvious inference from his ethical theory is that murder and treachery, vices in our present complex social order, were the virtues of primitive societies, and that immorality is nothing but out-of-date morality. Condemnation of David or of Samuel would be a sociological anachronism on the theory developed in "The Science of Ethics." Exactly the same criticism of logical inconsistency applies to the virtue of intellectual honesty which Sir Leslie so energetically preached and practised. The natural conclusion to be drawn from "The Science of Ethics" would be that intellectual honesty is a virtue only in such limited quantities as the environment demands—a doctrine the exact polar opposite to Sir Leslie's real convictions.

This curious inconsistency between theory and practice

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admits of a very simple explanation. The Thackerayan note of moral unpretentiousness of which I have spoken concealed from him the extent of his own moral assumptions. Every reader of Thomas Hardy knows the great novelist's irritating trick of calling his implicit theology and ethics "impressions." They are not "impressions" at all; hanging would be too good for Mr. Hardy if they were. A certain taste for the implicit prevents Mr. Hardy from printing on the fly-leaf: *I believe in the Diabolus ex machinâ.* For very much the same reason, Sir Leslie Stephen is given to "Transcendentalism in brackets." It was the irony of Fate that he should write a large book to prove that respectability is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end.

RICHARD E. CROOK.

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A DIALOGUE

ONE Sunday night, towards the end of August, about two years ago, the air over the Straits of Dover and the adjoining regions was marvellously still, as still as on a night before the rains in the great plain through which the Ganges flows. This seldom happens in the Northern seas; perhaps there had not been a night quite so still as this for two or three hundred years. The deep tranquillity made Canterbury Cathedral, where she lay in the Valley of the Stour, meditate upon times past and compare them with the present. Suddenly she heard, in the manner in which cathedral churches hear, faint and far away, low and deep, a voice which she recognised, that of Our Lady of Amiens, and the following conversation took place:

CANTERBURY. Is that your voice, my sister of Amiens? It is, if I am not much mistaken.

AMIENS. Yes, it is I.

CANTERBURY. I think that I have not heard your voice for four hundred years. We used to talk together sometimes in earlier days.

AMIENS. Yes, we did, and I am sorry that our conversation has been so long interrupted. But, either the air is less frequently still than it used to be, or there is more noise intervening between us. I think the last cause is the true one. It seems to me that the world has grown continually more noisy. Men have introduced rattling and whirling things; what they

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are I know not. I see many on the old roads now, which used for a while to be quiet enough, besides all those on the new roads.

CANTERBURY. I see them also, in every direction. But how are you?

AMIENS. Pretty well. I still look out over these old fields of Picardy, where the corn harvest is now going on, as usual. Men seem to be as industrious as ever, the little creatures, and less pugnacious, I never now see burning villages, as I used to.

CANTERBURY. I never did see that. I used often to see hosts of men, armed, setting out in your direction. Was it not they who burnt your villages?

AMIENS. Very likely; they mostly came from your direction, up the river valley. I remember how the coffin of an English king was once laid for a night or two in me, and that it went on towards you. Do you remember his name?

CANTERBURY. Yes, it was Harry the Fifth. Soon afterwards his coffin was laid in me, and then went on. I should have liked to keep him for good, by the side of the tombs of his father and of the Black Prince. But he was given to our sister of Westminster.

AMIENS. Yes, Harry the Fifth and the Black Prince. I have often heard the names of both of them, in old days, but not for a long while now. Do you often hear from our sister of Westminster?

CANTERBURY. Very rarely; she is not far away, but for some time she has been living in the midst of a fearful hubbub. We can hardly ever hear each other speak, and it becomes continually more difficult. She complains of the number of dead bodies which they have crammed into her, and says that it is more than she can stand. And then they have hacked her about a good deal in order to put in monuments of a kind which she considers to be unsuitable to her complexion. I have not suffered so much in that way.

AMIENS. And I not at all; and how is our brother of London?

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CANTERBURY. Paul! Oh, he is entirely changed these many years. I don't recognise either the voice or the tone of our old friend. And it keeps on changing, too, in the most puzzling way. Do you hear from our sister of Paris?

AMIENS. Yes; she goes on much as usual; there is a terrific noise round her also, and I can hardly hear a word that she says. I hear our friends at Rouen and Beauvais much more distinctly. Abbeville is still only half-grown. I always told her that she was too ambitious to try to rival me, living as she does in a petty town of that class. Few cathedrals can boast of perfect beauty. But, how it is I know not, we all of us have felt depressed. A kind of blight has come over this country, ever since a time not so long ago, when for a few years we were closed up altogether, and there were no chants, no incense, no processions, no kneeling crowds of men. Now we have the music and incense and processions, but the worshippers are few. The city is larger than it used to be, but I am emptier by far.

CANTERBURY. Then you have incense still. How delightful! Do you have the same old music and chanting?

AMIENS. I can see no difference in it. But, as I say, I feel empty. To-day, for instance, there were at the early Masses just a few people; at High Mass, when I used to be so gloriously crowded, there were not many more. In the evening just a few children and old women. I see all the citizens sitting in their gardens down along the river, drinking wine, or fishing. They seem to care little for me nowadays.

CANTERBURY. Are you well repaired?

AMIENS. Yes, too much. They are always patching me up, and spoiling my looks.

CANTERBURY. Are you well warmed?

AMIENS. No. I am very cold when there is no sun.

CANTERBURY. Are you well lighted?

AMIENS. No; not so well as when hundreds of candles, instead of a few as now, used to be burned by worshippers at

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my shrines. I miss other things. The governors and great men of the city never enter me now in solemn public array, as they used to do. I am never visited in state by the Kings and Court of France as I sometimes was. There may be none now, for all I know. Some change, which I cannot understand, has come over the land. Has the same thing happened with you, my sister of Canterbury?

CANTERBURY. No, not the same change, yet there is a change here also since we last spoke together. It may be the prejudice of old age in favour of one's youthful associations, but I dislike the changes here also.

AMIENS. You excite my curiosity. Explain, I pray you.

CANTERBURY. The change here is the reverse of the change with you. I am excellently warmed in cold weather, even too much for my taste. I am dazzlingly lighted when the mortals come here after dark, or when mists from the sea and river lie dense around my towers; the crowds in me often surpass those of old days. This very evening, when you say that you received only a few old women and children, I was filled by an overflowing multitude of each sex and all ages. In my choir, where some sixty monks used to sit and chant, the throng is now thickest on Sunday evenings. The chanting now is louder, more varied, and perhaps more beautiful. Then the governors and great men of the city enter me sometimes in red robes as of old, and in solemn public procession. I do not so often see a King and Court as in old days, but I have seen them. It is true that they no longer look so splendid as they did.

AMIENS. What, then, have you to complain of? You have kept all that I have lost.

CANTERBURY. Yes; but I have lost that which you have kept. You said that you still had incense.

AMIENS. Yes.

CANTERBURY. And that the music and chants and ceremonies were much as they always were.

AMIENS. Yes.

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CANTERBURY. And that candles still burned before your shrines, though not so many.

AMIENS. Yes, a few.

CANTERBURY. And do solitary worshippers come in and out and kneel at your altars at all hours?

AMIENS. They do.

CANTERBURY. And they seem to find consolation and relief?

AMIENS. I think so.

CANTERBURY. It is all this that I miss, the things which charmed my childhood and my youth: the incense, the ceremonies, the old chants, the lights burning before my shrines or images, the solitary worshippers. My images and shrines were destroyed long ago. I cannot appreciate the new ceremonies; I was too old, when they began, to learn to like them. Lately they have become a little more like those of my youth, but it is not the same thing to me, and it never will be. Is it in the power of mortals to bring back an old atmosphere when they have banished it for so long? I think not. To me it would never seem to be the same, how close soever the imitation. Something is dead in me; my youth and my first illusions. Ah! but I remember my shrine of Becket in the good old days, how it blazed with gold and jewels in the light of innumerable candles, and pilgrims came from all lands to behold it and to leave their offerings. Folly, perhaps, but I cannot forget these things. Life now seems chill and dull.

AMIENS. Yes, I used to hear of it, and envy you for possessing it. What happened to that glorious shrine?

CANTERBURY. Men came one day and broke it down, and carried away all the gold and jewels in chests. Then the new ceremonies came in, and, later, other of these incomprehensible mortals entered me and broke the images and my most beautiful windows, and threw down the one altar which was left, and then for a few years even the new ceremonies ceased, and I was all empty and dusty and silent, even as you say you

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once were for a space. Then the new ceremonies and words and music began again, and have gone on till now.

AMIENS. But you are well warmed and lighted, and the ruling citizens come to you still, and the large crowds.

CANTERBURY. It is so; but sometimes I am tired of the crowds, and of their songs, and of all the sermons preached to them from my pulpit. I was not built for this kind of thing. At the end of Sunday I feel quite exhausted. Perhaps I am too old for modern ways. Often I wish to hear again the monks chanting their old Latin words and stern music in my choir, and to inhale the faint perfume of the incense. Once, not long ago, a sweet woman voice sang "Salve Regina" in the darkness of my crypt. It cost me a pang of memory. And these excessive rows of monotonous and meaningless and mechanical lights, how readily would I part with them if I might have in exchange the soft symbolic darkness, lit here and there by a few starry candles, dimly revealing solitary worshippers. I dislike these formal congregations. I do not care for hearty and popular services. I feel most like my old self on a winter afternoon, when they chant their evensong, and I am but little illuminated, and very few mortals are in me. In the summer afternoons I am tired to death by multitudes who traverse me, it seems, merely in order to gaze with dull satisfaction at my monuments. They do not understand me as the old pilgrims did, nor I them. They move along in never-ending troops, each led by one of my servants. Do you have this custom?

AMIENS. No.

CANTERBURY. Then you are happier in this respect also.

AMIENS. It seems to me that neither of us is contented with her lot. I have the old rites, but have lost the people; you have the people, but have lost the old rites.

CANTERBURY. Perhaps it was impossible to keep both the rites and the people. But I think that mortals might have done more wisely to build new cathedrals to hold new rites. I know that I ought to be happy because I am prosperous, frequented

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and admired, and, I suppose, doing good work; but at the bottom of my heart I am vexed by an unappeasable regret.

AMIENS. And so am I, for my children whom I have lost. I am a mother whose children have left the home, all but one. I go on doing the same household actions, but each action reminds me too vividly of the days when they were all around around me, young, glad, and, in a way, innocent.

CANTERBURY. Do you think that your children will ever come home again?

AMIENS. How can I tell? Perhaps they will if they fall into misfortunes. Some years ago there were other hostile armies abroad in the land; they came up to my doors, though they did not burn the villages as in old days. Then, and for some time afterwards, I was more frequented than I now am. I think that now my children again have become too prosperous. They have their consolations, and do not need that which their mother can give to them.

CANTERBURY. I am not sure that my children do not come to me all the more when they are most prosperous. Lately they came in great crowds to celebrate, as I understand, victories and conquests far away; and again, to be joyful over the long life and great glory of a Queen; and again, to celebrate the crowning of a mighty King and Lord.

AMIENS. Can it be that there are two religions, one of consolation in adversity, and the other of thanksgiving in prosperity? My rites, I think, were born in days of sorrow, when an old world was breaking up, and a new world was in the throes and anguish of birth. They symbolise light in darkness.

CANTERBURY. And the new rites were born in a time of great hope and joy and excitement among mortals. Perhaps, if the light of this world once more fades, men will turn again to the old religion. Joy and hope at times expand and at times contract, but it is not easy, it seems, for mortals to rearrange their rites; and, therefore, those in existence seldom suit exactly the feelings of living men. Yours now are too much adapted

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for evil times to please the secure and prospering citizens of Amiens; that is why they had rather sit in the sun in their gardens by the river, and drink wine, and listen to the birds. In spite of my prejudice against my new rites, I must admit that they are better compounded of melancholy and cheerfulness to suit the average feelings of mortal men. There is a grave gaiety in these chants which I hear every morning and evening, and it is, I confess, not unpleasing. The new rites might have been worse from the beginning, and they are less dull now than they once were.

AMIENS. Well, I see that you are not so discontented after all. You English like to criticise yourselves, but you always end by making out that you are better off than any one else. It is an old habit of yours. You are cheerful and optimistic at bottom, though rather sad at top.

CANTERBURY. And you French are cheerful on the surface but deeply melancholy below. So perhaps if you hold straight on the old course you will have your children back some day after all.

AMIENS. It may be so; in any case I am now too old to change. Adieu, my dear—I hear far off down Channel the coming of a wind. In a minute or two we shall not be able to hear each other. Perhaps four hundred years hence there may be another night as still, and then we will again compare our experiences. Farewell, my sister!

CANTERBURY. Farewell! God be with you.

BERNARD HOLLAND.

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JOHN DYER

THE Temple of the Muses is full to overflowing. Every corner has its honoured name, every niche its statue; so that one is forced sometimes to ask where place is to be found for the poets of the future? Time, indeed, the great and beneficent destroyer, is for ever at his work, and, if we will but let him be, he will see to it that the old crumbles and leaves its place and honour to the new. But we do not let him be. Much that is best in us, old sacred loyalties and pieties, forbid it, and, in the greatest cases of all, things even more universal than they, our human instinct of self-preservation, and the spiritual hunger that will not part with the spiritual food in which it has found life and strength. Yet the obstructions we put in Time's way are not all matters of boasting. Johnson once said that an antiquarian was a rugged being: and how much of sheer barbarous uncouthness, of mere dull inelasticity of mind, goes to make up the conservatism that will not let old dead things die, and is for ever preferring embalmed mummies to living bodies? The little niche once occupied by some William Warner or Thomas Stanley is being, perhaps has long been, quietly emptied by the wise and kindly touch of Time; and much needed space is thus gained for those whom we must honour to-day, if literature is to be a live thing, and not a mere memory; but too often some foolish pedant in his officious vanity must needs put himself forward to refill the niche and restore the statue. Human memory is a very finite thing, and

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so is the space on human bookshelves; and if we are to find room for all, or a tenth part of all, such writers as the late learned and excellent Mr. Grosart thought worthy of enthusiastic reprint, we shall assuredly have no room for those who utter our own needs and speak our own language. There is no sadder sight in the way of a book than a five- or six-volume edition of some interminable poem by a minor Elizabethan or seventeenth-century writer. No human being will read it, one feels, but the editor and the printer's devil. Would it not have been kinder to let the poor bones be? Very few men find time to explore the rich garden of the "Fairy Queen": what can be more futile than to ask them to give a week or a month to the dreary thicket of some "Albion's England," or "Gondibert," or the quagmires of dulness offered by such a French poet, lately reprinted in many volumes, as Saint Gelais?

This disinterring, then, of the literary dead is, I cannot but think, not merely a folly, but a crime. And some people will think that to write about John Dyer at this time of day is something not very unlike it. To this I will not simply reply that Dyer was loved and praised by Wordsworth; though to be sure a poet who drew a grateful sonnet from Wordsworth is the possessor of a kind of glory which no living voice can either diminish or enhance. Few passports to the respect of posterity are more certain to remain legible than the written word of Wordsworth. But, after all, respect and nothing more is the whole of what a passport by itself can secure for the traveller who bears it. If he desires acquaintance, still more if he desires intimacy, he must win it by his own qualities. Can Dyer do that? Well, no one will pretend that the group that stands about him and listens to his voice on the ultimate hill of the Muses, if he ever gets there, will be one of the largest groups, or one of the most exalted. But no writer of verse who said a thing that was his own, and not what he heard from another man, that was true, having at least some real, if partial, relation to the universe of truth, and that was a thing

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it was the business of poetry to say, can possibly fail, however humble, to find his place and audience, however small and few, on that sacred hill. And such a man, in his simple way, was John Dyer.

Poets have too often been labelled as the authors of their most pretentious work. But to chain Dyer to "The Fleece" would be nearly as unfair as to chain Ronsard to the "Franciade." It contains, indeed, many very pleasant passages, and has a special interest at the present moment, as it shows a very clear and definite understanding, much to be envied by followers of Mr. Chamberlain, of the fact that foreign trade is an exchange of goods with goods, and that the more things, and the finer, we can get for our woollen goods the better it will be for us. But political economy, though an excellent thing, is, after all, not poetry, and as professors are for some reason treated with a fine scorn just now, it is hardly likely that poets will fare better. And outside this extrinsic merit, "The Fleece" is, in the main, merely one of the innumerable false great poems which the eighteenth century produced so freely, and, what is much more remarkable, read so willingly. There are very dull places in the "Georgics" of Virgil; and Dyer is not Virgil, nor can shepherds and the woollen manufacture give him a tithe of the opportunities the whole rural world gave Virgil. Yet of such chances as he has he often makes excellent use: as, for instance, in the address to the shepherd in the first book:

> Ah, gentle Shepherd! thine the lot to tend
> Of all that feel distress, the most assailed,
> Feeble, defenceless: lenient be thy care;
> But spread around thy tend'rest diligence
> In flow'ry spring-time, when the new-dropt lamb
> Tott'ring with weakness by his mother's side,
> Feels the fresh world about him, and each thorn,
> Hillock or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
> O guard his meek sweet innocence from all
> Th' innumerous ills that rush around his life:
> Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,

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Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake:
There the sly fox the careless minute waits.
Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky;
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
Eurus oft slings his hail: the tardy fields
Pay not their promised food: and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her, also turning; to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakest in thine arms
Gently convey to the warm cot: and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk;
In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in sport.
Nor yield him to himself ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers
Nor yet forget him; life has rising ills:
Various as ether is the pastoral care;
Through slow experience, by a patient breast,
The whole long lesson gradual is attained
By precept after precept, oft received
With deep attention: such as Nuceus sings
To the full vale near Soar's enamoured brook,
While all is silence: sweet Hinclean swain!
Whom rude obscurity severely clasps.
The Muse howe'er will deck thy simple cell
With purple violets and primrose flowers,
Well pleased thy faithful lessons to repay.

It is all rather heavy in gait, if you will, afflicted with endless semicolons and dulled by half lines of muddy padding where the Muse's step is lost to hearing altogether. But in its quiet observation of good detail, and in its entire sincerity, it is not far behind the sort of work which was to be so popular when it came from Cowper two generations later. Nor does it want more than one perfect touch of Cowper's great gift of tenderness. What could be better than that charming picture of the lamb, which

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Tott'ring with weakness by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him ?

Of that last delicious touch in particular no greatest poet that has ever lived would have been disdainful. Indeed, to feel the fresh world about one, and be able to put the feeling into words, is just what it is to be a poet. And so, weighted as he may be by his unlucky choice of subject, Dyer is never very long without lightening up his path by bits of genuine poetry. Now it is a pleasing episode like "Anson's Voyage," or "The Trader's Journey from Petersburg to Pekin." Now it is a line or two of description, which he will sometimes do excellently, as of the

Calms that oft lie on those smooth seas
While every zephyr sleeps: then the shrouds drop;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,
Fused in the fire; or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide.

Or it is two or three lines, where the delight he feels in Nature compels him to a delightfulness of verse which is above his common measure: as of the desolate tracks of Asia in whose

Rough bewildered vales
The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,
And silver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.

For the rest, "The Fleece" has its antiquarian interest. The poet, unlike some of his greatest successors, calls for "Houses of Labour" for the idle poor; one wonders how Wordsworth forgave him that. And he is more enthusiastic than Wordsworth would have been over the prospects of a Trent and Severn Canal, and even looks forward to that of Panama. Again, he is all in favour of enclosures! Evidently it is not for nothing that one is a poet of political economy. Few, at any rate, will be able in our day to share his distant prospect of Leeds, whose "ruddy roofs and chimney tops" appear to

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his poetic vision to be "upwafting to the clouds, The incense of thanksgiving!" It is curious, too, in our day to read of Norwich and Frome as sharing the woollen trade with Leeds, and to find the whole business carried on by pack-horses.

But if Dyer had written nothing but "The Fleece," he would perhaps have been altogether forgotten, and there would have been no reprint of him, as there has just been, in the year 1903. It is a harmless little book, one of a series called the Welsh Library, handy for the pocket, as poets should be, and agreeable enough to look at. But its introduction is perfunctory, and its editing indifferent. The least critical and laziest of readers cannot fail to be annoyed by its careless misprints. Still, he who has nothing must take what he can get, and do his best to be thankful. If Mr. Thomas is not an ideal editor, at least he has put it in our power to possess Dyer's work, if we choose, a thing by no means necessarily in our power before. And that is a real service done, because there are two poems in the book which ought to have readers as long as there are people who love country sights and sounds, and whose pulses beat a little faster and happier on a hill-top than they commonly can in a drawing-room, or on an omnibus. They are, of course, "Grongar Hill" and "The Country Walk," two little pieces with not much more than three hundred lines between them. But they are enough, it seems to me, to justify us, and more than justify us, in thinking that Dyer's little niche in Fame's Temple is one of those that ought not to be left empty just yet. It was they that gained him the praise of one who, if not so great a poet as Wordsworth, was certainly a finer critic. "The Fleece" was not printed till 1757, and it was some years before that that Gray wrote to Horace Walpole: "Mr. Dyer (here you will despise me highly) has more of poetry in his imagination than almost any of our number; but rough and injudicious." That is precisely the point. Dyer has much more "poetry in his imagination," or, if we prefer it, imagination in his poetry, than the generality of poets had when "Grongar Hill" appeared. That was in

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the year 1726, when Pope was busy with the "Dunciad," and the brilliant verse of which "the town" was the centre and inspiration had still a long ascendency before it. Gray, one of the first men who felt the awe and wonder of the mountains, must have been one of the first to recognise that Dyer had felt it too, though more, perhaps, of the delight than of the awe. And no one knew better than he that to feel that is the way to produce poetry of a different order to the "Dunciad." And so he must have been aware of a very kindred spirit at once when he read the opening lines of "Grongar Hill."

Silent Nymph! with curious eye
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky.
Grongar Hill invites my song;
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar in whose silent shade
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill
Sat upon a flowery bed
With my hand beneath my head,
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

It is the mood, though no doubt not the poet, of "Il Penseroso"; the mood in which Gray passed his life. And the moral when it comes is just Gray's moral; almost the oldest

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of all, yet never so old as not to be able to be also new, when a poet pleases. We pass from the

> Long and level lawn
> On which a dark hill, steep and high,
> Holds and charms the wand'ring eye,

a true poet's line if there ever was one, to the ancient towers which crown it with their ruins:

> 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode
> 'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
> . . . .
> Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
> And level lays the lofty brow,
> Has seen this broken pile compleat,
> Big with the vanity of state.
> But transient is the smile of Fate!
> A little rule, a little sway,
> A sunbeam in a winter's day,
> Is all the proud and mighty have
> Between the cradle and the grave.

Who but John Dyer felt, thought, or wrote like this in the year 1726? Gray might well pick him out among the poetic company. The writer of these lines is a priest of the true faith, and there is no doubt whatever about the validity of his orders.

But Dyer has one mood at least which Gray never knew—and it is one every poet ought to know—the mood of exultation. He is pensive enough at times, but on the right day, which is a spring day, and in the right place, which for him is the top of a Welsh hill, he will scarce contain himself for the joy of being alive.

> Now ev'n now, my joys run high,
> As on the mountain turf I lie;
> While the wanton Zephyr sings,
> And in the vale perfumes his wings;
> While the waters murmur deep;
> While the shepherd charms his sheep:
> While the birds unbounded fly;
> Now, ev'n now, my joys run high!

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Be full, ye Courts! be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain ye search, she is not there,
In vain ye search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side,
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

If there is anybody left who likes walking, he may be told that Grongar is a very pleasant place of pilgrimage. It is a few miles away from Carmarthen, where there is an excellent inn of the old sort—the "Ivy Bush"—with a garden overlooking the Towy. The climb is very easy, through lanes and fields, and the view from the top is a glorious one, though no one must expect to see from it all that Dyer saw, unless like Dyer he has been a landscape painter and is a poet. I, at least, saw no very naked rocks, no fountains, no "domes," except perhaps Golden Grove where Jeremy Taylor lived with Lord Carbery, and only one ruined castle. But one is high enough up to get that exhilarating sense of being in a heaven above the works and ways of men, and yet the eye sees enough of earth for the imagination to call up for herself the vision of the whole. And when a poet has been there before us, one is soon in the mood in which it is a delight to notice

How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadow cross the eye!

and to watch

the rivers how they run
Thro' woods and meads in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, and sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep.

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The other little poem, "The Country Walk," is in much the same vein and belongs to Grongar too. Who does not delight in finding his own sensations on some early autumn morning put into such pretty verse as this:

> And now into the fields I go
> Where thousand flaming flowers glow,
> And every neighb'ring hedge I greet
> With honeysuckles smelling sweet.
> Now o'er the daisy meads I stray
> And meet with, as I pace my way,
> Sweetly shining on the eye,
> A riv'let gliding smoothly by,
> Which shows with what an easy tide
> The moments of the happy glide.

Dyer makes no pretence to being a very profound person; but every poet must needs be a philosopher of some sort, conscious or unconscious; and even if he enters into the kingdom of philosophy as a little child, still, by the bare fact of being a poet, and perceiving, as poets must, the hidden affinities of things, he cannot but bring us some word or whisper of the deepest truth of all philosophy. For surely the answering joy with which he, more than the rest of us and on behalf of all, goes out to meet the beauty of the world about him, is not the least persuasive witness to the secret unity of all creation. There is no true poet but has taken some part somewhere in that witness and no true lover of poetry who has not sometimes felt its power. Poets are, in one sense, only lookers-on at life; but as, some thinkers tell us, the universe could have no existence if there were no Mind to perceive it, so, in a humbler way, life would lose half its significance without the poetic looker-on. His eye, watching the eternal stream of motion and change, has the peculiar power of arresting that on which it fixes its gaze, and crystallising it not for a moment but for ever. *Manet aeternumque manebit* may be said of all that he takes for his own. Not only the great transactions of life, but the very smallest and simplest can receive this transforming touch:

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> And there behold a bloomy mead,
> A silver stream, a willow shade,
> Beneath the shade a fisher stand,
> Who with the angle in his hand
> Swings the nibbling fry to land.

What human action can be more entirely unimportant than the angler's? So we ask as we see him from the window of a railway carriage. But the poet sees more, and, though he be not the greatest of his company, we have but to read his five simple lines to have a new sympathy with this ancient meditative occupation, and rejoice in it as a kind of symbol of the quintessence of coolness and silence and peace. Facts by themselves are nothing for poetry, however big they may be for history or practice; but the man, who in this way, in greater or less measure, can make us catch some glimpse of what lies behind the facts, he is the man who has invested the insignificant with significance and done the work of poetry. It is because Dyer does quite genuinely, if most modestly, accomplish this, that I think he has a right to ask to escape forgetfulness, even now, when he has been a hundred and fifty years dead.

JOHN C. BAILEY.

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FREDERICK YORK POWELL

THE intimate sorrow which is brought by the sudden final loss of a close friendship needs no public expression and expects no public understanding. But when the friend was one whose influence on others may be measured by the gap his death has left in a great university, in the scholarship of national research, in the wide world's small stock of kindly and courageous optimism, then perhaps some slight record of the beloved dead may be welcome to the many who knew his name, to those, more numerous still, who are the better for his life, though they knew nothing of their benefactor.

Frederick York Powell, born but fifty-four years ago, was one of those men whose strength and youth seemed an eternal attribute of nature's vital store rather than the accident of time and personality. He was admitted, as it were, into the secrets of a larger universe that asked his approbation of her works and her variety. Firm set on the broad shoulders that had won him many a battle in the ring, his well-poised head looked out upon the world without dismay, and saw that it was good. The colouring of his face was ruddy beneath the lightly waving hair that seemed ever stirred by some sea breeze from Northern fiords. His eyes, dark, deep, and brilliant, wondrously kind in their expression, shone not with reflected radiance but as though some strong light were aglow behind them. Thick set with the wide-wrapped, rolling gait of the seafaring man, that cheery figure moved along the High, or made incursions into

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London streets, or stamped, alight with plangent happiness, across the sandhills of his favourite seaport. To walk with him through Town was to be at adventure with Haroun al Raschid through enchanted cities questing for treasure, tracking down strange sights and outland memories. The very shops, that glared in huddled vacancy before, now shone with a warm promise of far-off romance: each held its history of derring-do, its gem of craftsmanship, its hardihood of merchantmen and markets overseas: each might have stored the very bales Elizabethan galleons had brought home from Drake's or Raleigh's voyages to the isles of Faery or the fastnesses of Ind. To the tune of "Reuben Ranzo," rumbled lustily without a note in tune, we would swing from door to door; for he loved a Chantey above all other songs, and never shall the day be forgotten when "The Ballad of Bolivar," just published in an evening paper, was read out by that strong, musical voice in a carriage of the Underground, while the tunnels thundered past us like the seas of the Atlantic that battered on her breaking decks. And so, in good time, the home fireside in Chiswick welcomed us, where the quaint daintinesses of Eastern art, or the stark, forthright swordsmanship of the fierce warriors of old Japan, looked down from every wall that echoed to the hale, deep-chested merriment of a man who loved to laugh. And then to dinner—great bowls of rice, for fish was ever the anathema, vast salads with a twang of garlic, beef and beer, and many a pipe of ship's tobacco afterwards.

All this flavour of the brine was no luxurious yachtsman's affectation. It was the nature of the man, who lived in dusty streets, and brought to them the scent and sound of all the open seas he loved as well as any Viking. His own Brynhilda, too, he had, tall, and with long gold-red chestnut hair, like any maiden's in the Sagas of the North, the daughter who held so much of that deep heart of his, yet left so much for all the friends he welcomed. To see her, some ten years ago, gravely seated at his table in the Christchurch rooms, dis-

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pensing wondrous jellies and meringues from Christchurch kitchens, was one of the best sights in Oxford. Himself, hard put to it to find space among the overflowing books for so much company, would be moving great piles of manuscript from table to chair, from chair to window-seat, from window-seat to floor. He had that gracious charm of natural courtesy to every woman which grows so out of fashion in our hurrying times, and which went so well with the frank laughter of his moods to men, the outspoken vehemence of his detestation of a rogue. To stay the night with him in college was a revelation. Your bed itself would probably be full of books, the bath be brimming with Icelandic chronicles and Saxon treatises, the wardrobe choked with weapons, walking-sticks, and maps. His servant, happy in that historic chaos, would hastily appear at every moment, bringing up fresh forms of food and drink, hunting for cap and gown, waiting interminably for a delayed reply, struggling to be decorous in his rough affection. That strange figure, too, has gone, these many years. There was another that comes back to me: a politician-chimneysweep. You heard a halting step upon the stair, and in walked that strange comrade of debate, full of his news of the great reforms to come, and settling hastily his forelock on a brow fevered by too high matters. He is gone too. Upon the mantelpiece was the first Rodin that ever came—with one for Henley—across the Channel—the man with the broken nose. Beside it was Williamson's picture of the young Valkyrie, her long hair glowing in the dappled sunshine beneath a leafy branch. Just round the corner were some mystic fantasies by Blake; beyond them an engraving by Legros. That the central figure of this affectionate and scholarly disorder has himself for ever vanished—this is the incredible to all who shall wander, this month of happiness, past the ancient elms that shaded his corner windows on the great walk that looks down upon the Thames.

But Frederick York Powell was not only the Rugby boy, the boxer, the lover of good swordsmanship, who befriended

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the young undergraduate, the struggling journalist, the hard-worked Londoner. He was Student of Christchurch, Fellow of Oriel, and Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford for the past ten years. He held a great part in his university, and he held it worthily. Full of the broadest sympathies for every form of honourable energy, for every phase of honest life, he seemed to hold the wheel of Time at will. To know him was to bow to all the great ones of the centuries he knew. To hear him speak of them was little less than listening to their measured phrases, as they communed, those mighty masters of the past, with the kindred soul they recognised above the dust and squalor of our lesser day. Himself a rock amid the changing tides of circumstance and storm, he held fast to the truths he knew, to the loyalty and generous trust that was his breath of life. Yet he was never conscious of that high endeavour; never asserted that himself was worthy. Though he was ready to speak with any man, there was never one but learnt something from him, never one returned without giving of his best, without a braver hope, a nobler sense of possible achievement. In this especially was Frederick York Powell a light in a dark place. For he was quick to see the good intention; slow to find the fault that sprang so easily to others' eyes. He scorned to cloister his meditations in the narrow darkness of a room, but sent them abroad with his eyes; and his brain travelled with his feet. Never a specialist, even in that domain of letters he had made his own, he seemed better equipped than any special student in whatever subject a chance conversation might evoke. Confining himself to no narrow paths, and ever ready to absorb fresh interests, he touched no subject that he did not enrich from the stores of a great learning widely garnered, a learning so readily at the disposal of all who cared to ask for it that he has left comparatively few personal traces from the hand that gathered harvest for the general. But it is not in books that a man's word may be most fitly sought. In the lives of all those many shortlived generations of undergraduates with whom he came in contact

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he has scattered broadcast a seed that shall bring flowers for many a year to come.

He was no lecturer, no fluent public speaker, no pedant, and no Don; for his discourse was substance and not rhetoric, and he uttered more things than words. He never "humbled his meditations to the industry of compliment, nor afflicted his brains in an elaborate leg." But he talked to two or three as few have ever spoken. He was an influence embodied rather than a university official. So we may find many another Regius Professor of Modern History, but never another York Powell will hold the chair that he adorned.

Both in the studies with which his name was officially connected, and in the university life he shared, there are tendencies now obvious which emphasise his loss. His love for France has been indeed mentioned of late. But what it really meant has not been realised. It was the French attitude to research and to the artistry of life that attracted him so deeply. He knew what a few must still deplore: that in no other country but France can a real school of accurate historical research be said to exist at all. The system of the Ecole des Chartes, the course of study it prescribes, even the mechanical details recommended for its students in the gathering and preservation of their notes, are all in their way unique. Those who have visited the provincial libraries of France, or have perused the noble series of volumes in which the archives of Paris are being gradually reproduced in print, will perhaps realise what York Powell knew and felt. It was mainly at his instigation that the first English student who ever benefited by the instruction of the Ecole des Chartes in Paris entered for one of the newly instituted research fellowships at Oxford, and "put in" nothing but the proof-sheets of a historical essay which was subsequently published.

Examinations were not the goal of York Powell's efforts, nor by their results did he judge the real worth of pupils who went in for them. He believed strongly in those old ideals of culture and association which will be sensibly weakened by his

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death, and seem likely to grow weaker with every coming year. Oriel can claim Cecil Rhodes as well as York Powell in the long and honourable list upon her books. But it was certainly never the wish of the great South African that the Oxford he knew and loved should be changed by the new ideals of those new students he had determined to send to her; he hoped that they would benefit by a state of things which had begun to disappear even before his memorable bequest had shaped itself within his fertile brain. Many things have conspired together to assist that deterioration. Froude once told York Powell that when he was a young man at Oxford the sporting undergraduate was distinguished by two forms of amusement only: on Sundays he walked down the High in a frock coat and top hat, with a large bunch of gold seals and a long gold chain; on other days he hunted. Even before Froude died the change had come. He complained of the "mere naked boys" who hurried past St. Mary's to what he called "the lunacy of football." Yet in his day, and even in quite recent years, matriculation magically changed the public school boy into a university man. Now, this same youth remains a boy, enjoying the advantages of losing what little innocence a school had left him without incurring the burden either of culture or of responsibility at Oxford. This is not wholly explained by the amazing interpretation apparently given by some modern university authorities to the trust that has been handed down to them for others; by the efforts, which would be ludicrous were they not so tragic, to make Oxford a school for business men, and to fill its quiet pleasaunces with ignorant and ill-assorted herds of discontented triflers. The change is due as much to the misguided undergraduate as to the well-meaning Don. The mere fact of juvenility in time is nothing. The realisation of what manhood means is all. His hobbledehoy attitude towards life has neither the grace of the flower nor the savour of the fruit, and it is reflected in well-nigh every circumstance of his undergraduate career.

The modern Don is no longer the stern, unbending autocrat,

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who knew when to shut his eyes and loved his old port as much as he resisted unseemly innovations. Now he is a teetotaler, a bicyclist, an ardent apostle of collegiate reform, whose battle-cry is University Extension, whose ideal is steady incomes, who apparently prefers superior plumbers and high-grade engineers to any scholarship for which "the age has no demand," and evidently desires to turn all Oxford's old influences for cultured good into a noisy encyclopædia on the instalment system for the profit of "the practical middle-classes." More than twenty years ago a warning note was sounded: "So far as you come to Oxford in order to get your living out of her, you are ruining both Oxford and yourselves. Much of the enlargement, though none of the defacement, of old Oxford is owing to the real life and the honest seeking of extended knowledge. But more is owing to the supposed money-value of that knowledge, and exactly so far forth her enlargement is purely injurious to the university and to her scholars." The rhetoric of this appeal has partly obscured the great truth that underlies it. But what do we see now?

His educational system altered, his pastimes either over-specialised in one direction or thoroughly emasculated in another, his authorities wholly uncertain by what road to guide him—the modern undergraduate seems in a parlous state indeed. He is not yet lost. We need never despair of the Republic of Youth even in the Home of Lost Causes. But he would do well to remember the lessons of the life that has just passed away from the university and left the world the poorer; he would do well not to forget the words of that other dead professor, whom I have already quoted: "Your youthful days in this place are to you the dipping of your feet in the brim of the river which is to be manfully stemmed by you all your days; not drifted with nor toyed upon. Fallen leaves enough it is strewn with, of the flowers of the forest; moraine enough it bears of the ruin of the brave. Your task is to cross it . . . on the other side is the Promised Land, the Land of the Leal."

In days when the popular note of criticism is disparage-

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ment, when the fashionable attitude to life is that of satiety, when facile condemnation is the mode, and an ungenerous disdain more common than discerning praise, the value of so kind a heart, so bounteous an intellect as York Powell's, was beyond estimate. While grief still clogs the channels of utterance, it is difficult to express all that he meant to those who loved him. In their hearts his place was sure. But in the wider memory of his countrymen that place is no less certain, though its trace be less visible. He lives in every good deed and every good thought that sprang from the influence he wielded so unconsciously, so effectively. He lives in many a man's endeavour, which he first encouraged from its maimed beginnings to a firmer, stronger growth. While charity of heart and honesty of purpose are valued among Englishmen, while scholarship and sympathetic insight are honoured in the various spheres of literary labour, the reputation and the name of Frederick York Powell will never be forgotten; for the world was his university, and the same his book and study; and having seen much, he has but now gone where he shall learn more.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

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TWO SONNETS

I

TO THE PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

SINCE now from woodland mist and flooded clay
I am fled beside the steep Devonian shore,
Nor stand for welcome at your gothic door,
'Neath the fair tower of Magdalen and May,
Such tribute, Warren, as fond poets pay
For generous esteem, I write, not more
Enhearten'd than my need is, reckoning o'er
My life-long wanderings on the heavenly way:

But well-befriended we become good friends,
Well-honour'd honourable; and all attain
Somewhat by fathering what fortune sends.
I bid your presidency a long reign,
True friend; and may your praise to greater ends
Aid better men than I, nor me in vain.

Nov. 1903

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II

TO JOSEPH JOACHIM [1]

BELOV'D of all to whom that Muse is dear
Who hid her spirit of rapture from the Greek,
Whereby our art excelleth the antique,
Perfecting formal beauty to the ear;
Thou that hast been in England many a year
The interpreter who left us nought to seek,
Making Beethoven's inmost passion speak,
Bringing the soul of great Sebastian near;

Their music liveth ever, and 'tis just
That thou, good Joachim, so high thy skill,
Rank (as thou shalt upon the heavenly hill)
Laurel'd with them, for thy ennobling trust
Remember'd when thy loving hand is still
And every ear that heard thee stopt with dust.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

May 1904.

[1] Mr. Bridges' sonnet was written quite independently of Dr. Joachim's jubilee which was recently celebrated in the Queen's Hall; but having been printed with the programme of the music on that occasion, it has been reproduced in the daily Press since it was set up by our printers. Our readers will pardon us if, in our desire not to be deprived of our share in the compliment to Dr. Joachim, we break a rule and offer them for once what they may have seen elsewhere.—EDITOR.

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THACKERAY'S BOYHOOD

THACKERAY'S great-grandfather was Dr. Thomas Thackeray, head-master of Harrow School. His grandfather, William Makepeace Thackeray, who was the youngest of sixteen children, went to India, and realised an independence in the Civil Service of the East India Company. Richmond, the second son of William Makepeace, and the father of our Thackeray, was also in the same service, and he married Anne Becher, whose father again was one of the company's servants. The Indian element had a large place in Thackeray's nearest ancestry and connections. He himself was born in Calcutta, July 18, 1811, when his mother was only nineteen. His father's married life was brief. He died in 1816, at the age of thirty-five, and left no other child besides our William Makepeace. A "make-bate" was a term in frequent use for a promoter of strife from the early part of the sixteenth century to the early part of the eighteenth. "This sort of outrageous party writers are like a couple of make-bates who inflame small quarrels by a thousand stories," says Swift in the *Examiner*. The corresponding term, "a make-peace," was less common, but Shakespeare puts it into the mouth of John of Gaunt in Richard II., "To be a make-peace shall become my age." We are not told how the honourable distinction originated in the Thackeray family. Whatever may be its history, the elders set some store by the name, or they would not have perpetuated it.

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In 1817, at the age of six or thereabouts, William Makepeace was sent to England. Writing from America,[1] Easter Sunday, 1856, on board the *Thomas Small*, a Mississippi steamer, he says:

> I have been up the Alabama River three and a half days—say 600 miles—and now up the Mississippi near 1000, and in my life have seen nothing more dreary and funereal than these streams. The nature and the people oppress me, and are repugnant to me. I had the keenest pleasure in the lonely beauty of the Nile, and the generous Rhône charmed me, and my native Ganges I remember quite well, and the *sense* of it as being quite friendly and beautiful; but I go out forward[2] and the view gives me pain, and I come back. I don't like that great, fierce, strong, impetuous ugliness.

Most grown-up persons have stray memories reaching backwards to six years old and earlier, though they may not always be able to date them. What is noticeable in Thackeray's recollection of his "native Gunga" is his testimony that it was more than an outward appearance to him, and that he had even then a *sense*[3] of its friendliness as a distinctive endowment. Disliking commonplace talk about scenery, he had a quick eye for its endless glories, and every form of it which touched him deeply carried with it impressions that belonged to a world not earthy or material.

A sister of Thackeray's father had a son, Richmond Shakespeare, afterwards Sir Richmond, and distinguished for his military services in India. "We had been little friends and playmates," says Thackeray, "from the time of our birth," and they now went to England in the same vessel. Their mothers remaining in India, the two cousins were domiciled at first with their aunt, Mrs. Ritchie, another sister of Thackeray's father, and at the next move, when he was "a tender little thing, just put into short clothes," his first serious, that is, first protracted, sorrows began:

> We Indian children were consigned to a school of which our deluded parents had heard a favourable report, but which was governed by a horrible little

[1] To the writer, Whitwell Elwin. [2] That is, on the deck of the steamer.
[3] He himself had underscored the word.

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tyrant, who made our young lives so miserable that I remember kneeling by my little bed of a night, and saying: "Pray God, I may dream of my mother!"[1]

In another passage he gives a list of the comforts he enjoyed, independent of lessons, at that "dreadful place": "cold, chilblains, bad dinners, not enough victuals, and caning awful!"[2] After four years of this preparatory training, he was transferred, in January 1822, to the Charterhouse, at the age of ten and a half, and remained there till the close of his school-days in 1828.

At the Charterhouse we begin to learn something of his disposition. In a letter written in answer to the inquiries of Anthony Trollope, George Venables says that on his arrival at the school he was gentle, sensitive, and rather timid, and that neither the games nor the studies of the place were congenial to him. He had not much skill in the first and kept aloof from them, and he remained backward to the end in the compulsory tasks of the second. Not mixing with his fellows in the playground, his associates were necessarily few, but he was popular, says Mr. Venables, with the boys who knew him.[3] Of these traits, the timidity, if it means more than shyness, had entirely disappeared in after years. His courage, moral and physical, was complete. At the date of his entering the Charterhouse he might easily have been cowed by the ill-usage he underwent from the savage tyrant of his former school.

His general temperament in manhood would have led to the inference that in youth he must have relished boyish sports, and that he disregarded them may have been owing to his having discovered a more fascinating diversion than play:

As some bells in a church hard by [he wrote in 1862] are making a great holiday clanging in the summer afternoon, I am reminded somehow of a July

[1] "Roundabout Papers"—"On Letts's Diary."

[2] *Ibid.*—"On being Found Out."

[3] Trollope's "Life of Thackeray," p. 4.

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day, a garden, and a great clanging of bells years and years ago, on the very day when George IV. was crowned. I remember a little boy lying in that garden reading his first novel. It was called "The Scottish Chiefs."[1]

The coronation was on July 19, 1821, the day after Thackeray had completed his tenth year, and six months before he began his Charterhouse career. At the close of his essay we learn the extreme fascination the new holiday employment had for him:

Of these books I have been a diligent student from those early days. Oh, delightful novels, well remembered! Oh, novels, sweet and delicious as the raspberry open-tarts of budding boyhood! Do I forget one night after prayers—when we under-boys were sent to bed—lingering at my cupboard to read one little half-page more of my dear Walter Scott—and down came the monitor's dictionary upon my head?

There is another vision of his school-days in the essay "De Juventute," and the story is the same:

What is that I see? A boy—a boy in a jacket. He is at a desk; he has great books before him—Latin and Greek books and dictionaries. Yes, but behind the great books, which he pretends to read, is a little one, with pictures, which he is really reading. It is—yes, I can read now—it is the "Heart of Midlothian," by the author of "Waverley"—or, no, it is "Life in London; or the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn, and their friend Bob Logic," by Pierce Egan; and it has pictures—oh, such funny pictures! As he reads, there comes behind the boy a man, a dervish, in a black gown, like a woman, and a black square cap, and he has a book in each hand, and he seises the boy who is reading the picture-book, and lays his head upon one of his books, and smacks it with the other. The boy makes faces, and so that picture disappears.

The forbidden fruit which, in his impatience, he devoured by stealth, would not have been less entrancing to him when lessons were over, and he could feast by the hour undisturbed. "Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, I have loved thee faithfully for forty years!" And at the age of twelve, when first he became acquainted with her, we may believe that he loved her better than a game at ball.

To have had no great aptitude for acquiring Greek and

[1] "Roundabout Papers"—"On a Peal of Bells."

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Latin is only what happens to the vast majority of boys. Few get far enough to read the books in either with facility, and the many who do not, commonly forget most of the little they knew, and the last examination at school or college over, they rarely open a classical author for the rest of their lives. Greek and Latin remain substantially dead languages to them. There is not any need of witnesses to Thackeray's dislike of Charterhouse studies. He has related his own experience:

> When I think [he says] of that Latin grammar, and that infernal *as is præsenti*, and of other things which I was made to learn in my youth, upon my conscience, I am surprised that we ever survived it. When we think of the boys who have been caned because they could not master that intolerable jargon! What a pitiful chorus these poor little creatures send up![1]

In his "Journey to Cairo," when he comes in sight of the shores of Greece, he pleads his school associations to excuse his want of classical enthusiasm. "I was made so miserable in youth by a classical education that all connected with it is disagreeable in my eyes; and I have the same recollection of Greek in youth that I have of castor oil." He dwells upon the blows, objurgations, and jeers with which masters assailed pupils who had not a vocation for that particular species of scholarship, and declares that his ten years at his two schools were "years of infernal misery, tyranny, and annoyance."[2] Quick intellects are often more averse than slow to the drudgery which must be endured before the beauties of classical literature can be reached, and every school will bear out Thackeray's experience that the abilities of boys are not to be measured by their progress in Greek and Latin. "I have always," he says, "had a respect for dunces," dunces here including youths, however gifted, who were not expert in the technicalities of grammar.

> Those of my own school-days were among the pleasantest of fellows, and have turned out by no means the dullest in life; whereas many a youth who could turn off Latin hexameters by the yard, and construe Greek quite glibly,

[1] "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends"—"A Hopeless Case."

[2] "A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," chap. v., "Athens."

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is no better than a feeble prig now, and with not a pennyworth more brains than were in his head before his beard grew.[1]

The plodding youths who had no after-growth fed on the husks which enveloped the kernel, a diet as distasteful to Thackeray's mind as the castor oil was to his palate.

Genius can owe but an insignificant portion of its prerogatives to the formal lessons of tutors. Thackeray, like the rest of his order, was self-taught, and his real education was carried on out of school hours, through his diligent study of his favourite authors. It was with him as with Arthur Pendennis. "He had a natural taste for reading every kind of book which did not fall into his school course. It was only when they forced his head into the waters of knowledge that he refused to drink." But in his modest estimate of himself he seems to have underrated his classical acquirements, for he had a serviceable acquaintance with Latin, and retained snatches of his Greek; and he was probably more indebted to his irksome tasks at what he called the "Slaughter House School, near Smithfield" than he imagined when he said, in the ironical strain which was common with him, "It was there that your humble servant had the honour of acquiring, after six years' labour, that immense fund of classical knowledge which in after life has been so exceedingly useful to him."[2] Except that he did not advance beyond the first rudiments of Greek, and "forgot the very letters of the alphabet" in his manhood, the general education of Walter Scott was identical with that of Thackeray. He obtained a rough knowledge of Latin at school, and was indebted for the rest of his early attainments to the avidity with which he read English books for his amusement, "especially works of fiction of every kind, which," says he, "were my supreme delight." His own novels in turn became splendid school-books to hundreds of boys who have left no memorial of their influence. He, and

[1] "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends."

[2] "Men's Wives"—"Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry," chap. i.

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not Dr. Russell, was Thackeray's head-master at the Charterhouse.

The gentleness which Mr. Venables ascribes to Thackeray in boyhood stayed with him to the end. It was shown in his placid and easy manner, in a voice sweet and subdued yet manly, in his winning smile, his greeting of mingled quietness and cordiality. But chiefly it was conspicuous in his bearing to women, in his loving-kindness to children, in his benevolence to all who were helpless, forlorn, indigent, and afflicted, in his ceaseless desire to promote happiness and assuage sorrow. Anthony Trollope, writing of him after his death, says:

> I had known him only for four years, but had grown into much intimacy with him and his family. I regard him as one of the most tender-hearted human beings I ever knew, who, with an exggerated contempt for the foibles of the world at large, would entertain an almost equally exaggerated sympathy with the joys and troubles of individuals around him.[1]

Time had not hardened him. The acuteness of his early sensibility, the basis and soul of the gentleness, may be estimated from his scattered reminiscences of his boyhood. "O Scottish chiefs, didn't we weep over you!" "I never read quite to the end. I couldn't. I peeped in an alarmed furtive manner at some of the closing pages. . . . But I repeat, I could not read the end of that dear, delightful book for crying. Good heavens! it was as sad, as sad as going back to school."[2] The novels of his beloved Scott which wound up mournfully begot in him a sorrow that kept him from ever looking into them again. "I have never dared to read 'The Pirate' and 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' or 'Kenilworth,' from that day to this, because the finale is unhappy, and people die, and are murdered at the end."[3] And it was because he was tender-hearted that he was sensitive. A mind so quick to comprehend the griefs of others could not be indifferent to the barbarities from which he smarted:

[1] "Autobiography," vol. i. p. 246.

[2] "Roundabout Papers"—"De Juventute" and "On a Peal of Bells."

[3] *Ibid.*—"De Juventute."

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> As for that first night at school—hard bed, hard words, strange boys bullying, and laughing, and jeering you with their hateful merriment—as for the first night at a strange school, we most of us remember what *that* is. And the first is not the *worst*, my boys; there's the rub.[1]

Without a particle of malice, schoolboys are, or used to be, cruel, and had a special enjoyment in the misery of novices. The shock the rude treatment was to their victims added zest to the sport, and gentle spirits were subjected to the double torture which arose from the keenness of their sensations, and the motive it furnished for tormentors to repeat the provocations. It is sometimes said that the callous are happily preserved from many sufferings, and it is forgotten how many they inflict. Coarse language and coarse usages, not intended to wound, continued when direct brutalities had ceased, and were odious to all who had not lost their reverence for the sanctities and refinements of home. The sensitiveness here was not an infirmity but a virtue.

The gibes of schoolmasters at mistakes committed during lesson-time were as bitter to Thackeray's feelings as the taunts and scurrilities of schoolfellows. The language in which he deprecated the practice tells how acutely he suffered from it:

> Do not laugh at him writhing, and cause all the other boys to laugh. Remember your own young days at school, my friend—the tingling cheeks, burning ears, bursting heart, and passion of desperate tears, with which you looked up, after having performed some blunder, whilst the doctor held you up to public scorn before the class, and cracked his great clumsy jokes upon you, helpless and a prisoner! Better the block itself, and the lictors, with their faces of birch twigs, than the maddening torture of those jokes.[2]

Wit and humour are gifts bestowed upon few. Manufactured jokes are little more than a mechanic art, and may be produced by any one who chooses to serve an apprenticeship to the trade. Sheets of this manufacture are printed weekly. Public assemblies will laugh at any fooling, however feeble, and thus beguile the performer into the belief that he belongs

[1] "Roundabout Papers"—"On Two Children in Black."
[2] *Ibid.*—"Thorns in the Cushion."

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to the order of wits instead of to the infinitely lower order of wags, or it would be difficult to understand the passion of many judges, barristers, members of Parliament, and schoolmasters for appearing in a character which exalts no one. Clergymen have not always been superior to the temptation, and the very pulpit has been profaned by the poor ambition to raise a laugh. Schoolmasters should at least disdain the customary tribute their scholars pay to their jokes and sarcasms, for more often than not it is a "counterfeited glee."[1] To be vexed at uncouth railleries, and the servile laugh which followed, was perhaps the ingredient in Thackeray's sensitiveness which it would have been good for him to stifle if he could have changed his nature at will.

At the age of sixteen Thackeray had obtained some reputation with his schoolfellows by his humorous verses. "I only remember," writes Mr. Venables in his letter to Anthony Trollope, "that they were good of their kind." Of the fragments which have been printed it would be more exact to say that they were good of their kind for a boy. His partiality for the kind was an abiding taste, and so easily did he produce them in later years that in conversation he would sometimes turn suddenly from prose to verse, and improvise his grotesque doggerel with unbroken fluency.

There was a project for starting a Charterhouse magazine, and Thackeray's facetious rhymes were to appear in it. A monthly magazine, the *Etonian*, had been set up at Eton in October 1820, and ended in July 1821. The local credit it gained for its authors, and particularly for Mackworth Praed, who was the principal contributor, may have prompted the Charterhouse scheme, which did not take effect. The *Etonian*,

[1] Mr. Chip, the second master at Slaughter House School, meets Biggs with his face cut and bloody from blows received in a fight. "Hollos, Mr. Biggs," said he, "I suppose you have run against a finger-post." That was the regular joke with us at school, and you may be sure we all laughed heartily, as we always did when Mr. Chip made a joke, or anything like a joke.—"Men's Wives"—"Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry."

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from its brief existence, was more a warning than an encouragement. So was the *Microcosm*, another Eton magazine, in which George Canning displayed his precocious talents while a boy not yet sixteen. It only lasted from November 1786 to August 1787. Both *Microcosm* and *Etonian* died at ten months old. All periodicals conducted by schoolboys are short-lived. Such unripe fruit is not fit for market. Juvenile attempts at authorship, excellent for practice, should be treated like other school exercises. The interest we have in the scheme for a Charterhouse magazine, with Thackeray for a contributor, is that it shows how early he aspired to be a writer. The desire was never long together out of his mind.

The credit Thackeray got among the boys for his jocular pieces did not reconcile him to the Charterhouse. In the last year of his residence there he wrote to his mother, "There are but 870 in the school. I wish there were only 869."[1] He had been fagging at his lessons, and was disheartened that Dr. Russell did not recognise his efforts. His industry was fitful, and, being transient, the labour would not have shown itself in the results, or in too slight a degree to satisfy the stringent requirements of Dr. Russell, who, according to Mr. Venables, was "vigorous, unsympathetic and stern, though not severe." The mitigating clause, "though not severe," would have been denied by Thackeray. In "Vanity Fair" he calls the Charterhouse "Dr. Swishtail's famous school," and I have heard pupils of his say that the title was not misapplied. He never spoilt a boy by sparing the rod. But his discipline was considered impartial, and in general wholesome. What might be faulty belonged to the prevailing system, and not to the failings of the individual. Johnson said of Hunter, his master at Lichfield Grammar School, "He never taught a boy in his life; he whipped, and they learned," which was the method largely in vogue down to the schooldays of Thackeray, and a little beyond. The pupil had to make out the lesson for himself without assistance, and the

[1] Merivale's "Life of Thackeray," p. 48.

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master heard it. Anthony Trollope went to school at the age of seven, in the same year that Thackeray entered the Charterhouse, and spent the greater part of the next twelve years at Harrow and Winchester. "In those twelve years of tuition I do not remember," he says, "that I ever knew a lesson." "I did not learn anything, for I was taught nothing." At the close of the time he had scarce a smattering of Greek and Latin, and there had been no pretence of teaching anything else. On leaving school at nineteen he had never learnt the multiplication table.[1] The certainty of being flogged unless the appointed task was done was a stimulus to many who grew to be distinguished men, and who avowed the benefit they derived from the rod of inexorable taskmasters in much the same language Johnson used when Langton asked him how he had acquired his accurate knowledge of Latin: "My master whipt me very well. Without that I should have done nothing." But with numbers the whipping was of no avail. Trollope believed that he had been oftener flogged than any other youth of his generation, and the stripes had been wasted on him. One chief source of failure was the setting little boys to learn by heart unintelligible grammars, without adequate explanation. A lad who had conquered the initial difficulties could profit at a later stage by the corrections and comments of a scholarly master in hearing the lesson, but the advanced instruction was nearly useless to those who had stumbled at the threshold. Thackeray had been puzzled and tormented by the "intolerable jargon" of what he calls "that wonderful book, the Eton grammar," and not having been properly grounded at the outset, his subsequent lessons, in consequence, were dull and perplexing to him. Gibbon puts the case in expressive language:

> By the common methods of discipline, at the expense of many tears and some blood, I purchased the knowledge of the Latin syntax, and not long since I was possessed of the dirty volumes of Phædrus and Cornelius Nepos, which I painfully construed and darkly understood.

[1] Trollope's "Autobiography," vol. i. pp. 16, 24, 48.

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The old defect is common still. Schools have become happier since the days of Dr. Russell, but they are not more learned. In the infinite diversities of taste and understanding, and the vast variety of purposes men are destined to serve, it might be surmised that the same intellectual training would not be the best for everybody, and there is proof of it in the unsuccessful attempt to compel all orders of mind, during ten or twelve years of cumbrous schooling, to force their way into the recesses of Greek and Latin.

Mr. Venables asserts that there was a "change of retrospective feeling in Thackeray about his schooldays," and says it "was very characteristic." "In his earlier books he always spoke of the Charterhouse as the Slaughter House. As he became famous and prosperous his memory softened, and Slaughter House was changed into Grey Friars, where Colonel Newcome ended his life." I suspect that Mr. Venables confounded two things which are distinct. The misery of Thackeray's schooldays is as plainly indicated in his latest productions as in his earliest. Wounds which had ceased to smart disturbed him no longer, but, though his feelings had softened, a natural consequence of the lapsed years, his memory of his troubles had not. There are passages in his works which manifest this twofold state of mind. "Men," he writes towards the close of his life, "revisit the old school, though hateful to them, with ever so much kindliness and sentimental affection. There was the tree under which the bully licked you; here the ground where you had to fag out on holidays, and so forth."[1] Cowper says, in his "Tirocinium," that the heart is stone which does not love the play-place of early days, recalling past games and delights. The playground does not recall games to Thackeray. He sees in it the tree under which he was licked, and the spot where he wearily fagged out on holidays. He is attracted to the old school because of the sentiment which gathers round extinct youth, and, in spite of sentiment, he reiterates that the school was "hateful" to him. The very book

[1] "Roundabout Papers"—"On a Joke I heard from the late Thomas Hood."

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in which Mr. Venables saw the evidence of an altered memory refutes the view it is adduced to support. In it Thackeray takes us to the school chapel when the boys and the fourscore old men of the hospital are assembled to commemorate the death of their founder, Thomas Sutton, whose tomb and recumbent effigy are before them:

> There he lies, *Fundator Noster*, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted, and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked.[1]

This, then, is the recollection the chapel evoked in the mind of Thackeray, who was accustomed to attend the anniversary—the recollection that the rigours he experienced in school and playground did not spare him in the midst of religious rites in the house of prayer and thanksgiving. The name of Grey Friars, which Thackeray gave to the Charterhouse in the "Newcomes," and which is the sole circumstance from which Mr. Venables deduces his conclusion, is, in this instance, nothing to the purpose. The school is introduced on account of its appendage, the poor brothers' hospital, the asylum for men of broken-down fortunes, and Thackeray must have been lost to all sense of fitness before he could have marred his solemn, pathetic, and supremely beautiful narrative by imposing the monstrous title of Slaughter House on the sanctuary of the broken-hearted Colonel, and the scene of his hallowed end.[2]

[1] "The Newcomes," chap. xxxvii.

[2] It is in "Pendennis" that Thackeray first calls his old school the Grey Friars. The passage displays the softened feeling, but the memory, as usual, is the remembrance of an infliction, and turns upon that fertile parent of woes, the Latin grammar. Pen and Foker drove down "and renewed acquaintance with some of their old comrades there. The bell for afternoon school rang as they were swaggering about the playground talking to their old cronies. The

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"At my years," said Burke, when he was sixty-six, "we live in retrospect alone." This condition of mind arrives sooner to some men than to others. Thackeray was but forty when he said that he belonged to the old-fashioned classes whose thoughts turned backwards. And earlier still, at forty-four, the cause he assigned for loving to revisit the Charterhouse was that "the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood."[1] For an hour or two only, since an imaginary state of existence cannot be kept up for long at a stretch. But why should he find this fleeting solace in scenes which were associated with modes of life that had been galling to him? The answer is within us. The comparison was not between the pains and joys of a distant past, in which the pains preponderated. The contrast was between now and then, between the privileges of boyhood and the disappointments, weariness and lassitude of age. Youth had health and elasticity and boundless hope. It had a future. Nor were its passing hours unbroken wretchedness. Many a memorable joy had its turn. If Thackeray had to "rub away the bitter tears at night after parting as the coach sped on the journey to school and London," from the same coach he "looked out with beating heart as the milestones flew by, for the welcome corner where began home and holidays."[2] He was accustomed to carry a pocket-book, the gift of his mother, and he marked "that blessed day" in his little calendar. "In my time it used to be, Wednesday, 13th November, '*five weeks from the holidays*'; Wednesday, 20th November, '*four weeks from the holidays*'; until sluggish time sped on, and we came to WEDNESDAY, 18TH DECEMBER. O rapture!" Sluggish time mends his pace in holidays, and a

awful Doctor passed into school with his grammar in his hand. Foker slunk away uneasily at his presence, but Pen went up blushing, and shook the dignitary by the hand. He laughed as he thought that well-remembered Latin grammar had boxed his ears many a time.—"Pendennis," chap. xvii.

[1] "The Newcomes," chap. XXXVII.

[2] "Roundabout Papers"—"De Juventute."

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black Wednesday was not far off. "In that pocket-book you had to write down that sad day, Wednesday, January 24th, eighteen hundred and never mind what—when Dr. Birch's young friends were expected to re-assemble."[1] The rapture of going home for the holidays, and the pang of returning to school, are here exhibited side by side. The memory of neither had softened. Whether it was joy or grief, whatever had power to stir his nature in its depths moved him vehemently and left a lasting impression. Hence his reminiscences are marked by the passionate feeling of a new-born emotion. Many persons misunderstood him from the erroneous influence that his calm exterior was the counterpart of the inner man.

An incident, playfully related by himself for its amusing accompaniments, in his Roundabout Paper on "Tunbridge Toys," belongs to his Charterhouse career, and is a good illustration of his early character. A school is seldom without its curmudgeon who sells on short credit, to boys whose pocket-money is exhausted, tempting articles at a profit of a hundred per cent. and upwards.[2] Thackeray bought a toy pencil-case of fragile mechanism from one of the beardless Jews of the Charterhouse for three-and-sixpence, its intrinsic value being nothing, and its shop value less than half-price. He intended to pay for it out of extraordinary supplies, and none of the expected tips came. His creditor, whose sordid passions were seconded by a burly frame, harassed him as if the poor dupe had been the cheat, with scowls, taunts and curses, from May to August 1823, when holidays began. At parting, Thackeray's tutor gave him his coach fare, with five shillings for incidental expenses, and one pound five due to his parents from a former account that had been overpaid. His coach

[1] "Roundabout Papers"—"On Letta's Diary."

[2] Thackeray has explained the process with no great exaggeration in the February chapter of the "Fatal Boots." Times out of number I have witnessed a regular part of the traffic, the loan of a penny on Saturday, to be repaid by twopence on the Saturday following, to boys who had anticipated their weekly allowance of threepence, and were hungering for a tart.

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started at seven from Fleet Street, and in his restless yearning for home he took care to be an hour too early, lest he should be a minute too late, and reached the inn, breakfastless, at six. Three-and-sixpence of his five shillings he had joyfully handed over to the terrible vendor of the pencil-case, and the remaining eighteen-pence went to the cabman and a coach porter. A schoolfellow who accompanied him sat down to a comfortable breakfast in the coffee-room, and Thackeray, accounting the one pound five of his parents a trust that could not be drawn upon merely to satisfy an importunate appetite, remained outside, hungry, penniless, and virtuous, till, catching sight of a placard in a window, "Coffee, twopence; round of buttered toast, twopence," a conflict began between hunger and honesty, in which hunger, over-persuaded by the smallness of the sum, got the day. After a very prolonged fast during the Peninsular War, Sir William Napier came upon a bit of tallow candle in a hut, and said that never before or since had he tasted anything half so luxurious. Thackeray's fast had been short, but he thought the muddy and not-sweet-enough coffee most fragrant, the rancid and not-buttered-enough toast delicious. The pangs of hunger having been thus pleasantly satisfied, the pangs of conscience took their place, and throughout the journey to Tunbridge Wells, which was his goal, the abstracted fourpence would not allow him a moment's rest. In anguish of mind he gasped out an explanation to his parents the instant he saw them. "My dear boy," replied his father, "why didn't you go and breakfast at the hotel"; and his mother said, "He must be starved." The humour of the story as he tells it in his little essay may alone attract our notice at first. On second thoughts we perceive that the original misgivings and subsequent agonies, at which we smile, were the estimable consequences of his sensitive conscientiousness at twelve.

We have seen the enchantment novels had for Thackeray at the Charterhouse. We have to add, among the advantages on the side of youth, that romances and novels, many of them

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very bad, had a charm for the simple faith of boyhood beyond what any masterpiece possessed for the nicer discrimination of the man:

> Oh, for a half-holiday, and a quiet corner, and one of those books again! Those books, and perhaps those eyes with which we read them; and, it may be, the brains behind the eyes! It may be the tart was good; but how fresh the appetite was! If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen of centuries.[1]

The intensity of his enjoyment is seen in this desire of his heart. Before all other kinds of fame he coveted the power of communicating to generations of boys the glow of pleasure he had himself received. In vacations the entrancement was probably without alloy. At the Charterhouse, we may gather from a single word in a sentence appertaining to Dobbin, in "Vanity Fair," a drop of bitterness bubbled up in the sweet waters as, with insatiable thirst, he drank them in. "He was lying under a tree in the playground, spelling over a favourite copy of the 'Arabian Nights' which he had, apart from the rest of the school who were pursuing their various sports, quite lonely, and *almost* happy"—*almost*, but not quite lost in the fascinations of his visionary world, because a lurking consciousness remained that he must soon return to the world of schooldom.

The theatre continued to have attractions for Thackeray long after the illusions of boyhood were over, but between the early impressions and the later there was the difference between sunshine and shadow. "And then came," he says of the little entries in his pocket-book, "that glorious announcement, Wednesday, 27th, Papa took us to the Pantomime." Even the glories of Pantomime faded before the witcheries of Opera and Ballet. "Bless me! when I was a lad, the stage was covered with angels who sang, acted, and danced." All had altered. "The deterioration of women is lamentable, and the conceit of the young fellows more lamentable still, that

[1] "Roundabout Papers"—"De Juventute."

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they won't see this fact, but persist in thinking their time as good as ours." The dancers at the opera in the reign of George IV. were visions of loveliness, "beautiful as Houris." Their successors were dreary old creatures, "painted, shrivelled, thin-armed, thick-ankled," and he is surprised how anybody can like to look at them. The last time he saw a ballet he fell asleep while five hundred nymphs were cutting capers, and he couldn't understand a man of sense doing otherwise.[1] That the spectacle which the capering nymphs presented to the eyes of the man of sense should remind him of the time when theatres were fairy palaces, peopled with beauties of more than mortal mould, was of itself a trivial matter. The play was only an evening's amusement. But the whole round of these ancient pleasures contributed in the aggregate to shed a lustre over vanished youth, and remembering its occasional transports and animating hopes, many men, in after life, weighted with burdens, torn by griefs, and possibly fretted by cankers of heart and soul, are glad once more for an hour or two to be boys, albeit that boyhood has its well-remembered miseries.

When Thackeray left the Charterhouse, on April 16, 1828, he had outgrown many of his early discomforts. Not only was he too big to be bullied by the worst of tyrants, a boy bigger than himself, but he latterly boarded in a private house outside the jurisdiction of the school authorities, and did not appear in the Carthusian precincts except at lesson time. He had the luxury of indulging in his own amusements without interference, and if he had not attained to the highest distinction in a public school, that of being the chief pugilist or cricketer, his repute for wit would have put him on a level with the foremost scholars, and ensured him consideration among his companions. But nothing compensated for the weary hours he had to spend over Greek and Latin, and he looked forward to leaving with the impatience of a prisoner counting the days till he should be free. He had once more a settled home. His mother had married in India her second husband, Major

[1] "Roundabout Papers"—"De Juventute."

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Carmichael Smyth, an officer of Engineers, who had a high character in his profession. He and his wife returned to England in 1821, and he became Governor of the East India Company's Military College, Addiscombe. Five-and-twenty years later Thackeray went to visit a friend who was in office there. He expressed a wish to go over the Governor's house, and, while examining the objects in the bedroom which had been his mother's, he suddenly hurried to the door to conceal his emotions.[1] His mother and Major Smyth survived him. He had not the memories of death to affect him, and he was doubtless melted by his recollections of that maternal tenderness which was a lasting subject of gratitude and admiration with him. "I know," he wrote, in 1861,[2] "the Thackeray that those fellows have imagined to themselves—a very selfish, heartless, artful, morose, and designing man." He was in every particular the reverse; and without reckoning the dislikes which grew out of envy and ruffled vanity, hundreds formed a false conception of him through misreading his novels, and mistaking his exposure of men's vices and meanness for misanthropy.

In 1825 his parents removed into Devonshire, and rented a place not far from Exeter, and a mile and a half from Ottery St. Mary, which Dr. Cornish, the vicar, identified with the Clavering St. Mary of "Pendennis." In this country house Thackeray passed the nine months which intervened between school and college, and here he wrote a little piece of four stanzas, which are the earliest rhymes he is known to have printed. A Protestant meeting was held, October 24, 1828, to petition the House of Commons against Roman Catholic Relief Bills, and Sheil attempted to speak on behalf of the Roman Catholics. The mob refused to hear him, and the unspoken speech appeared in the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*. This circumstance Thackeray put into verse under the form of a parody on Moore's Irish melody, "The Minstrel Boy," and Dr.

[1] *Athenæum*, April 11, 1891.

[2] To Whitwell Elwin, May 24, 1861.

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Cornish thought so well of it that he asked permission to send it to a county newspaper, where it appeared. Of all kinds of verse, a parody is the easiest, for the ground-work is furnished by the original; and it is among the lowest, for no parody has secured a durable place in literature. The implied point in Thackeray's ridicule of Sheil is that through the mischance of having sent his speech to the papers beforehand, he had revealed to the world that he wrote his speeches and got them by heart. An orator can no more improvise a speech in which matter and composition are both at their best, than Milton could improvise "Paradise Lost." Brougham, whose power of ready argument, sarcasm, and eloquence was extraordinary, wrote the salient passages in important speeches many times over. Men of his mark do not seek for fame through petty deceptions, and he made no secret of his habit. At the grand banquet which was given by the Cinque Ports in August 1839, to their Warden, the Duke of Wellington, and which was attended by a rare assemblage of distinguished persons, he was requested to give the toast of the evening, as the man in the kingdom who was best qualified to do justice to it. A magnate of the county fancied that his position entitled him to the honour, and to soothe his wounded pride the Duke asked Brougham, on his arrival at Walmer, whether it was possible for him to speak to another toast. "Quite impossible," Brougham replied, "I have sent my speech to the *Times*, and it is already in type." He pleaded the identical act which Thackeray intended to mock in Sheil. The fame of the illustrious man the two thousand guests were assembled to celebrate, the importance in rank and reputation of the guests themselves, the general expectation of a speech which would be worthy of the occasion, and the return he owed for the distinction conferred on him in selecting him for the office, all demanded that the great orator should do justice to his subject and himself, and he would have held it a betrayal of his trust to have relied on off-hand ideas and language. Thackeray was but a big boy when he wrote his parody, and he was led away

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by a common prejudice which Dr. Cornish shared with him.[1] He would have scorned to employ the taunt later. I once met him in the street, when he had the look of being absorbed in deep meditation, and he said in explanation, "I was employed in the horrible task of trying to concoct a neat little *extempore* speech for the Literary Fund Dinner." The point in his parody, weak in itself, was feebly put, and the stanzas only show, on a very diminutive scale, a certain command of easy, familiar language in verse. The crude trifles of his youth are only worth criticising for the sake of tracing the development of his future genius. Having a turn for versifying, he was doubtless the author of many small pieces in the months he spent at home before going to Cambridge, and if any others were printed they have shared the oblivion of the newspapers in which they appeared. The specimen preserved by Dr. Cornish will serve to represent them all.

Thackeray, in "Pendennis," speaking in his own name of the interval between school and college, says:

> What bright colours the world wore then, and how you enjoyed it! A man has not many years of such time. He does not know them whilst they are with him. It is only when they are passed long away that he remembers how dear and happy they were.[2]

The colour of past years varies in the retrospect with our altered moods, and Thackeray's recollection of the period he glorified in "Pendennis" seems to have been less radiant when, a year and a half earlier, speaking of Mrs. Brookfield, he wrote to her husband, January 1847, "My heart follows her respectfully

[1] It is surprising that many gave in to the idea who might have been expected to be above it. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, made his friend Rogers the theme of many sarcastic jests, and the poet in retaliation wrote the often-repeated distich:

> Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it,
> He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

Rogers lived in the belief that this poor pun, which has nothing else to recommend it, was a killing sarcasm.

[2] "Pendennis," chap. iii.

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to Devonshire and the dismal scenes of my youth.[1] But, looking deeper, there would come back to him the memory of parental indulgence, tranquil enjoyments and freedom from cares which would lead him to dwell on the solid blissfulness of the time. For several hours of every day he had one unfailing occupation, the same which relieved the dreariness of the Charterhouse, and he used it after the manner of Arthur Pendennis when he, too, was fresh from school. Books grave and gay, plays, poems, novels, travels, whatever he could lay his hands on, he devoured indiscriminately. He exhausted the home collection and ransacked neighbouring bookcases, the eager curiosity and fervid pleasure with which he read ensuring equal profit. After his fame was established, and his life was too full, or his mind too weary, to permit over-much reading, he lamented the deprivation, and told me it was his intention, when he could afford it, to retire into the country, and ending as he began, to feast upon books. This was an occasional fancy and would not have been executed, but it showed the enjoyment he associated with the early habit. In accordance with his custom of underrating the gifts in which he was pre-eminent, he appeared to me to exaggerate the merits of bookmen, and he sometimes talked as if he ranked the multitude who knew what was in books before a genius who wrote them. At the death of Macaulay, the most felicitous tribute paid to his marvellous reading and memory came from Thackeray's pen. He had seen the grandest domes of Europe. None of them struck him so much as the dome of the British Museum Library, "under which our million volumes are housed," and it represented to him by a fine, expressive image, "the vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning" that, but a fortnight before, was ranged "under the dome which held Macaulay's brain."[2]

With Cambridge in front, Thackeray's school studies went on at home, but not in Charterhouse fashion. His description

[1] Collection of Letters, 1847–1855, p. 1.

[2] "Nil Nisi Bonum," *Cornhill Magazine*, February 1860.

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of Arthur Pendennis' mode of proceeding was unquestionably drawn from his own:

> Smirke and his pupil read the ancient poets together, and rattled through them at a pleasant rate, very different from that steady grubbing pace with which the Cistercians used to go over the classic ground, scenting out each word as they went, and digging up every root in the way. Pen never liked to halt, but made his tutor construe when he was at fault, and thus galloped through the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," the tragic playwriters, and the charming, wicked Aristophanes, whom he vowed to be the greatest poet of all. But he went so fast that, though he certainly galloped through a considerable extent of the ancient country, he clean forgot it in after-life, and had only such a vague remembrance of his early classic course as a man has in the House of Commons, let us say, who still keeps up two or three quotations, or a reviewer who, just for decency's sake, hints at a little Greek.[1]

Dr. Russell's pupil was required to plough up the stubborn soil, and the Devonshire tutor allowed him to skim lightly over the surface. A circumstance mentioned by the Vicar of Ottery St. Mary contributed to Thackeray's estimation of Aristophanes. Dr. Cornish lent him Cary's translation of "The Birds," and says it was read by him with intense delight, and returned with three humorous illustrative drawings.[2] It was the translation he read with delight, and, without the aid of the poetical translator, the poetry and the charm of the wicked Aristophanes would have been but darkly visible to him through the veil of the original Greek. He has been blamed for parading these relics of his juvenile schooling. He was high above such paltry affectations, and what honour could he get by citing a word or two of Latin and Greek, which thousands could do as well as he? He introduced the classic allusions because they offered themselves, and were, in the extent to which he used them, his natural language. He neither sought nor rejected them. That he had "clean forgot" all the rest reminds us once more that the bigger portion of his education was drawn from authors nearer home. His friend Procter made the same confession:

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[1] "Pendennis," chap. iii.

[2] "Thackeray, the Humourist and the Man of Letters." By T. T. Taylor.

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I have now forgotten all my mathematics and arithmetic, all my Greek, and almost all my Latin; but I cleave to those who were true nurses of my boyhood still; and the nurses were Le Sage, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Inchbald, and Radcliffe.

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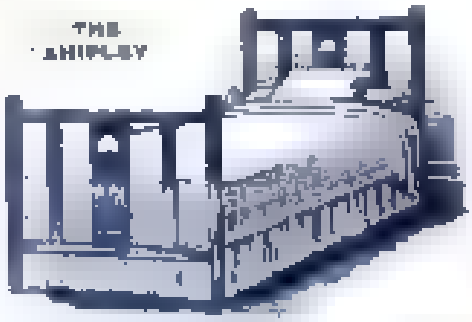

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